THE CASQUET OF LITERATURE

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BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

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THE FAIR VENETIAN.

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THE CASQUET

OF

LITERATURE:

BEING

A SELECTION IN POETRY AND PROSE

FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRED AUTHORS.

EDITED,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES,

By CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

The following pages contain upwards of one thousand characteristic selections from the writings of over five hundred standard and popular authors. All departments of literature have been laid under contribution—poetry, drama, fiction, history, biography, narratives of adventure, and essays, the pieces being chosen with the endeavour to meet every variety of healthy interest alike in young and old. In making the selection the primary aim has been recreative rather than educational—the provision of a work which a reader of intelligence may take up in any mood with the assurance of finding pleasure without fatigue. In all good literature, however, some element of instruction is present, and it will be found that while the special object has been to provide matter of universal recreative interest, the result has been to bring together many of the noblest productions in English prose and poetry. The work may claim, in fact, the variety of interest of a magazine or periodical of the highest class, while at the same time it has the advantage of being composed entirely of writings which have taken a permanent place in the literature of the world.

From this point of view the CASQUET may be regarded as a practical guide to no inconsiderable section of English, American, and Continental literature, and it is therefore invaluable to those who have not easy access to large libraries, as enabling them to acquaint themselves with the best authors through typical extracts from their works. In order to develop further the utility of the work on this side, brief biographical and critical notices are supplied wherever possible, and a full index of authors is given with the dates of birth and death attached to each. By means of these the reader is enabled not only to acquaint himself with the outstanding features of an author's work, but to place any passage he reads in right relations with the rest of the literature. The student will thus find the CASQUET a valuable means of culture as well as a source

of pleasure; while even the reader who turns to its pages with no other aim than amusement, can scarcely fail to make at the same time a steady progress in knowledge.

The value of the CASQUET will be recognized even more clearly when it is remembered that while the demand for culture has never been greater than it is at present, the leisure to acquire it has never been less. Under these circumstances, it is absolutely necessary for the majority of readers to avail themselves of the painstaking selections of others from the vast mass of less entertaining and less instructive literature. Few authors are worth reading in their entirety; many have written one or two memorable pieces in prose or verse, which will continue to keep their names alive in the history of their time. It is these portions of their work which it is alone profitable to know, but it is essential that the man of education should know them. Accordingly the CASQUET has been so compiled as to preserve such outstanding works, and assist the reader to a knowledge of the best productions of many minds, whom otherwise he would be compelled to neglect.

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IN

VOLUME I.

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THE CASQUET.

THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE.

[Sir Walter Scott, born at Edinburgh, 15th Aug. 1771; died at Abbotsford, 21st September, 1832. We can speak only with affectionate reverence of the Master of Fiction—it might be written, the Master of this Century's Literature; for he excelled in almost every branch of it. As a poet, he fulfilled the noblest function of the poet's art—he taught in song the glorious recompense of fidelity and of honourable life—he pleased and elevated his pupils whilst he taught them. As an historical essayist, he indued the skeleton of antiquity with soul and human form, and these combined, constitute the real magnet of human sympathy. As a novelist, the world is, and always will be, his debtor for hours which lengthen into years of happiness. He has been in this capacity a benefactor in the highest degree. His genius has provided every home with an inexhaustible store of pleasure. There are many who question his claims as a poet; but in the realms of fiction he remains the undisputed monarch. The leading events of his life are so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. "Ivanhoe," from which the following exciting scene is taken, was the author's first venture to adapt the materials of English history to romance. He chose the period of Richard I., "not only," he explains, "as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as affording a striking contrast betwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors." The origin of the title is curious: it was suggested by an old rhyme commemorating the forfeiture of three manors by an ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket when they quarrelled at tennis:—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."]

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil moments, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even in a moment when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible, and the questions which she put to the knight concerning his state of health were but in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess."

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf—if so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle;

that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest," said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made an attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber, which was defeated by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the failure of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartizans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half-whispering to herself, half-speaking to her companion, the sacred text: "The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting."

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless."

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca; "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfrid, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome," murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for

the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," answered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armour is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Bracy!—Beauseant! Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf a la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look

for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.[1]—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes—his high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm.—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear fresh men supply their place in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us," said the knight, "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

[1] Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.

"It is over for the time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfrid, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular:" he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*[1]—a fetterlock and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health—how couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the mellay is the breath of our nostrils. We live not—we wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned—such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vainglory, and a passing through the fire to Molech?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca, "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of these ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! why, maiden, it is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes

[1] *Derring-do*, desperate courage.

Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabæus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the proudest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—when yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep!—when the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and blood-shot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him!—And my father!—Oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his gray hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger?—But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

Ivanhoe.[1]

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

WORDSWORTH.

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1 "'Ivanhoe' was received throughout England with a more clamorous delight than any of the Scotch novels had been. The volumes, three in number, were (now for the first time) of the post 8vo form, with a finer paper than used for the previous tales, the press-work much more elegant, and the price accordingly raised from eight shillings the volume to ten; yet the copies sold in this original shape were twelve thousand. . . . The reader may be told that Scott dictated the greater part of this romance. The portion of the MS. which is his own appears, however, not only as well and firmly executed as that of any of the 'Tales of My Landlord' but distinguished by having still fewer erasures and interlineations, and also by being in a smaller hand. The fragment is beautiful to look at—many pages together without one alteration. It is, I suppose, superfluous to add, that in no instance did Scott re-write his prose before sending it to press. Whatever may have been the case with his poetry, the world uniformly received the *prima cura* of the novelist. As a work of art, 'Ivanhoe' is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendour of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some of the scenes of this romance. But I believe that no reader who is capable of thoroughly comprehending the author's Scotch characters and Scotch dialogue will ever place even 'Ivanhoe,' as a work of genius, on the same level with 'Waverley,' or the 'Heart of Midlothian.' I cannot conclude without observing that the publication of 'Ivanhoe' marks the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history, as the literary favourite of his contemporaries."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

FOUR SONNETS.

SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flowers alone
  Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
  In their great mother's iced bosom deep
For months; or that the birds, more joyous grown,
Catch once again their silver summer tone,
  And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
  Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of Winter overthrown:
No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
As though it never could be left behind,
  Keeps pace with every movement of the year,
  And (for high truths are born in happiness)
  As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
  And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue-eyed May
  Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June
  (While nature ripens in his burning noon,)
Comes like a young inheritor; and gay
Although his parent months have passed away:
  But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
  That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
What matters this—so long as in the past
  And in the days to come we live, and feel
  The present nothing worth, until it steal
  Away, and, like a disappointment, die?
  For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
Flies ever on before or follows fast.

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now;
  Already have the elements unfurled
  Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go;
  And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
  From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
  In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
  And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
  Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high.
  Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

WINTER.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
  Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor grows
  From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
  Before him, nor unto his time belong
  The suns of summer, nor the charms of song,
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
  Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
  And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
    As though to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays
    He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days
And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE CHILD-WIFE.[1]

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Sometimes, of an evening, when I was at home and at work—for I wrote a good deal now, and was beginning in a small way to be known as a writer—I would lay down my pen, and watch my child-wife trying to be good. First of all, she would bring out the immense account-book, and lay it down upon the table, with a deep sigh. Then she would open it at the place where Jip had made it illegible last night, and call Jip up to look at his misdeeds. This would occasion a diversion in Jip's favour, and some inking of his nose, perhaps, as a penalty. Then she would tell Jip to lie down on the table instantly, "like a lion"—which was one of his tricks, though I cannot say the likeness was striking—and, if he were in an obedient humour, he would obey. Then she would take up a pen, and begin to write, and find a hair in it. Then she would take up another pen, and begin to write, and find that it spluttered. Then she would take up another pen, and begin to write, and say in a low voice, "Oh, it's a talking pen, and will disturb Doady!" And then she would give it up as a bad job, and put the account-book away, after pretending to crush the lion with it.

Or, if she were in a very sedate and serious state of mind, she would sit down with the tablets, and a little basket of bills and other documents, which looked more like curl-papers than anything else, and endeavour to get some result out of them. After severely comparing one with another, and making entries on the tablets, and blotting them out, and counting all the fingers of her left hand over and over again, backwards and forwards, she would be so vexed and discouraged, and would look so unhappy, that it gave me pain to see her bright face clouded—and for me!—and I would go softly to her, and say:

"What's the matter, Dora?"

Dora would look up hopelessly, and reply, "They won't come right. They make my head ache so. And they won't do anything I want!"

[1] From *David Copperfield*. This work was always regarded as in a considerable degree autobiographical, and the publication of Forster's life of Dickens showed to what an extent it was so in regard to the author's early days. In his last preface to the novel, Dickens wrote, "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD." This statement endows the story with special interest. The above extract is an example of Dickens' pathos.

Then I would say, "Now, let us try together. Let me show you, Dora."

Then I would commence a practical demonstration, to which Dora would pay profound attention, perhaps for five minutes; when she would begin to be dreadfully tired, and would lighten the subject by curling my hair, or trying the effect of my face with my shirt collar turned down. If I tacitly checked this playfulness, and persisted, she would look so scared and disconsolate, as she became more and more bewildered, that the remembrance of her natural gaiety when I first strayed into her path, and of her being my child-wife, would come reproachfully upon me; and I would lay the pencil down, and call for the guitar.

I had a great deal of work to do, and had many anxieties, but the same considerations made me keep them to myself. I am far from sure, now, that it was right to do this, but I did it for my child-wife's sake. I search my breast, and I commit its secrets, if I know them, without any reservation to this paper. The old unhappy loss or want of something had, I am conscious, some place in my heart; but not to the embitterment of my life. When I walked alone in the fine weather, and thought of the summer days when all the air had been filled with my boyish enchantment, I did miss something of the realization of my dreams; but I thought it was a softened glory of the Past, which nothing could have thrown upon the present time. I did feel, sometimes, for a little while, that I could have wished my wife had been my counsellor: had had more character and purpose, to sustain me, and improve me by; had been endowed with power to fill up the void which somewhere seemed to be about me; but I felt as if this were an unearthly consummation of my happiness, that never had been meant to be, and never could have been.

I was a boyish husband as to years. I had known the softening influence of no other sorrows or experiences than those recorded in these leaves. If I did any wrong, as I may have done much, I did it in mistaken love, and in my want of wisdom. I write the exact truth. It would avail me nothing to extenuate it now.

Thus it was that I took upon myself the toils and cares of our life, and had no partner in them. We lived much as before, in reference to our scrambling household arrangements; but I had got used to those, and Dora I was pleased to see was seldom vexed now. She was bright and cheerful in the old childish way, loved me dearly, and was happy with her old trifles.

When the debates were heavy—I mean as to length, not quality, for in the last respect they were not often otherwise—and I went home late, Dora would never rest when she heard my footsteps, but would always come down stairs to meet me. When my evenings were unoccupied by the pursuit for which I had qualified myself with so much pains, and I was engaged in writing at home, she would sit quietly near me, however late the hour, and be so mute, that I would often think she had dropped asleep. But generally, when I raised my head, I saw her blue eyes looking at me with the quiet attention of which I have already spoken.

"Oh, what a weary boy!" said Dora one night, when I met her eyes as I was shutting up my desk.

"What a weary girl!" said I. "That's more to the purpose. You must go to bed another time, my love. It's far too late for you."

"No, don't send me to bed!" pleaded Dora, coming to my side. "Pray, don't do that!"

"Dora!"

To my amazement she was sobbing on my neck.

"Not well, my dear! not happy!"

"Yes! quite well, and very happy!" said Dora. "But say you'll let me stop, and see you write."

"Why, what a sight for such bright eyes at midnight!" I replied.

"Are they bright, though?" returned Dora, laughing. "I'm so glad they're bright."

"Little Vanity!" said I.

But it was not vanity; it was only harmless delight in my admiration. I knew that very well, before she told me so.

"If you think them pretty, say I may always stop, and see you write!" said Dora. "*Do* you think them pretty?"

"Very pretty."

"Then let me always stop and see you write."

"I am afraid that won't improve their brightness, Dora."

"Yes it will! Because, you clever boy, you'll not forget me then, while you are full of silent fancies. Will you mind it, if I say something very, very silly?—more than usual?" inquired Dora, peeping over my shoulder into my face.

"What wonderful thing is that?" said I.

"Please let me hold the pens," said Dora. "I want to have something to do with all those many hours when you are so industrious. May I hold the pens?"

The remembrance of her pretty joy when I said Yes, brings tears into my eyes. The next

time I sat down to write, and regularly afterwards, she sat in her old place, with a spare bundle of pens at her side. Her triumph in this connection with my work, and her delight when I wanted a new pen—which I very often feigned to do—suggested to me a new way of pleasing my child-wife. I occasionally made a pretence of wanting a page or two of manuscript copied. Then Dora was in her glory. The preparations she made for this great work, the aprons she put on, the bibs she borrowed from the kitchen to keep off the ink, the time she took, the innumerable stoppages she made to have a laugh with Jip as if he understood it all, her conviction that her work was incomplete unless she signed her name at the end, and the way in which she would bring it to me, like a school-copy, and then, when I praised it, clasp me round the neck, are touching recollections to me, simple as they might appear to other men.

She took possession of the keys soon after this, and went jingling about the house with the whole bunch in a little basket, tied to her slender waist. I seldom found that the places to which they belonged were locked, or that they were of any use except as a plaything for Jip—but Dora was pleased, and that pleased me. She was quite satisfied that a good deal was effected by this make-belief of house-keeping; and was as merry as if we had been keeping a baby-house for a joke.

So we went on. Dora was hardly less affectionate to my aunt than to me, and often told her of the time when she was afraid she was "a cross old thing." I never saw my aunt unbend more systematically to any one. She courted Jip, though Jip never responded; listened day after day to the guitar, though I am afraid she had no taste for music; never attacked the Incapables, though the temptation must have been severe; went wonderful distances on foot to purchase, as surprises, any trifles that she found out Dora wanted; and never came in by the garden, and missed her from the room, but she would call out, at the foot of the stairs, in a voice that sounded cheerfully all over the house:

"Where's Little Blossom?"

* * * * * *

I must pause yet once again. Oh, my child-wife, there is a figure in the moving crowd before my memory, quiet and still, saying in its innocent love and childish beauty, Stop to think of me—turn to look upon the Little Blossom, as it flutters to the ground!

I do. All else grows dim, and fades away. I am again with Dora in our cottage. I do not know how long she has been ill. I am so used to it in feeling, that I cannot count the time. It is not really long, in weeks or months; but, in my usage and experience, it is a weary, weary while.

They have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine when I shall see my child-wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed—she sitting at the bedside—and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows; that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes the little bird-like ladies come to see her; and then we talk about our wedding-day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be—and in all life, within doors and without—when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child-wife turned towards me, and her little fingers twining round my hand! Many and many an hour I sit thus; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one!"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah! but I didn't like to tell *you*," says Dora, "*then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were

such a silly couple, shall we? And take some of the old walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that! I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say, unreasonable, after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go down stairs now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I, have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know now that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself many times to-day to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me, alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of

his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest—it was all the merit I had except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely down stairs, Doady?"

"Very! very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go down stairs tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes quite alone."

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her, for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is down stairs, when I go into the parlour; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love and by her own with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears I know not; until I am recalled by my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go up stairs.

"Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"Oh, Jip! It may be, never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead.

"Oh, Agnes! Look, look, here!"

—That face, so full of pity, and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards heaven!

"Agnes?"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art:—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream'd of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.[1]

It is now nearly twenty years since I first saw him and came to know him pretty familiarly in London. I was very much in earnest to have him come to America, and read his series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and when I talked the matter over with some of his friends at the little Garrick Club, they all said he could never be induced to leave London long enough for such an expedition. Next morning, after this talk at the Garrick, the elderly damsel of all work announced to me, as I was taking breakfast at my lodgings, that Mr. *Sackville* had called to see me, and was then waiting below. Very soon I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and enter a tall, white-haired stranger, who held out his hand, bowed profoundly, and with a most comical expression announced himself as Mr. Sackville. Recognizing at once the face from published portraits, I knew that my visitor was none other than Thackeray himself, who, having heard the servant give the wrong name, determined to assume it on this occasion. For years afterwards, when he would drop in unexpectedly, both at home and abroad, he delighted to call himself Mr. Sackville, until a certain Milesian waiter at the Tremont House addressed him as Mr. Thack*uary*, when he adopted that name in preference to the other.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, for observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good humour next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villanously wicked; but if he rose serene, with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much, he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition. Gilbert Wakefield, universally acknowledged to have been the best Greek scholar of his time, said he would have turned out a much better one, if he had begun earlier to study that language; but unfortunately he did not begin till he was fifteen years of age. Thackeray, in quoting to me this saying of Wakefield, remarked, "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." This observation was a valuable hint, on the part of Thackeray, as to whom he considered his master in art.

One day, in the winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of *Henry Esmond* (the English edition, then just issued), under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott, as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom

[1] From the "Whispering Gallery" of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, January, 1871. Thackeray was born at Calcutta, 1811, and died in London, 24th December, 1863.

he had invited to a six o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assembled in a particular room in the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly, we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the compact. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive.

This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious, and a great gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven! the last sheet of the *Virginians* has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of *Vanity Fair*, introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose he gave me a half-wink from under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence, he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers-pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner; and when the meeting was over, he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

Thackeray rarely took any exercise, thus living in striking contrast to the other celebrated novelist of our time, who was remarkable for the number of hours he daily spent in the open air. It seems to me almost certain now, from concurrent testimony, gathered from physicians and those who knew him best in England, that Thackeray's premature death was hastened by an utter disregard of the natural laws. His vigorous frame gave ample promise of longevity, but he drew too largely on his brain, and not enough on his legs. *High* living and high *thinking*, he used to say, was the correct reading of the proverb.

He was a man of the tenderest feelings, very apt to be cajoled into doing what the world calls foolish things, and constantly performing feats of unwisdom, which performances he was

immoderately laughing at all the while in his books. No man has impaled snobbery with such a stinging rapier, but he always accused himself of being a snob, past all cure.

In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table, although, I blush at the remembrance of it now, we apologized in our wicked waywardness to him for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the instant introduction of a brief double-shuffle.

During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold; and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage-window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders.

Thackeray's motto was never to perform to-day what could be postponed till to-morrow. Although he received large sums for his writings, he managed without much difficulty to keep his expenditures fully abreast, and often in advance of, his receipts. His pecuniary object in visiting America the second time was to lay up, as he said, a "pot of money" for his two daughters, and he left the country with more than half his lecture engagements unfulfilled. He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper, one night, in his hotel, in New York, before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of home-sickness, rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed. The first intimation I had of his departure was a card which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: "Good-by and God bless everybody, says W. M. T." Of course, he did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for receiving a very large sum in America; and he afterwards told me in London, that if Mr. Astor had offered him half his fortune if he would allow that particular steamer to sail without him, he should have declined the well-intentioned but impossible favour, and gone on board.

Sometimes, to puzzle his correspondent, he would write in so small a hand that the note could not be read without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Caligraphy was to him one of the fine arts, and he once told Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, that if all trades failed he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of that coin. He greatly delighted in rhyming and lisping notes and billets. Here is one of them, dated from Baltimore, without signature:

"Dear F——th! (Fields.) The thanguinary fateth (I don't know what their anger meanth) brought me your letter of the eighth, yethterday only the fifteenth! What blunder cauthed by chill delay (thee Doctor Johnthon'th noble verthe). Thuth kept my longing thoul away, from all that motht I love on earth? Thankth for the happy contenth—thothe, Dithpatched to J. G. K. and Thonth, and that thmall letter you inclothe from Parith, from my deareth oneth! I pray each month may tho increathe my thmall account with J. G. King, that all the thipth which croth the theath, good tidingth of my girlth may bring!—that every blething fortune yeildth, I altho pray, may come to path on Mithter and Mrth. J. T. F——th, and all good friendth in Bothton, Math!"

I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been

written; and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." He was always perfectly honest in his expressions about his own writings, and it was delightful to hear him praise them when he could depend on his listeners. A friend congratulated him once on that touch in "Vanity Fair" in which Becky "*admires*" her husband when he is giving Steyne the punishment which ruins *her* for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table, and said, '*That* is a touch of genius!'"

He told me he was nearly forty years old before he was recognized in literature as belonging to a class of writers at all above the ordinary magazinists of his day. "I turned off far better things then than I do now," said he, "and I wanted money sadly (my parents were rich, but respectable, and I had spent my guineas in my youth), but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh," he continued, "at what the *Times* pays me now, when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

One day he wanted a little service done for a friend, and I remember his very quizzical expression, as he said, "Please say the favour asked will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is, that he has seen Napoleon and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword."

I think he told me he and Tennyson were at one time intimate; but I distinctly remember a description he gave me of having heard the poet, when a young man, storming about in the first rapture of composing his poem of "Ulysses." One line of it he greatly revelled in:

"And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

"He went through the streets," said Thackeray, "screaming about his great Achilles, whom we knew, as if we had all made the acquaintance of that gentleman, and were very proud of it."

One day, many years ago, I saw him chaffing on the sidewalk in London, in front of the Athenæum Club, with a monstrous-sized cabman, "copiously ebriose," and I judged from the driver's ludicrously careful way of landing the coin deep down in his breeches-pocket, that Thackeray had given him a very unusual fare. "Who is your fat friend?" I asked, crossing over to shake hands with him. "Oh, that indomitable youth is an old crony of mine," he replied; and then, quoting Falstaff, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble *carriage*." It was the *manner* of saying this, then and there in the London street, the cabman moving slowly off on his sorry vehicle, with one eye (an eye dewy with gin and water, and a tear of gratitude, perhaps) on Thackeray, and the great man himself so jovial and so full of kindness!

I wish you could have heard him, as I once did, discourse of Shakspeare's probable life in Stratford among his neighbours. He painted, as he alone could paint, the great man sauntering about the lanes without the slightest show of greatness, having a crack with the farmers, and in very earnest talk about the crops. "I don't believe," said Thackeray, "that these village cronies of his ever looked upon him as the mighty poet,

'Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.'

but simply as a wholesome, good-natured citizen, with whom it was always very pleasant to have a chat. I can see him now," continued Thackeray, "leaning over a cottage gate, and tasting good Master Such-a-one's home-brewed, and inquiring with a real interest after the mistress and her children." Long before he put it into his lecture, I heard him say in words to the same effect: "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face."

Every one remembers the enormous circulation achieved by the *Cornhill Magazine* when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor-in-chief. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and I found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens!" said he, "throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts. If the worst comes to the worst, New York also

may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!"

Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the *Cornhill* unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then riant people, he would whisper to me, with immense gesticulation, "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep "for counting up his subscribers."

I happened to know personally (and let me modestly add, with some degree of sympathy) what he suffered editorially, when he had the charge and responsibility of the magazine. With first-class contributors he got on very well, he said, but the extortioners and revilers bothered the very life out of him. He gave me some amusing accounts of his misunderstandings with the "fair" (as he loved to call them), some of whom followed him up so closely with their poetical compositions, that his house (he was then living in Onslow-square) was never free of interruption. "The darlings demanded," said he, "that I should rewrite, if I could not understand their —— nonsense, and put their halting lines in proper form." "I was so appalled," said he, "when they set upon me with their 'ipics and their ipecacs,' that you might have knocked me down with a feather, sir. It was insupportable, and I fled away into France." As he went on, growing drolly furious at the recollection of various editorial scenes, I could not help remembering Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation, thus characteristically expressed: "Take my advice, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's generally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to igspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, p'r'aps."

He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the *Cornhill*, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day, in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child, it was so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking old gentleman arose, and applied his augur with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. Nephew, conceive my distress, when he got up quite deliberately, from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all—namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in "Hamlet." Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man, put the question squarely to me: "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. ——'s house?"

I parted with Thackeray for the last time a few months before his death, in the street, at midnight, in London. The *Cornhill Magazine*, under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honour of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and, as it was getting towards morning, I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his own brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock, time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we drove on. When we reached my lodgings the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock heroic protest to the heavens above us, "That it would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians, who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then, giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray, you remember, was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning (1863), and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted; but there had been years of sorrow, years of labour, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.

ADONIS, SLEEPING.

In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face repos'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue.
Together intertwin'd and trammell'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine.

Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

KEATS.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 23D PSALM.

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful,
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirits fainting.

When my soul from Heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name's sake, kindly He
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

Yea, though I stray thorough Death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,

Dreadless, having thee for guide,
Should I bide;
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine thou pourest;
And before mine enemies'
Envious eyes
Balm upon my head thou showerest.

Neither 'dures thy bounteous grace
For a space;
But it knows nor bounds nor measure:
So my days to my life's end
I shall spend
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON [circ. an. 1602].

STORY OF GENEVIEVE.

Mrs. Anna Jameson, born in Dublin, 19th May, 1797; died in London, 17th March, 1860. She was the daughter of Mr. Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. Although she has written much on general subjects, Mrs. Jameson is best known by her works upon art—*Lives of the Early Italian Painters, The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art, Legends of the Madonna*, &c. She was engaged upon *The Life of the Lord* for two years previous to her death. The *Diary of an Ennuyée* was first published in 1826, and was subsequently re-issued with many additions under the title of *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*. From the latter work the following sketch is taken.]

L'art de bien conter is still a Frenchman's most admired talent. Our handsome and interesting beau, Edmonde, piques himself on this accomplishment, and is a "conteur by profession. He related to us in the Tuileries, yesterday, the following anecdote, with infinite grace of elocution, and considerable effect, spite of his odd falsetto voice. The circumstances occurred at the time Le Noir was minister of the police: I forget the year.

Genevieve de Sorbigny was the last of a noble family: young, beautiful, and a rich heiress, she seemed born to command all this world could yield of happiness. When left an orphan, at an early age, instead of being sent to a convent, as was then the universal custom, she was brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, who devoted herself to her education, and doated on her with an almost exclusive affection.

Genevieve resided in the country with her aunt till she was about sixteen; she was then brought to Paris to be united to the marquis of ——; it was a mere marriage *de convenance*, a family arrangement entered into when she was quite a child, according to the *ancien régime;* and, unfortunately for Genevieve, her affianced bridegroom was neither young nor amiable; yet more unfortunately it happened that the marquis' cousin, the Baron de Villay, who generally accompanied him in his visits of ceremony, possessed all the qualities in which *he* was deficient; being young and singularly handsome, "aimable," "spirituel." While the marquis, with the good breeding of that day, was bowing and paying his devoirs to the aunt of his intended (*sa future*), the young baron, with equal success, but in a very different style, was captivating the heart of the niece. Her extreme beauty had charmed him at the first glance, and her partiality, delicately and involuntarily betrayed, subdued every scruple, if he ever entertained any; and so, in the usual course of things, they were soon irretrievably and *eperdument* in love with each other.

Genevieve, to much gentleness of character, united firmness. The preparations for the marriage went on; the trousseau was bought; the jewels set; but the moment she was aware of her own sentiments, she had courage enough to declare to her aunt, that, rather than give her hand to the marquis, whom she detested past all her terms of detestation, she would throw herself into a nunnery, and endow it with her fortune. The poor aunt was thrown, by this unexpected declaration, into the utmost amazement and perplexity; she was *au desespoir;* such a thing had never been heard of or contemplated: but the tears of Genevieve prevailed; the marriage, after a long negotiation, was broken off, and the baron appeared publicly as the suitor of Genevieve. The marquis politely challenged his cousin, and owed his life to his forbearance; and the duel, and the cause of it, and the gallantry and generosity of De Villay, rendered him irresistible in the eyes of all the women in Paris, while to the heart of Genevieve he became dearer than ever.

To gain the favour of the aunt was now the only difficulty; she had ever regarded him with ill-concealed aversion and suspicion. Some mystery hung over his character; there were certain reports whispered relative to his former life and conduct which it was equally difficult to discredit and to disprove. Besides, though of a distinguished family, he was poor, most of his ancestral possessions being confiscated or dissipated; and his father was notoriously a *mauvais sujet.* All these reports and representations appeared to the impassioned

Genevieve mere barbarous calumnies, invented to injure her love; and regarding herself as the primal cause of these slanders, they rather added to the strength of her attachment. A reluctant consent was at last wrung from her aunt, and Genevieve was united to her lover.

The chateau of the baron was situated in one of the wildest districts of the wild and desolate coast of Bretagne. The people who inhabited the country round were a ferocious, half-civilized race, and, in general, desperate smugglers and pirates. They had been driven to this mode of life by a dreadful famine and the oppressions of the provincial tax-gatherers, and had pursued it partly from choice, partly from necessity. They had carried on for near half a century a constant and systematic warfare against the legal authorities of the province, in which they were generally victorious. No revenue officer or *exempt* dare set his foot within a certain district; and when the tempestuous season, or any other accident, prevented them from following their lawless trade on the sea, they dispersed themselves through the country in regularly organized bands, and committed the most formidable depredations, extending their outrages even as far as St. Pol. Such was their desperate courage, the incredible celerity of their movements, and the skill of their leaders, that though a few stragglers had been occasionally shot, all attempts to take any of them alive, or to penetrate into their secret fastnesses, proved unavailing.

The baron had come to Paris for the purpose of representing the disturbed state of his district to the government, and procuring an order from the minister of the interior to embody his own tenantry and dependants into a sort of militia for the defence of his property, and for the purpose of bringing these marauders to justice, if possible. He was at first refused, but after a few months' delay, money and the interest of Genevieve's family prevailed; the order was granted, and he prepared to return to his chateau. The aunt and all her friends remonstrated against the idea of exposing his young wife to such revolting scenes, and insisted that she should be left behind at Paris; to which he agreed with seeming readiness, only referring the decision to Genevieve's own election. She did not hesitate one moment; she adored her husband, and the thought of being separated from him in this early stage of their union, was worse than any apprehended danger: she declared her resolution to accompany him. At length the matter was thus compromised: they consented that Genevieve should spend four months of every year in Bretagne, and the other eight at Paris, or at her uncle's chateau in Auvergne; in fact, so little was known then in the capital of what was passing in the distant provinces, that Genevieve only, being prepared by her husband, could form some idea of what she was about to encounter.

On their arrival the peasantry were immediately armed, and the chateau converted into a kind of garrison, regularly fortified. A continual panic seemed to prevail through the whole household, and she heard of nothing from morning till night but the desperate deeds of the marauders, and the exploits of their captain, to whom they attributed more marvellous atrocities than were ever related of Barbone, or Blue Beard himself. Genevieve was at first in constant terror; finding, however, that week after week passed and the danger, though continually talked of, never appeared, she was rather excited and *desennuyée*, by the continual recurrence of these alarms. She would have been perfectly happy in her husband's increasing and devoted tenderness, but for his frequent absences in pursuit of the smugglers either on sea or on shore, and the dangers to which she fancied him exposed: but even those absences and these dangers endeared him to her, and kept alive all the romantic fervour of her attachment. He was not only the lord of her affections, but the hero of her imagination. The time allotted for her stay insensibly passed away; the four months were under different pretences prolonged to six, and then her confinement drawing near, it was judged safest to defer her journey to Paris till after her recovery.

Genevieve, in due time, became the mother of a son; an event which filled her heart with a thousand delicious emotions of gratitude, pride, and delight. It seemed to have a very different and most inexplicable effect on her husband the baron's behaviour. He became gloomy, anxious, abstracted; and his absences, on various pretexts, more frequent than ever: but what appeared most painful and incomprehensible to Genevieve's maternal feelings, was his indifference to his child. He would hardly be persuaded even to look at it, and if he met it smiling in its nurse's arms, would perhaps gaze for a moment, then turn away as from an object which struck him with a secret horror.

One day as Genevieve was sitting alone in her dressing-room, fondling her infant, and thinking mournfully on this change in her husband's conduct, her femme-de-chambre, a faithful creature, who had been brought up

with her, and accompanied her from Paris, came into the room, pale as ashes; and throwing herself at her feet, told her, that though regard for her health had hitherto kept her silent, she could no longer conceal the dreadful secret which weighed upon her spirits. She then proceeded to inform the shuddering and horror-struck Genevieve, that the robbers who had excited so much terror, and were now supposed to be at a distance, were then actually in the chateau: that they consisted of the very servants and immediate dependants, with the baron himself at their head. She supposed they had been less on their guard during Genevieve's confinement; and many minute circumstances had at first awaked, and then confirmed her suspicions. Then embracing her mistress' knees, she besought her, for the love of Heaven, to return to Paris instantly, with those of her own attendants on whom she could securely depend, before they were all murdered in their beds.

Genevieve, as soon as she had recovered from her first dizzy horror and astonishment, would have rejected the whole as a dream, an impossible fiction. She thought upon her husband, on all that her fond heart had admired in him, and all that till lately she had found him—his noble form, his manly beauty, his high and honourable bearing, and all his love, his truth, his tenderness for her—and could *he* be a robber, a ruffian, an assassin? No; though her woman's attachment and truth were beyond suspicion, her tale too horribly consistent for disbelief, Genevieve would trust to her own senses alone to confirm or disprove the hideous imputation. She commanded her maid to maintain an absolute silence on the subject, and leave the rest to her.

The same evening the baron informed his wife that he was obliged to set off before light next morning, in pursuit of a party of smugglers who had landed at St. Paul; and that she must not be surprised if she missed him at an early hour. His absence he assured her would not be long: he should certainly return before the evening. They retired to rest earlier than usual. Genevieve, as it may be imagined, did not sleep, but she lay perfectly still as if in a profound slumber. About the middle of the night she heard her husband softly rise from his bed and dress himself; and taking his pistols he left the room. Genevieve rushed to the window which overlooked the court-yard, but there neither horses nor attendants were waiting; she flew to another window which commanded the back of the chateau—there too all was still; nothing was to be seen but the moonlight shadows on the pavement. She hastily threw round her a dark cloak or wrapper, and followed her husband, whose footsteps were still within hearing. It was not difficult, for he walked slowly, stopping every now and then, listening, and apparently irresolute; he crossed the court and several outbuildings, and part of the ruins of a former chateau, till he came to an old well, which being dry, had long been disused and shut up, and moving aside the trap-door which covered the mouth of it, he disappeared in an instant. Genevieve with difficulty suppressed a shriek of terror. She followed, however, with a desperate courage, groped her way down the well by means of some broken stairs, and pursued her husband's steps, guided only by the sound on the hollow damp earth. Suddenly a distant light and voices broke upon her eye and ear; and stealing along the wall, she hid herself behind one of the huge buttresses which supported the vault above; she beheld what she was half-prepared to see—a party of ruffians, who were assembled round a board drinking. They received the baron with respect as their chief, but with sullen suspicious looks, and an ominous silence. Genevieve could distinguish among the faces many familiar to her, which she was accustomed to see daily around her, working in the gardens or attending in the chateau; among the rest the concierge, or house-steward, who appeared to have some authority over the rest. The wife of this man was the nurse of Genevieve's child. The baron took his seat without speaking. After some boisterous conversation among the rest, carried on in an unintelligible dialect, a quarrel arose between the concierge and another villain, both apparently intoxicated; the baron attempted to part them, and the uproar became general. The whole was probably a preconcerted plan, for from reproaching each other they proceeded to attack the baron himself with the most injurious epithets; they accused him of a design to betray them; they compared him to his father, the old baron, who had never flinched from their cause, and had at last died in it; they said they knew well that a large party of regular troops had lately arrived at Saint Brieu, and they insisted it was with his knowledge, that he was about to give them up to justice, to make his own peace with government, &c.

The concierge, who was by far the most insolent and violent of these mutineers, at length silenced the others, and affecting a tone of moderation he proposed, and his proposal was received with an approving shout, that the

baron should give up his infant son into the hands of the band; that they should take him to the island Guernsey, and keep him there as a pledge of his father's fidelity, till the regular troops were withdrawn from the province. How must the mother's heart have trembled and died away within her! She listened breathless for her husband's reply. The baron had hitherto with difficulty restrained himself, and attempted to prove how absurd and unfounded was their accusation, since his safety was involved in theirs, and he would, as their leader, be considered as the greatest criminal of all. His eyes now flashed with fury; he sprung upon the concierge like a roused tiger, and dragged him by the collar from amid the mutinous group. A struggle ensued, and the wretch fell, stabbed to the heart by his master's hand; a crowd of ferocious faces then closed around the baron—Genevieve heard—saw no more—her senses left her.

When she recovered she was in perfect silence and darkness, and felt like one awakening from a terrible dream; the first image which clearly presented itself to her mind was that of her child in the power of these ruffians, and their daggers at her husband's throat. The maddening thought swallowed up every other feeling, and lent her for the moment strength and wings; she rushed back through the darkness, fearless for herself; crossed the court, the galleries;—all was still: it seemed to her affrighted imagination that the chateau was forsaken by its inhabitants. She reached her child's room, she flew to his cradle and drew aside the curtain with a desperate hand, expecting to find it empty; he was quietly sleeping in his beauty and innocence: Genevieve uttered a cry of joy and thankfulness, and fell on the bed in strong convulsions.

Many hours elapsed before she was restored to herself. The first object she beheld was her husband watching tenderly over her, her first emotion was joy for his safety—she dared not ask him to account for it. She then called for her son; he was brought to her, and from that moment she would never suffer him to leave her. With the quick wit of a woman, or rather with the prompt resolution of a mother trembling for her child, Genevieve was no sooner sufficiently recovered to think than she had formed her decision and acted upon it; she accounted for her sudden illness and terrors under pretence that she had been disturbed by a frightful dream: she believed, she said, that the dulness and solitude of the chateau affected her spirits, that the air disagreed with her child, and that it was necessary that she should instantly return to Paris. The baron attempted first to rally and then to reason with her: he consented—then retracted his consent; seemed irresolute—but his affections finally prevailed over his suspicions, and preparations were instantly made for their departure, as if he intended to accompany her.

Putting her with her maid and child into a travelling carriage, he armed a few of his most confidential servants, and rode by her side till they came to Saint Brieu: he then turned back in spite of all her entreaties, promising to rejoin her at Paris within a few days. He had never during the journey uttered a word which could betray his knowledge that she had any motive for her journey but that which she avowed; only at parting he laid his finger expressively on his lip, and gave her one look full of meaning: it could not be mistaken; it said, "Genevieve! your husband's life depends on your discretion, and he trusts you." She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he gently replaced her in the carriage, and remounting his horse, rode back alone to the chateau.

Genevieve arrived safely at Paris, and commanded her maid, as she valued both their lives, and on pain of her eternal displeasure, not to breathe a syllable of what had passed; firmly resolved that nothing should tear the terrible secret from her own breast: but the profound melancholy which had settled on her heart, and her pining and altered looks, could not escape the eyes of her affectionate aunt; and her maid, either through indiscretion, timidity, or a sense of duty, on being questioned, revealed all she knew, and more than she knew. The aunt, in a transport of terror and indignation, sent information to the governor of the police, and Le Noir instantly summoned the unfortunate wife of the baron to a private interview.

Genevieve, though taken by surprise, did not lose her presence of mind, and at first she steadily denied every word of her maid's deposition; but her courage and her affection were no match for the minister's art: when he assured her he had already sufficient proof of her husband's guilt, and promised, with jesuitical equivocation, that if she would confess all she knew, his life should not be touched, that due regard should be had for the honour of his family and hers, and that he (Le Noir) would exert the power which he alone possessed to detach him from his present courses, and his present associates, without the least publicity or scandal—she yielded, and on this promise being most solemnly reiterated and confirmed by an oath, revealed all she knew.

In a short time afterwards, the baron disappeared, and was never heard of more. In vain did his wretched wife appeal to Le Noir, and recall the promise he had given: he swore to her that her husband still *lived*, but more than this he would not discover. In vain she supplicated, wept, offered all her fortune for permission to share his exile if he were banished, his dungeon if he were a prisoner—Le Noir was inexorable.

Genevieve, left in absolute ignorance of her husband's fate, tortured by a suspense more dreadful than the most dreadful certainty, by remorse, and grief, which refused all comfort, died broken-hearted: what became of the baron was never known.

I could not learn exactly the fate of his son: it is said that he lived to man's estate, that he took the name of his mother's family, and died a violent death during the Revolution.

May not this singular anecdote be the foundation of all the tales of mysterious freebooters and sentimental bravoes, which have been written since the date of its occurrence? not unlikely at least.

ANECDOTE OF CERVANTES.

"Loving reader," says he, in the preface to *Persiles and Sigismunda* "as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias—famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for its illustrious families, and, secondly, for its more illustrious wines, &c., I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger, who, riding up to us upon a she-ass, appeared to be a gray student, for he was clothed in gray, with country buskins such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest time, round-toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread bredes: for the truth is, he had but two; and as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler.'

To this address one of his companions replied, "'We are obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signior Miguel de Cervantes.' Scarce had the student heard my name, when springing from the back of his ass, while his pannel fell one way and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup, 'Aye, aye,' cried he, 'this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the Muses!' In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so that he lost his band by the eagerness of my embraces, and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. 'I am indeed Cervantes,' said I, 'but not the darling of the Muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed; be pleased, therefore, good signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way.' The courteous student took my advice, and as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. 'Therefore, Signior Cervantes,' added the student, 'you must totally abstain from drink, but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic.' 'I have received the same advice from other people,' answered I, 'but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which, I find, will have finished its course by next Sunday at the farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of showing how much I am obliged to you for your good-will.' By this time we had reached the Toledo bridge, where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill-disposed on my horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu, my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish."

ODE,

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod,

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping pilgrim there.

COLLINS.

THE SWORD.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd, a soldier, his plunder seeking,
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

MISS LANDON.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I have seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant and the other was a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature if not by birth he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee and heard the bard repeat his *Tam O' Shanter*. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was

low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring-cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow-volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an exciseman, it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the ap-

proach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe that, long before his untimely death, his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. The news of Byron's death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but perhaps not less presumptuous, poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and

the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants, with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains; others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticized the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connection with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys.' The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition, that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on"—but to confute a pious fraud of a religious magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of Heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed

the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church-gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poets' Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands without merit and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

MAZEPPA'S PUNISHMENT.

"Bring forth the horse!"—the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefil'd—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein;
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left,
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,

Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from agony
Increas'd his fury and affright;
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang.
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.
We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierc'd each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed:
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door,
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past—
Untir'd, untam'd, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold,

And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as the wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er;
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness:
Sprung from a race, whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike;
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground:
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortur'd by that ghastly ride.

BYRON.[1]

PADDY THE PIPER.

[Samuel Lover, born at Dublin, 1797; died 6th July, 1868. He was gifted with the versatile genius of his country, and won repute as painter, poet, novelist, musician, dramatist, and as a public entertainer. Rollicking humour was the leading characteristic of his literary work. Of his *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, from which the following sketch is taken, the *Athenæum* said, "The ready retort, the mixture of cunning with apparent simplicity, and the complete thoughtlessness combined with shrewdness, so frequently found in Ireland, have never been better portrayed than in these volumes." Mr. Lover's chief works were, besides the one already mentioned, *Rory O'More; Handy Andy; L.S.D., Treasure Trove;* and *Songs and Ballads.* He wrote the music for most of his own songs, and several of them became eminently popular.]

I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie:—It was in the time of the *'ruction*,[2] whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law,—that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz daar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult antil the morning kem agin.

Well, to come to my story:—'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of butther-milk was standing ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. 'Whisht,' says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he; 'bad luck to thim the villians, I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he. 'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.' 'Well, whisht, any how,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door. 'Oh, it's folly to purtind any more,' says my father—'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.' 'How can I see who's in it in the dark?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'light the candle thin, and see who's in it, but don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim.'

So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock. 'Who's there?' says I. 'It's me,' says he. 'Who are you?' says I. 'A frind,' says he. '*Baithershin*,' says I, 'who are you at all?' 'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he. 'Divil a taste,' says I. 'Sure I'm Paddy the piper,' says he. 'Oh, thundher and turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?' 'Sorra one else,' says he. 'And what brought you at this hour?' says I. 'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he. 'Oh, bloody wars!' says I—'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I; 'for you know yourself it's a hanging matther to be cotched out these times,' says I. 'Sure I know that,' says he, 'God help me; and that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'and let me in for old acquaintance sake,' says poor Paddy. 'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and troth if the Husshians or the Yeo's[3] ketches you,' says I—'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.' 'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intintions; but, plaze the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how.' 'Faix then,' says I, 'you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself,'

[1] *Mazeppa* was written at Ravenna in the autumn of 1818. The story is founded upon a Polish legend, and is supposed to be related by the hero himself to Charles XII. of Sweden, during the desolate bivouac after the overthrow at Pultowa.

[2] Insurrection.

[3] Yeomen.

says I; 'for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!' 'Faith thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy. 'It's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.' 'Oh, then, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all,' says he. 'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the pratees was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin,' but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirring airly, bekase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the country round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was illigant on the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful unto uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three. 'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you took a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Christhan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

Now 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase, you see, the corps had got clothes an him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels—by rayson that the Husshians and the Orangemen never hanged anybody wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyein' the corps, 'by my soul, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corps wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their being so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hoult o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin looking behind him agin, the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots, anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this-a-way: 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of friends before; and sure 'twas the wondher of every one, that two knowledgable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in friendship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cut off the legs av the corps; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

Well, sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap—and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceaved him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corps he was afther malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corps's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you

think? the divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and 'faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corps.

Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the pratees, for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow.'

Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?' and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' sthraw—'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin,' says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought, God help me), and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intindid, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands, like a pair o' Husshian's horse-pistils—and I thought the sight 'id lave my eyes, whin I seen they were two mortial legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. Oh, you murtherin' villian,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow—'Oh, you unnath'ral *baste,*' says I, 'you've ate poor Paddy, you theivin' cannable, you're worse than a neyger,' says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id serve you for your supper but the best piper in Ireland? *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnath'ral murther? and you, lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and eating your hay, as quite as if nothin' happened.'—With that, I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' in to the house, I tould them all about it.

'Arrah! be aisy,' says my father. 'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I. 'Is it ate, Paddy?' says they. 'Divil a doubt of it,' says I. 'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother. 'I wish I was as sure of a new pair o' brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him, but his two legs.' 'And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father. 'By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I. 'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he, 'what a cruel taste she has for music!' 'Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow that gives the milk to the childher.' 'Yis, I will,' says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?' 'You oughtn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof,' says my mother. 'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.' 'Throth, I don't like to dhrive her,' says I. 'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he. 'Faith, I don't,' says I. 'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.' 'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care of her yourself.' 'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog and bark myself;' and faith I re-c'llected the sayin' from that hour—'let me have no more words about it,' says he, 'but be aff wid you.'

So, aff I wint, and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had anything to do with sitch a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ather iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all, at all.

Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

'God save you,' says one to me. 'God save you, kindly,' says I. 'That's a fine baste you're dhrivin',' says he. 'Throth, she is,' says I; though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. 'It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose,' says he, 'with the baste?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.) 'Faith, thin, you're right enough,' says I, 'it is to the fair I'm goin'.' 'What do you expec' for her,' says he. 'Faith, thin, myself doesn't know,' says I—and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildered like, about the baste, intirely. 'That's a quare way to be goin' to market,' says he, 'and not to know what you expec' for your baste. 'Och, says I—not likin' to let him suspict there was anything wrong wid her—'Och,' says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure no one can tell what a baste 'll bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.' 'Indeed, that's nath'ral enough,' says he. 'But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he. 'Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I.

'Well thin, what will you ax for her?' says he. 'Why thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable,' says I—(for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv her)—'and so I'll take four pounds for her,' says I, 'and *no less*.' 'No less?' says he. 'Why sure, that's chape enough,' says I. 'Throth it is,' says he; 'and I'm thinkin' it's *too* chape it is,' says he; 'for if there wasn't somethin' the matther, it's not for that you'd be selling the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance?' 'Indeed, thin,' says I, 'upon my conscience she is a fine milch cow.' 'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?' 'Och, by this and that,' says I, 'in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy, and if you like her for the money, you may have her.' 'Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry,' says he, 'and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair.'

'With all my heart,' says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned, but in throth I began to be afeared that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her at all, at all. At last, we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin's o' gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makin's o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-roun's, and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life, so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Welsh,' and my jew'l, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by, 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

'Is it a cow for to ate a piper?' says one o' thim.

'Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corps myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I; 'and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be marciful to him.'

'Who's that takin' my name in vain?' says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

'Oh, hould him too,' says I; 'keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

Well, sir, with that Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin', and that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me, was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame of atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o' sper'ts t' explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin', and mony a one said the likes was never heerd before or sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a queit day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit.

STANZAS.

I.

Oh no—it never crossed my heart
To think of thee with love,
For we are severed far apart
As earth and arch above;
And though in many a midnight dream
Ye've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
I never thought that thou couldst be
More than that midnight dream to me.

II.

A something bright and beautiful
Which I must teach me to forget,
Ere I can turn to meet the dull
Realities that linger yet.
A something girt with summer flowers,
And laughing eyes and sunny hours;
While I—too well I know, will be
Not even a midnight dream to thee.

W. C. Bryant.

THE DESTITUTE IN LONDON.

[Thomas de Quincey, born at Manchester, 1785; died 8th December, 1859. A miscellaneous writer on political economy, biography, and metaphysics. The following sad and interesting narrative is taken from "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," an autobiographical reminiscence, first published in the *London Magazine*, 1821. It is the work by which he is most widely known, although it forms only a small item of his productions. A critic in the *London Monthly Review* described the "Confessions" as "very picturesque and vivid sketches of individual character and feelings, drawn with a boldness, yet an exactness of pencil, that is to be found only in one or two prominent geniuses of our day." De Quincey's complete works, in twenty volumes, were published in America by Ticknor and Fields. The best indication of the character of his voluminous works is supplied by his own classification of them under three heads: first, papers chiefly intended to amuse—sketches, reminiscences of contemporaries, biographies, and whimsical narratives; second, essays of a speculative, critical, or philosophical character; and third, fantasies or "imaginations in prose"—belonging to the class of writing which may be called "prose-poetry," and of which the "Suspiria de Profundis" is an example.]

. . . Soon after this I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured: for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor, friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever! but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak: afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not: for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching: for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep;* so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice; and about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently, to throw out my feet for

the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sat* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. ——, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. —— make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c., to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the daytime, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off, and sat in the parks, or elsewhere, until nightfall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste): in many walks of life a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend Mr. —— had "laid down" his conscience for a time; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day —and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. ——'s character but such as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget everything but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent-free; and as Dr. Johnson has recorded that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us;" and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day, I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford Street, purposely to

take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family; and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child!—Her, by-the-by, in after-years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessories to conciliate my affections; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret; but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—"*Sine Cerere,*" &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico,* with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a Catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, oh noble-minded Ann ——, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive.—For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed; and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart: and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This

little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude, might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to waylay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT.

[William Wordsworth, born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, 7th April, 1770; died at Rydal Mount, near Grasmere, 23d April, 1850. His first volume of poems appeared in 1793, and was entitled "An Evening Walk." Soon after, he made a pedestrian tour over the Alps, and on his return to England, published his second work, "Descriptive Sketches in Verse." His chief poems are, "The Excursion," and "The White Doe of Rylston." He did not obtain immediate recognition as a poet of the first rank; his reputation grew slowly, like the oak, and stands as firmly.[1] His poetry, characterized by purity, simplicity, and earnestness, has exercised a wide and wholesome influence on modern literature. He was the principal master of what was called the Lake School of Poetry; his friends Coleridge and Southey were its next prominent representatives. Wordsworth's circumstances were comfortable. A friend provided him with an income which enabled him to pursue his studies, and at an early date he was appointed Distributor of Stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland. In 1835, Government gave him a pension of £300 a year, with liberty to resign his office of Distributor of Stamps in favour of his son. He was appointed Poet-Laureate on the death of Southey in 1843.]

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster-craft in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or bird that soared with Ganymede!
Or through the hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!

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[1] As a curiosity, here is an extract from the *Critical Review* of July, 1793:—

"'*An Evening Walk. An Epistle, in Verse. Addressed to a Young Lady, from the Lakes of the North of England. By W. Wordsworth, B.A. of St. John's, Cambridge.* 4to, 2*s*. *Johnson*. 1793.' . . . Local description is seldom without a degree of obscurity, which is here increased by a harshness both in the construction and the versification; but we are compensated by that merit which a poetical taste most values—new and picturesque imagery. There are many touches of this kind which would not disgrace our best descriptive poets." It is droll, and instructive too, to note the tone of patronage in which one whom we regard as a master was spoken of on his first appearance. It is also an honour to the memory of the critic that he recognized a poet in the first unpractised utterances of the youth who was afterwards to become the acknowledged head of a school of poetry.

Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy!
The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou perhaps (alert and free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A vender of the well-wrought scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art;
Though robb'd of many a cherish'd dream,
And cross'd by many a shatter'd scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of Liberty!
Yet will the wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a sister's last embrace,
His mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-hair'd boy!

My song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompense and safe return
To Como's steeps—his happy bourne!
Where he aloft in garden glade
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eyes in path's sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.

WORDSWORTH.

LAKING.

If we were about to pay a visit to the Lakes, how should we travel? Why, in a gig or a chaise, to be sure. A pedestrian is a great ass. Feet, it is to be hoped, were given to the human race for some better purpose than walking upon; and that exercise approximates a Christian sadly to a cur. It is all right and fitting that a quadruped, or polyped, like Jock-with-the-many-legs, should go on foot; but a man, being a mere biped, should know better than to walk, except on short journeys across the room, &c., when walking has always appeared to us, except in cases of extreme corpulency, at once one of the elegancies and necessaries of life. But a pedestrian pursuing the picturesque up hill and down dale, ill-protected by clouds of dust from a burning sun, with a mouth and throat parched and baked with thirst, brows pouring with sweat, cheeks flaming like a north-west moon, breeches chafing far worse than the sea, and shoes peeling heel and pinching toe, till a walk is of a composite order including drawl, drag, shuffle, sneak, lumber, and limp—we venture humbly to suggest, that a gentleman so circumstanced must be a prejudiced spectator of the beauties of nature. When the unhappy monster has toiled his way into an inn, what, pray, does he expect? not surely to be treated like a Protestant, or even a Catholic. Can he have the conscience to expect that he shall be suffered to deposit with impunity the extremities of his sweaty and dusty body upon a parlour-chair, or absolutely to fling down his loathsome length among the shepherdesses impressed on the pastoral print of a sofa in the north of England? Forbid it, waiter! and show the pedestrian into the barn. The truth must be told. Pedestrians, male and female, young and old, dissenters or of the Established Church, have all a smell, to which the smell of goats is as the smell of civets. How can it be otherwise? But without entering into the rationale of the matter, we just take the fact as we find it, and we declare solemnly, as if these were the last words we were ever to write in this magazine, that, in the most remote room of the largest inn, we can, nay, must, nose the arrival of a pedestrian, the moment his fetid foot pollutes the clear cool slate-stone of the threshold. This is the truth—not the whole truth; but nothing but the truth. Now, is this fair? Must I—*we*, we mean—sicken over our dinner, because a prig will waddle in worsted stockings, or socks, as they are with genuine beastliness called? Shall the brock be allowed to badger us, the editor of this magazine? But this is not all: he is also a foul feeder. Ale and oil to him are opening paradise—corned beef and greasy greens are crowded down, full measure and running over, as our dearly beloved friend Charles Lamb says of the wits of great Eliza's golden days, into the foul recesses of a congenial stomach. Then the sinner smokes; and after his dense dinner, comes staggering into the lobby, literally talking tobacco—which is not cigar, but shag. Shall he snore in sheets, and blubber in blankets? Yes—and who knows but into his very lair shall next night be laid some sweet spinster of seventeen, half-conscious, by an indescribable instinct, that there is something or another odious in her situation? Or perhaps a couple ere yet the honey-moon has filled her horns? Why, the very knowledge that such a thing is possible is enough to change a bridal-bed into a pigsty, in the en-

amoured imagination of all delicate people. Rats are bad enough, especially when they die behind the wainscot; but what are six dozen of dead rats to one living pedestrian? A fou-mart is a sweet mart to him—in short, he is as odious as he is unhappy; and the only consolation left to a true Christian is, that he is as unhappy as he is odious.

A man on horseback is bad enough, but nothing to the polecat now considered. It is probable he is *a* bagman—it is possible he is *the* bagman. Whichever he be, it is both a moral and physical impossibility that he can be sweet. For, look at him as you behold him on the road. He generally despises gloves, or wears them in his pocket. One hand, therefore, grasps the greasy reins and the other a greasier whip. Look at his nails, and you will swear he has been digging pig-nuts. The palm is cracked horn, and the back is one hairy blister. Up and down he goes on his saddle—not without reason; for he is saddle-sick. Those boots never saw Turner's blacking—they are dim, and redolent of soot and suet. Corduroy breeches are good for hiding the dirt; and divine service has been frequently performed in kirk and cathedral since brush or broomstick disturbed the pepper and salt of that jemmy jockey-frock. This is your bagman, travelling among the Lakes for orders. But, for the love of God! go to the fourth inn of the village, if you have one grain of mercy in your whole composition. Over the way yonder, the "Cat and Fiddle" is making a sign for you to enter in—"The Dog" is wagging his tail, and the "Mag-Pie" chattering to her beloved bagman. There you will find a salve for every sore—there your corduroys will be washed for two-pence-halfpenny—there a fresh layer of manure will enrich the soil of your boots—and some beautiful brown soap add paleness and perfume to your mauleys. Why, if you are not a Day and Martin behind the fair, you may make your fortune by marrying the landlord's daughter.

So much for pedestrians and bagmen. Which is the most loathsomely disgusting? We cannot tell. Often, often, when sickening under the one, have we sighed for the other—and *vice versa*. However, to be candid and impartial, as we always are, except in politics, we certainly do know one pedestrian, who, on the whole, is worse than any bagman we have yet experienced. He is a clergyman, and wears spectacles. We wish to mention his name, but that would be personal. Let us therefore describe him as well as we can anonymously. His cheeks are bluff, puffed up, and red as cherries. His mouth is small, of course, but large enough to show that his teeth are rotten. The puppy wears sailor's clothes, and a black silk handkerchief. That it may be seen he is a gentleman, he sports fine linen and a frill. The wretch seldom shaves. He has a burr in his throat, which sounds like a watchman's rattle made of wet indian-rubber, if the benevolent reader can imagine such a thing. He talks, with that instrument of speech and torture, of poetry, and painting, and *music*—and, to crown all, he is a Whig. We know of no bagman half so bad as this—and, as he used to infest the Lakes, we wish to put our readers on their guard against this walking nuisance, who, with those traits peculiar to himself, combines all the odious characteristics of the ordinary pedestrian.

Yet we believe that we are mistaken in alluding to this person as the most odious of all pedestrians. There is an absolute class of them, one and all as odious as he—and they are as follows:—Creatures of literary, metaphysical, and poetical habits, who write, we shall suppose, for the London magazines. They must all see the Lakes, forsooth, and visit Mr. Wordsworth. It is their opinion, we presume, that the language of the peasantry of the north of England is the language of poetry, and they give reasons for the faith that is in them, purloined and parboiled from the preface to the lyrical ballads. The bold, true perceptions of a great original genius become pure idiotry in their adoption by Cockneys; and surely it will be allowed to be most universally disgusting to hear empty-pated praters from Lunnun expounding the principles of one of the profoundest thinkers of the age. These metropolitan ninnies have the unendurable impertinence to take lodgings at Ambleside and Keswick.—Now, though a cat may look at a king, a Cockney ought not to be suffered to look at a mountain. But these wretches are wicked enough to wonder, and audacious enough to admire. They commit to the prison of their memory, where a few dwindled ideas, put into confinement, lie in a state of loathsome idleness, scraps of Mr. Wordsworth's poems. We would give them up Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, on condition of their stopping with her at Durham; but who, with a heart or a soul, can bear to see them offering indecencies to poor Ruth, "setting her little water-mills by spouts and fountains wild?" Who does not shudder to think that they may have given ostentatious alms to the "Old Cumberland Beggar," as the Kendal coach was passing by with twenty outsides? These are the reptiles, that, if not trod

upon, will occasion a fall in the price of land in the northern counties.

What, it may be asked, is the best time of the year for visiting the Lakes?—Our answer is, Any time between the first day of January and the last day of December. There is much mouthing, mumping, moping, melancholy, mournful and miserable mummery, in the talk about autumn. Autumnal tints are all very well in their way, except upon the neck of an aunt or artichoke, where they are not so sweet as seasonable. But to ninety-nine people out of a hundred it is of no earthly consequence whether tints on trees, and mountains, and so forth, are vernal (what the deuce is the proper summer adjective?), autumnal, or brumal. The colour of the country is good enough at all times, except, perhaps, when the snow happens to be six feet deep, when, loathe though we be to dissent from Mr. Coleridge, we think white is too much of the prevailing tone, and neither orange nor purple. The chief objection to travelling in a mountainous country in winter, at least after, or during a heavy fall of snow, seems to be that it is impossible. But, no doubt, a man looking out of his parlour window, with a good rousing fire at his back, and a pretty girl (his wife) in or out of the room,—upstairs whipping the children,—or down-stairs scolding the servants, may pass a few minutes in very agreeable contemplation of nature even in winter, and on the morning after half-a-dozen shepherds, and twenty score of sheep, have been lost in the snow. Let, therefore, any man that chooses visit the Lakes in winter if he can, and we shall not think him mad, only a little crazy. We should suppose that spring was a season by no means amiss for Laking. But the difficulty here is to know when it is spring. Many and oft is the time when it has slipped through our fingers without our having felt it; and then it is to be remembered, that in our island it comes round only once in seven years. When a tourist is lucky enough to find himself among the Lakes in a *bona fide* spring season, he will enjoy himself intensely; for the autumnal tints may all go to the devil and shake themselves in comparison with the beautiful glories of mother Earth and of father Jove, between the middle of April and the middle of June. Midsummer is often so horridly hot that there is no living comfortably anywhere but in the cellar, except for a few hours in the early morning and the late evening. Then all is voluptuous langour—or bright awakening from a dream—or the divine hush of happy nature sinking again into dewy repose. With plenty of ginger-beer, spruce, cider, soda, and imperial pop, even the dog-days may be made passable; and by kicking off sheets and blankets, and opening the windows of our room, a bed may be prevented from being a stew-pan, or an oven warmed by steam.

PROF. WILSON, *Blackwood's Mag.*[1]

LEONIDAS.

[**Rev. George Croly**, born at Dublin, 1780; died 24th November, 1860. He earned fame as a popular preacher, as a poet, and as a novelist. He was appointed rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and subsequently of St. Benet's, London. His literary productions were "The Angel of the World;" "Cataline," a tragedy; "Pride shall have a Fall," a comedy; "Salathiel," a novel, which is still a favourite with thoughtful readers; "Marston," a novel; "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," and a "Life of Burke."]

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore—
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear;—
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
LEONIDAS! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band

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[1] The first number of this magazine was published at Edinburgh in April, 1817, by Mr. William Blackwood, its projector and proprietor. He was also the practical editor of the magazine until the date of his death, 16th September, 1834.

Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
GREECE shall be a new-born star!

CROLY.

A COUNTRY LODGING.

On my way back to town the other evening from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It was also clean, and had a decent-looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?"—"Yes, sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of a morning." "And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon, when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid whom it's a sight to see carrying it over the field."—"Why, sir," said my hostess, good-humouredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Pouldon, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and everything else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."—"Well, madam," said I, "I shall desire nothing of you, you may depend on it, unbecoming the dignity of Pouldon or the pretty whiteness of these window-curtains."—"I dare say we shall agree very well, sir," said my good woman with a gracious smile. The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snugger, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing. The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it. "Pray, Mrs. Wilson, have you any books?" "Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, sir, with that leg?" "I'll study without it, if you can undo it for me." "Dear me! sir, but won't it make you feverish?" "Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilson, in order to bear it: so if you have any novels or comedies—" "Why, for novels or comedies, sir, I can't say. But I'll show you what there is. When our lady was alive, rest her soul! eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own." "I see," said I, as she left the room, "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman: and that's a forlorn hope. If there's a philosopher in the village,—some Jacobinical carpenter or shoemaker,—there will be another chance. At all events, I shall behave in the most impudent manner, and send all round. '*Necessitas non habet* LEGS,' as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A habit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?"

Mrs. Wilson returned with an arm full. "This, sir," said she, giving me the top one, "our lady left me for a keep-sake." It was Mrs. Chapone's *Essays*. "Pray," said I, "Mrs. Wilson, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our lady?*" Mrs. Wilson looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. "Miss V., sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, sir; her mother was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson." "Oh ho!" thought I, looking over the books, "then we shall have *Pamela.*"—There was the *Farrier's Guide*, some Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood (my hostess was a carpenter's widow), *Jachin and Boaz* (which she called a strange fantastic book), Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, Wesley's *Receipts*, an old *Court Calendar*, the *Whole Duty of Man*, nine numbers of the *Calvinist's Magazine*, an odd volume of the

Newgate Calendar, the *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and, sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, *Pamela or Virtue Rewarded*. "Virtue Rewarded!" thought I: "I hate these *mercenary* virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience." "You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilson." "Sure, sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune." "Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant?" "To everybody that has to do with it. Miss V. was dubious, like, which of the cottages to live in; and she fancied ours because she found *Pamela* and *Colonel Gardiner* in the corner cupboard." "I dare say.—Now here," said I, when left to myself, "here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother. And what a book!" With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a prize of the man who, finding his endeavours vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela's is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. "And this," said I, "was the old maid's taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid. The rest of the appellation, somehow or other, might have been got rid of." While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treated with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into "methodistical" lodgings, my hostess comes back again, with three more books, to wit, *Paradise Lost*, *Thomson's Seasons*, and a volume containing the whole of the *Spectator* in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese oath: "here thou art at home again, Harry! *This* is sense. *This* is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage; and, for aught I know, had the honour of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamed of Pamela, and Dick Honeycomb, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought that my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick, being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious Commonwealth officer approved, "because," said he, "of the other's immoral character." In one of my reveries, between sleep and awake, I hardly knew whether the rustling sounds I heard were those of the trees out-of-doors, or of old Mrs. Harlowe's petticoat.

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the *chaney* shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, or those others on the coloured bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, repeated in the same group at intervals all over the chintz, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see nothing outside but green leaves. However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window you can see nothing but trees; but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a style to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Pouldon is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septembrizers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters and the rest of the costume of *avicide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun re-prepared. "Aye," said I, "he has 'shot as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor devil with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital, and they *have none*."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said

he, "why, where the devil have you got? D—n me, if I don't blow. You deserve it, Harry, for keeping so close. I'll tell Tom Neville and the rest; Snug's the word, eh? Is she pretty? Some delicate little devil, I warrant, fit for your verses and all that, eh?" "She's too delicate for you, Jack; you'd frighten her." "Oh, don't tell me. They're not frightened so easily. What the devil are you putting out of the way there? You may try to laugh as you please; but hang me, Harry—I mustn't come up, I suppose?" "Pray do; and (lowering my voice) I'll introduce you to a little friend of mine, of the name of Leg. Jack! Jack! say nothing at the door—Most respectable woman —You understand me."

Jack (who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it), clapped a finger significantly on one side of his nose, and knocked very much like a gentleman. Presently he came into the room grinning and breathing like an ogre. "My dear Honeycomb, how are you?—an unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself: something about a horse—what, Bayardo the spotless, eh? (Here Mrs. Wilson left the room, and Jack burst out.) Oh, you devil! Well, where's Lalage? Where's Miss Leg—Fanny or Betty, or what the devil's her name?" "The poor thing has a very odd name, Jack. What think you of Bad Leg?" "Nonsense. Miss Bad Leg! impossible. I know of nobody of the name of Bad. Come, you're joking, and I can't stop long. I'll come back to dinner, if you like; but must be off now;—so introduce me. Is that the way there?" "No, this is the way, Jack. Little Bad Leg, my dear creature, allow me to introduce my friend John Tomkins, Esquire, of Galloping Hall. John Tomkins—Bad Leg." "Eh? pooh, pooh, Harry. This is one of your fetches. Come, come, I know your goes." "Egad, Jack, it's neither my fetch nor my go, at present, I assure you. There is an old epigram—

> "'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,
> 'To stand or go.' If he says true, he lies:—

which is not true; for he may sit, as I am obliged to do at this present."

I had some difficulty in persuading my friend Tomkins that there was no other leg in the case than my own. "Well, Harry," says he, "I'm heartily sorry for it, upon my soul; for now as you have caught me with my Joe Manton, I suppose I'm to be had up for fetching down a few birds; whereas if I could have fairly found you out in your tricks with the cottagers, I could have read you a bit of a lecture myself, by way of a muffler." "Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact, and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not above cutting up a parcel of tom-tits." "Grouse, Harry, grouse, and partridges and pheasants, and all that. Tom-tits! let the Cockneys try to cut up tom-tits." "Well, to be sure there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tom-tits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge!" "Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman: and I say, Harry, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humoured fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilson and the Doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's opinion by my defence of the bird-creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to

worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his ease in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ Church man,—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I shan't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat anything. What, is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?" "No, Jack, but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry." "That's famous. Bilson, to be sure,—But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken." "I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down. I could give up poultry too; but death is common to all; a fowl is soon despatched; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment: that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a foppery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you; so drink your claret, and tell me where you were yesterday." "Why at Bilson's, I tell you, and so I must talk while I think of it. We had a famous joke with Bilson. Since he went into orders, he is very anxious not to swear; and so he laid a wager he'd never swear again; and yesterday, in the middle of dinner, while he was champing his bird, and cutting up your argument about cruelty, all of a sudden what does our Vicar but clap his hand to his jaw as if he was going to give a view holla, and rap out the d—dest oath you ever heard. He had champed a shot, with an old tooth. Now that's meat and drink to you, Harry, for all your tenderness." "Why, it was only a shot in a black coat, Jack, instead of a black cock." "That's famous. I'll tell him of that. Oh, Hal, your laugh is savage. See—you enjoy the sport now yourself." "It ought to be a lesson to him." "Oh yes! mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havoc with our amusements." "Excuse me. It is you that make fine havoc. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures." "'Fellow-creatures!' and their 'hearts!' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges! Pooh, pooh! Bilson might have borne his pain better, I own, but what he says is very true;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light." "Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker." "Nonsense. That's a very different thing." "Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the skull?" "Nonsense." "Or a thrust-out of your eye?" "No, no; all that's very different." "Well, you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavour to shoot you handsomely through the body." "Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're not Christians. They are not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things." "Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue if I had the winging of you. 'Here,' I should say, 'is Mr. John Tomkins.' Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge." "With your what?" "With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down." "Oh, now you're joking." "I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. 'Here,' says I, 'is Mr. John Tomkins coming;' or, 'Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waistcoat (we can't say feather, you know:) keep close: now for my Joe Manton: you shall see how I'll pepper him.' 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do

not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see that a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so if they bleed, it does not signify:—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no harm to anybody; and if I wound him, why he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days, and who cares for that?'" "Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that." "Excellent: but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air." "But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can get out: and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about." "The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about." "Well, you know what I mean. I mean that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another." "Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins." "What I mean to say is, that there's pain in the world already: we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think." "Well said, indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things." "A sportsman can bear pain as well as anybody." "Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another's pain. Why does he not begin with himself?" "How with himself?" "Why, you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one's-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and torments upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Tomkins, you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on." "I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of." "How many birds do you *wound* instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butcherly enough: but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the 'sport' and the 'amusement' like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the 'celebrated' and 'highly respectable.' I don't speak of you, Jack; but of those who make a profession of thinking, which you know you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?" "I've got the d—dest toothache come upon me. It's this cursed draught. Of all pains the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it." "I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitally." "*You* bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how the devil can I?—Hm! hm! (writhing about) it's the cursedest pain." "Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilson has brought you. How does it feel now?" "Wonderfully. The pain is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it who shouldn't." "My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth as I have. The boldest of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee." "Certainly not."—"Or to a jaw blown away—" "By no means." "Or four of his ribs jammed in—" "Horrible!" "Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in—" "Don't speak of it!" "Or his two legs taken off by a cannon-ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain." "Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones." "A gallant spirit is not bound to

feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society." "Certainly, certainly, God knows." "It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it without complaining: your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure." "How? What's that you say?" "I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, mash, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men." "Hey?—Why as to that?—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?" "It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's *Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History;* a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is.

"'It may perhaps be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer, and so it would: but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occured to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me.—Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapwing* is peculiarly soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered around my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail.'"

"Well now, Harry, that's touching. He's right about the precepts. You have saved 'em from being dry, eh, with your claret; but all that you have said hasn't touched me like that story. A lapwing! hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing." "But other birds, Jack, have feelings, as well as lapwings." "What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?" "Oh, ho! what! he

> 'Admits and leaves them *Providence's* care'—

Does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope;

> "'God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes):
> The wretch he starves; and piously denies.
> The humbler bishop, with a meeker air,
> Admits, *and leaves them*, Providence's care.'

"But *we* are Providence, Jack—nay, don't start: I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity's hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or if this theology doesn't serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Waggoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induct him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about it himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he'll apply to Providence or a surgeon." "Eh? that would be famous. I say—I must be going though; it's getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good-by. I can't say you've convinced me; you know I told you I wasn't to be convinced; but I plainly confess I don't like the story of the lapwing; it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that's not to be resisted. So I'm taken in about lapwings. Adieu." "Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?" "Not I, 'faith; I'd say it any where, if it came into my head.—But how? In the Sporting Magazine?"

"Why I'm afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject."

"I was thinking so. Oh, I see:—you'll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I'll send you the books."

"Adieu, honest Jack, jolliest of the myrmidons of 'young-eyed Massacre.'"

LEIGH HUNT.

LITTLE RACHEL.[1]

In one of the wild nooks of heath land, which are set so prettily amidst our richly timbered valleys, stands the cottage of Robert Ford, an industrious and substantial blacksmith. There is a striking appearance of dingy comfort about the whole demesne, forming as it does a sort of detached and isolated territory in the midst of the uninclosed common by which it is surrounded. The ample garden, whose thick, dusty, quickset hedge runs along the highroad; the snug cottage, whose gable-end abuts on the causeway; the neat court, which parts the house from the long, low-browed shop and forge; and the stable, cart-shed, and piggeries behind, have all an air of rustic opulence: even the clear, irregular pond, half covered with ducks and geese that adjoins, and the old pollard oak, with a milestone leaning against it, that overhangs the dwelling, seem in accordance with its consequence and character, and give finish and harmony to the picture.

The inhabitants were also in excellent keeping. Robert Ford, a stout, hearty middle-aged man, sooty and grim as a collier, paced backward and forward between the house and the forge with the step of a man of substance—his very leather apron had an air of importance; his wife Dinah, a merry, comely woman, sat at the open door, in an amplitude of cap and gown and handkerchief, darning an eternal worsted stocking, and hailed the passers-by with the cheerful freedom of one well to do in the world; and their three sons, well-grown lads from sixteen to twenty, were the pride of the village for industry and good humour—to say nothing of their hereditary love of cricket. On a Sunday, when they had on their best clothes and cleanest faces, they were the handsomest youths in the parish. Robert Ford was proud of his boys, as well he might be, and Dinah was still prouder.

Altogether it was a happy family and a pretty scene; especially of an evening, when the forge was at work, and when the bright firelight shone through the large unglazed window, illumining with its strange, red, unearthly light the group that stood round the anvil; showers of sparks flying from the heated iron, and the loud strokes of the sledge-hammer resounding over all the talking and laughing of the workmen, re-enforced by three or four idlers who were lounging about the shop. It formed a picture, which in a summer evening we could seldom pass without stopping to contemplate; beside, I had a roadside acquaintance with Mrs. Ford, had taken shelter in her cottage from thunder-storms and snow-storms, and even by daylight could not walk by without a friendly "How d'ye do?"

Late in last autumn we observed an addition to the family, in the person of a pretty little shy lass of some eight years old, a fair, slim, small-boned child, with delicate features, large blue eyes, a soft colour, light shining hair, and a remarkable neatness in her whole appearance. She seemed constantly busy, either sitting on a low stool by Dinah's side at needle-work, or gliding about the kitchen, engaged in some household employment—for the wide open door generally favoured the passengers with a full view of the interior, from the fully stored bacon-rack to the nicely swept hearth; and the little girl, if she perceived herself to be looked at, would slip behind the clock-case, or creep under the dresser to avoid notice. Mrs. Ford, when questioned as to her new inmate, said that she was her husband's niece, the daughter of a younger brother, who had worked somewhere London-way, and had died lately, leaving a widow with eleven children in distressed circumstances. She added, that having no girl of their own, they had taken little Rachel for good and all; and vaunted much of her handiness, her seamstresship, and her scholarship, how she could read a chapter with the parish clerk, or make a shirt with the schoolmistress. Hereupon she called her to display her work, which was indeed extraordinary for so young a needle-woman; and would fain have had her exhibit her other accomplishment of reading: but the poor little maid hung down her head, and blushed up to her white temples, and almost cried, and though too frightened to run away, shrank back, till she was fairly hidden behind her

[1] From *Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, by Mary Russell Mitford. As another illustration of the mistakes which the most able editors will sometimes make, it may be mentioned that the MS. of *Our Village* was offered to Thomas Campbell, then editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, and rejected by him.

portly aunt; so that that performance was perforce pretermitted. Mrs. Ford was rather scandalized at this shyness; and expostulated, coaxed, and scolded, after the customary fashion on such occasions. "Shamefacedness was," she said, "Rachel's only fault, and she believed the child could not help it. Her uncle and cousins were as fond of her as fond could be, but she was afraid of them all, and had never entered the shop since there she had been. Rachel," she added, "was singular in all her ways, and never spent a farthing on apples or gingerbread, though she had a bran new sixpence which her uncle had given her for hemming his cravats; she believed that she was saving it to send home."

A month passed away, during which time, from the mere habit of seeing us frequently, Rachel became so far tamed as to behold me and my usual walking companion without much dismay; would drop her little curtsey without colouring so very deeply, and was even won to accept a bun from that dear companion's pocket, and to answer yes or no to his questions.

At the end of that period, as we were returning home in the twilight from a round of morning visits, we perceived a sort of confusion in the forge, and heard loud sounds of scolding from within the shop, mixed with bitter lamentations from without. On a nearer approach, we discovered that the object in distress was an old acquaintance, a young Italian boy, such a wanderer from the Lake of Como as he whom Wordsworth has addressed so beautifully:—

> —"Or on thy head to poise a show
> Of plaster craft in seemly row;
> The graceful form of milk-white steed,
> Or bird that soared with Ganymede;
> Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
> The sightless Milton with his hair
> Around his placid temples curled,
> And Shakspeare at his side——a freight,
> If clay could think and mind were weight,
> For him who bore the world!"

He passed us almost every day, carrying his tray full of images into every quarter of the village. We had often wondered how he could find vent for his commodities; but our farmers' wives patronize that branch of art; and Stefano, with his light firm step, his upright carriage, his dancing eyes, and his broken English, was a universal favourite.

At present the poor boy's keen Italian features and bright dark eyes were disfigured by crying; and his loud wailings and southern gesticulations bore witness to the extremity of his distress. The cause of his grief was visible in the half empty tray that rested on the window of the forge, and the green parrot which lay in fragments on the footpath. The wrath of Robert Ford required some further explanation, which the presence of his worship instantly brought forth, although the enraged blacksmith was almost too angry to speak intelligibly.

It appeared that his youngest and favourite son, William, had been chaffering with Stefano for this identical green parrot, to present to Rachel, when a mischievous lad, running along the road, had knocked it from the window-sill, and reduced it to the state which we saw. So far was mere misfortune; and undoubtedly if left to himself our good neighbour would have indemnified the little merchant, but poor Stefano, startled at the suddenness of the accident, trembling at the anger of the severe master on whose account he travelled the country, and probably in the darkness really mistaking the offender, unluckily accused William Ford of the overthrow; which accusation, although the assertion was instantly and humbly retracted on William's denial, so aroused the English blood of the father, a complete John Bull, that he was raving, till black in the face, against cheats and foreigners, and threatening the young Italian with whipping, and the treadmill, and justices, and stocks, when we made our appearance, and the storm, having nearly exhausted its fury, gradually abated.

By this time, however, the clamour had attracted a little crowd of lookers-on from the house and the road, amongst the rest Mrs. Ford, and, peeping behind her aunt, little Rachel. Stefano continued to exclaim in his imperfect accent, "He will beat me!" and to sob and crouch and shiver, as if actually suffering under the impending chastisement. It was impossible not to sympathize with such a reality of distress, although we felt that an English boy, similarly situated, would have been too stout-hearted not to restrain its expression. "Sixpence!" and "my master will beat me," intermixed with fresh bursts of crying, were all his answers to the various inquiries as to the amount of his loss, with which he was assailed; and young William Ford, 'a lad of grace,' was approaching his hand to his pocket, and my dear companion had just drawn forth his purse, when the good intentions of the one were arrested by the stern commands of his father, and the other was stopped by the reappearance of Rachel, who had run back to the house, and now darted through the group holding out her own new sixpence—her hoarded sixpence—and put it into Stefano's hand!

It may be imagined that the dear child was no loser by her generosity; she was loaded with caresses by every one, which, too much excited to feel her bashfulness, she not only endured but returned. Her uncle, thus rebuked by an infant, was touched almost to tears. He folded her in his arms, kissed her, and blessed her; gave Stefano half a crown for the precious sixpence, and swore to keep it as a relic and a lesson as long as he lived.

MISS MITFORD.

THE THREE AGES.

CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to look on a new-blown flower;
To watch the tints of the summer sky;
To lurk in the depths of a sylvan bower,
Lulled by the lone stream's lullaby.

'Tis sweet to view, at the opening day,
The pearls that gem the green-clad earth;
And hear the burst of the song-birds' lay—
The morning hymn of their love and mirth.

'Tis sweet to stand, at the dusky hour,
By the pebbly rim of a glassy lake,
While myriad stars, in a silent shower,
Drop calmly down as a silv'ry flake.

But where's the sight, on the earth or sky,
By the garden bower, or woodland wild,
Where aught so sweet as the heavenward eye,
And fervent look, of a praying child?

The cherub form seems not of this land,
No tenant of earthly mould or clay,
But a stranger—come from the seraph band
On Zion's hill, in the realms of day,

A dream of light,—a vision of might,—
A starbeam cased in a mortal urn,—
A soul of bliss from spheres of delight,—
An incense breath from the lamps that burn.

Around the throne of the Unseen Power
That ruleth beyond the depths of night,—
A sainted seer of the heavenly dower,
That waits the good in the land of light;

Come here to tell to the earthly mind
Of the hopes that spring where fears begin,
And rend in twain the fetters that bind
Poor man a slave to the ways of sin.

Then smile not thou at its lowly prayer,
Though short its cry for mercy appear.
An angel band is hovering there,
And He that bled still deigneth to hear.

Round childhood's day shines many a ray,
Of beauteous gleam and of nameless dye;
But the hour the young heart strives to pray
Brings brightest joy to a parent's eye.

YOUTH.

O fairest season in the life of man!
Sweet noontide of his short and chequered day!
Who would not wish to live again that span
Of radiant hopes and feelings, ever gay,
Which round the heart, like sunbeams in the stream,
In many a glad and glittering halo ran!—
Such as of old young poets used to dream
Begirt the brow of her that led the van
Of merry maids, who danced on vine-clad hills
To the soft tinkling music of old Grecian rills.

That morn! the young mind breaks its golden cell,
And finds its wings expand o'er trackless air;
Oh what a gush of towering fancies swell
In billowy madness, and a power that ne'er
Would seem to bend beneath misfortune's gale!
No new-fledged bird that roams the summer dell
Is half so fond of earth's rich flowery vale—
So vainly dreams in ceaseless joy to dwell
Amid its sunny haunts and smiling flowers,
Bathed in the blessed dew of heaven's balmy showers.

The song of birds—the lulling hum of bees—
The bleat of lambs—the evening waterfall—
The shepherd's pipe—the dulcet summer breeze—
The milkmaid's merry lay—commingled, all
In soft harmonious cadence charm the ear,
And make earth seem but one vast music-hall—
One choir of joy—this life a long career
Of sweets whereon the heart should never pall:
O happy time, O days of careless glee—
Of golden morning dreams—from pain and sorrow free!

But ah! what snares athwart its pathway lie,
What fraud is used to lure it from the way
Its fond heart seeks beyond yon spangled sky,
And chain it under sin's corrosive sway!
O youth, beware, for myriad unseen foes
By night, by day, their ruthless trick'ries try
Thy soul to rifle of its dower on high,
And rob thy young heart of its soft repose—
Its bed of peace—its hopes of high renown—
Then leave thee to the world's sneer and desolating frown.

But happy he! who, like that maiden fair,
Whom painter's art has reared before our eyes,
With willing heart receives a mother's care
To lead him wisdom's way, and gain that prize
So dearly won—so fraught with love and grace
For all to seek, which all may win and share:
O who would not this cold world's wiles efface,
And, with a will deep-fixed, for ever dare
To baffle all the snares that sin has wove,
And lose earth's fleeting joy for deathless bliss above?

OLD AGE.

A lonely hamlet, with its house of prayer,
To which a matron's guided on her way,
By one that shows a daughter's tender care,
And, by their side, a child that seems to pray,
Is all the scene—but, while we fondly gaze,
What thoughts of Life and Death these objects raise.

We leave weak childhood's morn of smiles and tears,
And youth's full tide of gaiety and glee,
To commune with the hoary man of years,
Who longs from out this vale of tears to be,
And find that rest he here has sought in vain,
Beyond the reach of vanity and pain.

Pilgrim of life! what though thy locks be gray,
Thine eye be dim, thy cheek be wan and pale—
Though gone the strength of youth's exulting day,
And e'en the mind itself begin to fail;
Ne'er let the tear of grief bedim thine eye,
Thy desert's crossed—thy Jordan's rolling nigh!

Though friends have dropped like brown leaves from the tree,
And hopes be dead that once bloomed fresh and fair;
Though all alone on earth thou seem'st to be,
No one so poor as with thy grief to share;
Lift up thine eyes in faith to Him that bled—
The cloud is past—thy solitude has fled.

A few more steps—thy weary feet at last,
With joy, shall tread that gorgeous sunny shore,
Where, nestled safe, the withering simoom blast
Of pangs and cares shall beat on thee no more—
No more along our earth a wanderer driven,
Thy panting breast has found a home in heaven.

JAMES MACDONALD.

THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[John Ford, born in Devonshire, 1586; died about 1640; a poet and dramatist. When seventeen years old he entered the Middle Temple, London, as a barrister; and three years after, published a poem entitled "Fame's Memorial," an elegy in honour of the deceased Earl of Devonshire. It is as a dramatist that he is remembered. His plays were published between the years 1629 and 1639, but they had been previously produced on the stage. The tragedy of the "Brother and Sister" contains many fine passages of poetry; but the subject renders it unsuitable for popular reading. In conjunction with Dekker, he dramatized the story of the "Witch of Edmonton." The following extract is from the play of the "Lover's Melancholly," played at the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, Nov. 24, 1628, and of which Gifford says—"It has much of the grace and sweetness which distinguish the genius of Ford." He wrote eleven plays and part of five others. Seven of them were destroyed or lost]

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him down.
He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes; then sigh'd and cry'd,
"Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

FRIENDS.

The two rarest things to be met with are good-sense and good-nature. For one man who judges right, there are twenty who can say good things; as there are numbers who will serve you or do friendly actions, for one who really wishes you well. It has been said, and often repeated, that "mere good-nature is a fool:" but I think that the dearth of sound sense, for the most part, proceeds from the want of a real unaffected interest in things, except as they react upon ourselves: or from a neglect of the maxim of that good old philanthropist who said, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" The narrowness of the heart warps the understanding, and makes us weigh objects in the scales of our self-love, instead of those of truth and justice. We consider not the merits of the case, or what is due to others, but the manner in which our own credit or consequence will be affected; and adapt our opinions and conduct to the last of these rather than to the first. The judgment is seldom wrong where the feelings are right; and they generally are so, provided they are warm and sincere. He who intends others well, is likely to advise them for the best: he who has any cause at heart, seldom ruins it by his imprudence. Those who play the public or their friends slippery tricks, have in secret no objection to betray them.

One finds out the folly and malice of mankind by the impertinence of friends—by their professions of service and tenders of advice—by their fears for your reputation and anticipations of what the world may say of you; by which means they suggest objections to your enemies, and at the same time absolve themselves from the task of justifying your errors, by having warned you of the consequences—by the care with which they tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any flattering circumstance—by their dread of your engaging in any creditable attempt, and mortification if you succeed—by the difficulties and hindrances they throw in your way—by their satisfaction when you happen to make a slip or get into a scrape, and their determination to tie your hands behind you, lest you should get out of it—by their panic-terrors at your entering into a vindication of yourself, lest in the course of it you should call upon them for a certificate to your character—by their lukewarmness in defending, by their readiness in betraying you—by the high standard by which they try you, and to which you can hardly ever come up—by their forwardness to partake your triumphs, by their backwardness to share your disgrace—by their acknowledgment of your errors out of candour, and suppression of your good qualities out of envy—by their not contradicting, or by their joining in the cry against you, lest they too should become objects of the same abuse—by their playing the game into your adversaries' hands, by always letting their imaginations take part with their cowardice, their vanity, and selfishness against you; and thus realizing or hastening all the ill consequences they affect to deplore, by spreading abroad that very spirit of distrust, obloquy, and hatred, which they predict will be excited against you!

I like real good-nature and good-will better than I do any offers of patronage, or plausible rules for my conduct in life. I may suspect the soundness of the last, and I may not be quite sure of the motives of the first. People complain of ingratitude for benefits, and of the neglect of wholesome advice. In the first place, we pay little attention to advice, because we are seldom thought of in it. The person who gives it either contents himself to lay down (*ex cathedra*) certain vague, general maxims, and "wise saws," which we knew before; or, instead of considering what we *ought to do*, recommends what he himself *would do*. He merely substitutes his own will, caprice, and prejudices for ours, and expects us to be guided by them. Instead of changing places with us (to see what is best to be done in the given circumstances), he insists on our looking at the question from his point of view, and acting in such a manner as to please him. This is not at all reasonable; for *one man's meat*, according to the old adage, *is another man's poison*. And it is not strange, that starting from such opposite premises, we should seldom jump in a conclusion, and that the art of giving and taking advice is little better than a game at cross-purposes. I have observed that those who are the most inclined to assist others are the least forward or peremptory with their advice; for having our interest really at heart, they consider what can, rather than what *cannot* be done, and aid our views and endeavour to avert ill consequences by moderating our impatience and allaying irritations, instead of thwarting our main design, which only tends to make us more extravagant and violent than ever. In the second place, benefits are often conferred out of ostentation or pride, rather than from true regard; and the person obliged is too apt to perceive this. People who are fond of appearing in the light of patrons will perhaps go through fire and water to serve you, who yet would be sorry to find you no longer

wanted their assistance, and whose friendship cools and their good-will slackens, as you are relieved by their active zeal from the necessity of being further beholden to it. Compassion and generosity are their favourite virtues; and they countenance you, as you afford them opportunities for exercising them. The instant you can go alone, or can stand upon your own ground, you are discarded as unfit for their purpose.

This is something more than mere good-nature or humanity. A thoroughly good-natured man, a real friend, is one who is pleased at our good-fortune, as well as prompt to seize every occasion of relieving our distress. We apportion our gratitude accordingly. We are thankful for good-will rather than for services, for the motive than the *quantum* of favour received—a kind word or look is never forgotten, while we cancel prouder and weightier obligations; and those who esteem us or evince a partiality to us are those whom we still consider as our best friends. Nay, so strong is this feeling, that we extend it even to those counterfeits in friendship, flatterers and sycophants. Our self-love, rather than our self-interest, is the master-key to our affections.

There are different modes of obligation, and different avenues to our gratitude and favour. A man may lend his countenance who will not part with his money, and open his mind to us who will not draw out his purse. How many ways are there in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to "administer to a mind diseased"—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our *hobbies* (nay, to get up and ride behind us), and to like us with all our faults. True friendship is self-love at second-hand; where, as in a flattering mirror, we may see our virtues magnified and our errors softened, and where we may fancy our opinion of ourselves confirmed by an impartial and faithful witness. He (of all the world) creeps the closest in our bosoms, into our favour and esteem, who thinks of us most nearly as we do of ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self—and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere, as it is hollow in most other cases! This is one reason why entire friendship is scarcely to be found, except in love. There is a hardness and severity in our judgments of one another; the spirit of competition also intervenes, unless where there is too great an inequality of pretension or difference of taste to admit of mutual sympathy and respect; but a woman's vanity is interested in making the object of her choice the god of her idolatry; and in the intercourse with that sex, there is the finest balance and reflection of opposite and answering excellences imaginable! It is in the highest spirit of the religion of love in the female breast, that Lord Byron has put that beautiful apostrophe into the mouth of Anah, in speaking of her angel-lover (alas! are not the sons of men too, when they are deified in the hearts of women, only "a little lower than the angels?")

> "And when I think that his immortal wings
> Shall one day hover o'er the sepulchre
> Of the poor child of clay, that so adored him,
> As he adored the Highest, death becomes
> Less terrible!"

This is a dangerous string, which I ought never to touch upon; but the shattered cords vibrate of themselves!

Few things tend more to alienate friendship than a want of punctuality in our engagements. I have known the breach of a promise to dine or sup break up more than one intimacy. A disappointment of this kind rankles in the mind—it cuts up our pleasures (those rare events in human life, which ought not to be wantonly sported with!)—it not only deprives us of the expected gratification, but it renders us unfit for, and out of humour with, every other; it makes us think our society not worth having, which is not the way to make us delighted with our own thoughts; it lessens our self-esteem, and destroys our confidence in others; and having leisure on our hands (by being thus left alone) and sufficient provocation withal, we employ it in ripping up the faults of the acquaintance who has played us this slippery trick, and in forming resolutions to pick a quarrel with him the very first opportunity we can find. I myself once declined an invitation to meet Talma, who was an admirer of Shakspeare, and who idolized Bonaparte, to keep an appointment with a person who had *forgot* it! One great art of women who pretend to manage their husbands and keep them to themselves, is to contrive some excuse for breaking their engagements with friends for whom they entertain any respect, or who are likely to have any influence over them.

There is, however, a class of persons who have a particular satisfaction in falsifying your expectations of pleasure in their society, who make appointments for no other ostensible purpose than *not to keep them;* who think their ill-behaviour gives them an air of superiority

over you, instead of placing them at your mercy; and who, in fact, in all their overtures of condescending kindness towards you, treat you exactly as if there was no such person in the world. Friendship is with them a *monodrama*, in which they play the principal and sole part. They must needs be very imposing or amusing characters to surround themselves with a circle of friends, who find that they are to be mere ciphers. The egotism would in such instances be offensive and intolerable, if its very excess did not render it entertaining. Some individuals carry this hard, unprincipled, reckless unconsciousness of everything but themselves and their own purposes to such a pitch, that they may be compared to *automata*, whom you never expect to consult your feelings or alter their movements out of complaisance to others. They are wound up to a certain point by an internal machinery which you do not very well comprehend; but if they perform their accustomed evolutions so as to excite your wonder or laughter, it is all very well, you do not quarrel with them, but look on at the *pantomime* of friendship while it lasts or is agreeable.

Only one other reflection occurs to me on this subject. I used to think better of the world than I do. I thought its great fault, its original sin, was barbarous ignorance and want, which would be cured by the diffusion of civilization and letters. But I find (or fancy I do) that as selfishness is the vice of unlettered periods and nations, envy is the bane of more refined and intellectual ones. Vanity springs out of the grave of sordid self-interest. Men were formerly ready to cut one another's throats about the gross means of subsistence, and now they are ready to do it about reputation. The worst is, you are no better off if you fail than if you succeed. You are despised if you do not excel others, and hated if you do. Abuse or praise equally weans your friends from you. We cannot bear eminence in our own department or pursuit, and think it an impertinence in any other. Instead of being delighted with the proofs of excellence and the admiration paid to it, we are mortified with it, thrive only by the defeat of others, and live on the carcass of mangled reputation. By being tried by an *ideal* standard of vanity and affectation, real objects and common people become odious or insipid. Instead of being raised, all is prostituted, degraded, vile. Everything is reduced to this feverish, importunate, harassing state. I'm heartily sick of it, and I'm sure I have reason if any one has.

HAZLITT.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley, born at Field Place, Horsham, Sussex, August 4, 1792; drowned by the capsizing of his boat in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and the Bay of Spezia, July, 1822. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. His first published compositions were two romances, *Zastrozzi*, and *St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*. These were completed when he was only sixteen (1808) and were published anonymously; but they failed to obtain any measure of success. Whilst at Oxford he published a volume of poems entitled *Posthumous Poems of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson*. He next issued a pamphlet entitled *A Defence of Atheism*, on account of which he was, in March, 1811, expelled from the University. The poet, whatever he may have felt under his disgrace, consoled himself by writing *Queen Mab;* and in the same year he married, at Gretna Green, Harriet Westbrooke, the daughter of a retired hotel-keeper. The union appears to have been a most unhappy one, and three months after they had been formally re-married, Mrs. Shelley returned to her father, and Shelley left England for the Continent, accompanied by Mary Wollstonecraft, daughter of William Godwin, to whom he was subsequently married (1816) on the death of Mrs. Shelley. His chief poetical works were *Queen Mab; The Revolt of Islam; Prometheus Unbound;* and the *Cenci*.[1]]

A glorious people vibrated again
  The lightning of the nations: Liberty,
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
  Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My Soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
    And, in the rapid plumes of song,
    Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
  Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey:
    Till from its station in the heaven of fame
  The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
    Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
  As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
  A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
  The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
  That island in the ocean of the world,

[1] These and his other works are so well known that it is unnecessary to refer to them here; but it will be interesting to quote the estimates of his genius given by two potent critics. Prof. Wilson, *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1826, says: "He had many of the faculties of a great poet. He was, however, we verily believe it now, scarcely in his right mind." Lord Macaulay, *Edinburgh Review*, 1831, says: "He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art but an inspiration. Had he lived to the full age of man, he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the very highest rank in design and execution."

Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air.
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not: but power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them raging without truce or terms:
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groan'd, for beasts warr'd on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
Were as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
Hung tyranny; beneath, sate deified
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves
Into the shadow of her pinions wide,
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven: from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
On the unapprehensive wild.
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

Athens arose; a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shrinks aghast:
A winged sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew,
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweaned;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone,
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy wakening glance,
Like lightning, from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away,

Though it must flow for ever: not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave:
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then,
In ominous eclipse? a thousand years
Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away;
How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

England yet sleeps: was she not called of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder:
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus:
They cry, Be dim; ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us.
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
And they dissolve; but Spain's were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us,
In the dim West; impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head;
Thy victory shall be his epitaph!
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where desolation clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour!
If on his own high will a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
And cries: Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
New wants, and Wealth from those who toil and groan
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousand fold for one?

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
O, Liberty! if such could be thy name
Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood-like tears? The solemn harmony

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light
On the heavy sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain;
As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

[Mrs. Margaret Oliphant is one of the most successful as well as one of the most prolific of our lady novelists. Her literary career began in 1849 with *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*. Since that date she has produced in rapid succession about three dozen novels, besides numerous other works, of which the most notable is the *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.* Her fame and popularity, however, rest in a great measure on *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, a series of domestic stories descriptive of life in a quiet country town. The series includes: *The Rector*, *The Doctor's Family*, *Salem Chapel*, *The Perpetual Curate*, and *Miss Marjoribanks*.[1] Our extract is from *The Doctor's Family*, and that the situation may be properly understood it is necessary to mention that Edward Rider is a young doctor struggling hard to gain a practice in Carlingford. His brother, Fred—a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow—has been drowned. He has left a widow and three children dependent, as they had been all along, on the widow's sister, Nettie Underwood. The sisters are of Australian birth and of widely different characters. Susan (Mrs. Fred) is weak and selfish, and obtains her own way in everything by persistently crying for it. Nettie is a shrewd, energetic, self-denying creature, who sacrifices her heart and life to provide for her sister and the children. She has stubbornly refused Dr. Rider's hand for their sakes, and she sees little in the future for herself but hard work for others who repay her with little gratitude. The widow wishes to return to Australia, and she gains her object in the usual way, aided by the appearance of a colonial friend, Mr. Chatham. This stalwart bushman is supposed to be paying his addresses to Nettie, to the bitter annoyance of the doctor.]

When tea was over, Nettie sent her children out of the way with peremptory distinctness, and stayed behind them to make her communication. If she noticed vaguely a certain confused impatience and desire to get rid of her in the looks of her sister and the Australian, she attached no distinct meaning to it, but spoke out with all the simplicity of an independent power, knowing all authority and executive force to lie in her own hands alone.

"When do you think you can be ready to start? My mind is made up. I shall set to work immediately to prepare," said Nettie. "Now, look here, Susan: you have been thinking of it for months, so it is not like taking you by surprise. There is a ship that sails on the 24th. If everything is packed and ready, will you consent to go on that day?"

Mrs. Fred started with unfeigned surprise, and, not without a little consternation, turned her eyes towards her friend before answering her sister. "It is just Nettie's way," cried Susan—"just how she always does—holds out against you to the very last, and then turns round and darts off before you can draw your breath. The 24th! and this is the 19th! Of course we can't do it, Nettie. I shall want quantities of things, and Mr. Chatham, you know, is not used to your ways, and can't be whisked off in a moment whenever you please."

"I daresay it's very kind of Mr. Chatham," said Nettie; "but I can take you out very well by myself—just as well as I brought you here. And I can't afford to get you quantities of things, Susan. So please to understand I am going off to pack up, and on the 24th we shall go."

Once more, under Nettie's impatient eyes, a look and a smile passed between her sister and the Australian. Never very patient at any time, the girl was entirely aggravated out of all toleration now.

"I can't tell what you may have to smile to each other about," said Nettie. "It is no very smiling business to me. But since I am driven to it, I shall go at once or not at all. And so that you understand me, that is all I want to say."

With which words she disappeared suddenly to the multitudinous work that lay before her, thinking as little of Susan's opposition as of the clamour raised by the children, when the hard sentence of going half an hour earlier to bed was pronounced upon them. Nettie's haste and peremptoriness were mixed, if it must be told, with a little resentment against the world in general. She had ceased being sad—she was roused and indignant. By the time she had subdued the refractory children, and disposed of them for the night, those vast Australian boxes, which they had brought with them across the seas, were placed in the little hall, under the pale light of the lamp, ready for the process of packing, into which Nettie plunged without a moment's interval.

. . . . . .

Nettie did not hear the footstep which she might have recognized ringing rapidly down the frosty road. She was too busy rustling about with perpetual motion, folding and refolding, and smoothing into miraculous compactness all the heterogeneous elements of that mass. When a sudden knock came to the door she started, struck with alarm, then paused a moment, looking round her, and perceiving at one hasty glance that nobody could

[1] The "Chronicles" appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and several separate editions of them have been published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. A cheap edition in four volumes was issued in 1869.

possibly enter without seeing both herself and her occupation, made one prompt step to the door, which nobody appeared to open. It was Mrs. Smith, no doubt; but the sudden breathless flutter which came upon Nettie cast doubts upon that rapid conclusion. She opened it quickly, with a certain breathless, sudden promptitude, and looked out pale and dauntless, understanding by instinct that some new trial to her fortitude was there. On the other hand, Edward Rider pressed in suddenly, almost without perceiving it was Nettie. They were both standing in the hall together, before they fully recognized each other. Then the doctor, gazing round him at the unusual confusion, gave an involuntary groan out of the depths of his heart. "Then it is true!" said Dr. Rider. He stood among the chaos, and saw all his own dreams broken up and shattered in pieces. Even passion failed him in that first bitterness of conviction. Nettie stood opposite, with the sleeves of her black dress turned up from her little white nimble wrists, her hair pushed back from her cheeks, pushed quite behind one delicate ear, her eyes shining with all those lights of energy and purpose which came to them as soon as she took up her own character again. She met his eye with a little air of defiance, involuntary, and almost unconscious. "It is quite true," said Nettie, bursting forth in sudden self-justification; "I have my work to do, and I must do it as best I can. I cannot keep considering you all, and losing my life. I must do what God has given me to do, or I must die."

Never had Nettie been so near breaking down, and falling into sudden womanish tears and despair. She would not yield to the overpowering momentary passion. She clutched at the bundle of frocks again, and made room for them spasmodically in the box which she had already packed. Edward Rider stood silent, gazing at her as in her sudden anguish Nettie pulled down and reconstructed that curious honey-comb. But he had not come here merely to gaze, while the catastrophe was preparing. He went up and seized her busy hands, raised her up in spite of her resistance, and thrust away, with an exclamation of disgust, that great box in which all his hopes were being packed away. "There is first a question to settle between you and me," cried the doctor: you shall not do it. No; I forbid it, Nettie. Because you are wilful," cried Edward Rider, hoarse and violent, grasping the hands tighter, with a strain in which other passions than love mingled, "am I to give up all the rights of a man? You are going away without even giving me just warning—without a word, without a sign; and you think I will permit it, Nettie? Never—by heaven!"

"Dr. Edward," said Nettie, trembling, half with terror, half with resolution, "you have no authority over me. We are two people—we are not one. I should not have gone away without a word or a sign. I should have said good-bye to you, whatever had happened; but that is different from permitting or forbidding. Let us say good-bye now and get it over, if that will please you better," she cried, drawing her hands from his grasp; "but I do not interfere with your business, and I must do mine my own way."

The doctor was in no mood to argue. He thrust the big box she had packed away into a corner, and closed it with a vindictive clang. It gave him a little room to move in that little commonplace hall, with its dim lamp, which had witnessed so many of the most memorable scenes of his life. "Look here," cried Dr. Rider; "authority has little to do with it. If you had been my wife, Nettie, to be sure you could not have deserted me. It is as great a cruelty—it is as hard upon me, this you are trying to do. I have submitted hitherto, and Heaven knows it has been bitter enough; and you scorn me for my submission," said the doctor, making the discovery by instinct. "When a fellow obeys you, it is only contempt you feel for him; but I tell you, Nettie, I will bear it no longer. You shall not go away. This is not to be. I will neither say good-bye, nor think of it. What is your business is my business; and I declare to you, you shall not go unless I go too. Ah—I forgot. They tell me there is a fellow, an Australian, who ventures to pretend—I don't mean to say I believe it. You think *he* will not object to your burdens! Nettie! Don't let us kill each other. Let us take all the world on our shoulders," cried the doctor, drawing near again, with passionate looks, "rather than part!"

There was a pause—neither of them could speak at that moment. Nettie, who felt her resolution going, her heart melting, yet knew she dared not give way, clasped her hands tight in each other and stood trembling, yet refusing to tremble; collecting her voice and thoughts. The doctor occupied that moment of suspense in a way which might have looked ludicrous in other circumstances, but was a relief to the passion that possessed him. He dragged the other vast Australian box to the same corner where he had set the first, and piled them one above the other. Then he collected with awkward care all the heaps of garments which lay

about, and carried them off in the other direction to the stairs, where he laid them carefully with a clumsy tenderness. When he had swept away all these encumbrances, as by a sudden gust of wind, he came back to Nettie, and once more clasped the firm hands which held each other fast. She broke away from him with a sudden cry—

"You acknowledged it was impossible!" cried Nettie. "It is not my doing, or anybody's; no one shall take the world on his shoulders for my sake—I ask nobody to bear my burdens. Thank you for not believing it—that is a comfort at least. Never, surely, any one else—and not you, not you! Dr. Edward, let us make an end of it. I will never consent to put my yoke upon your shoulders, but I—I will never forget you or blame you—any more. It is all hard, but we cannot help it. Good-bye—don't make it harder, you, who are the only one that——; good-bye,—no more—don't say any more."

At this moment the parlour door opened suddenly; Nettie's trembling mouth and frame, and the wild protest and contradiction which were bursting from the lips of the doctor, were lost upon the spectator, absorbed in her own affairs, and full of excitement on her own account, who looked out. "Perhaps Mr. Edward will walk in," said Mrs. Fred. "Now he is here to witness what I mean, I should like to speak to you, please, Nettie. I did not think I should ever appeal to you, Mr. Edward, against Nettie's wilfulness—but, really now, we, none of us can put up with it any longer. Please to walk in and hear what I've got to say."

The big Bushman stood before the little fire in the parlour, extinguishing its tiny glow with his vast shadow. The lamp burned dimly upon the table. A certain air of confusion was in the room. Perhaps it was because Nettie had already swept her own particular belongings out of that apartment, which once, to the doctor's eyes, had breathed of her presence in every corner—but it did not look like Nettie's parlour to-night. Mrs. Fred, with the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her black dress, had just assumed her place on the sofa, which was her domestic throne. Nettie, much startled and taken by surprise, stood by the table, waiting with a certain air of wondering impatience what was to be said to her—with still the sleeves turned up from her tiny wrists, and her fingers unconsciously busy expressing her restless intolerance of this delay by a hundred involuntary tricks and movements. The doctor stood close by her, looking only at Nettie, watching her with eyes intent as if she might suddenly disappear from under his very gaze. As for the Australian, he stood uneasy under Nettie's rapid investigating glance, and the slower survey which Dr. Rider made on entering. He plucked at his big beard, and spread out his large person with a confusion and embarrassment rather more than merely belonged to the stranger in a family party; while Mrs. Fred, upon her sofa, took up her handkerchief and once more began to fan her pink cheeks. What was coming? After a moment's pause, upon which Nettie could scarcely keep herself from breaking, Susan spoke.

"Nettie has always had the upper hand so much that she thinks I am always to do exactly as she pleases," burst forth Mrs. Fred; "and I don't doubt poor Fred encouraged her in it, because he felt he was obliged to my family, and always gave in to her; but now I have somebody to stand by me," added Susan, fanning still more violently, and with a sound in her voice which betrayed a possibility of tears—"now I have somebody to stand by me—I tell you once for all, Nettie, I will not go on the 24th."

Nettie gazed at her sister in silence without attempting to say anything. Then she lifted her eyes inquiringly to the Australian, in his uneasy spectator position before the fire. She was not much discomposed, evidently, by that sudden assertion of will—possibly Nettie was used to it—but she looked curious and roused, and rather eager to know what was it now?

"I will not go on the 24th," cried Mrs. Fred, with a hysterical toss of her head. "I will not be treated like a child, and told to get ready whenever Nettie pleases. She pretends it is all for our sake, but it is for the sake of having her own will, and because she has taken a sudden disgust at something. I asked you in, Mr. Edward, because you are her friend, and because you are the children's uncle, and ought to know how they are provided for. Mr. Chatham and I," said Susan, overcome by her feelings, and agitating the handkerchief violently, "have settled—to be—married first before we set out."

If a shell had fallen in the peaceful apartment, the effect could not have been more startling. The two who had been called in to receive that intimation, and who up to this moment had been standing together listening languidly enough, too much absorbed in the matter between themselves to be very deeply concerned about anything Mrs. Fred could say or do, fell suddenly apart with the wildest amazement in their looks. "Susan, you are

mad!" cried Nettie, gazing aghast at her sister, with an air of mingled astonishment and incredulity. The doctor, too much excited to receive with ordinary decorum information so important, made a sudden step up to the big embarrassed Australian, who stood before the fire gazing into vacancy, and looking the very embodiment of conscious awkwardness. Dr. Rider stretched out both his hands and grasped the gigantic fist of the Bushman with an effusion which took that worthy altogether by surprise. "My dear fellow, I wish you joy—I wish you joy. Anything I can be of use to you in, command me!" cried the doctor, with a suppressed shout of half-incredulous triumph. Then he returned restlessly towards Nettie—they all turned to her with instinctive curiosity. Never in all her troubles had Nettie been so pale; she looked in her sister's face with a kind of despair.

"Is this *true*, Susan?" she said, with a sorrowful wonder as different as possible from the doctor's joyful surprise—"not something said to vex us—really true? And this has been going on, and I knew nothing of it; and all this time you have been urging me to go back to the colony—*me*—as if you had no other thoughts. If you had made up your mind to this, what was the use of driving me desperate?" cried Nettie, in a sudden outburst of that incomprehension which aches in generous hearts. Then she stopped suddenly and looked from her sister, uttering suppressed sobs, and hiding her face in her handkerchief on the sofa, to the Australian before the fire. "What is the good of talking?" said Nettie, with a certain indignant impatient indulgence, coming to an abrupt conclusion. Nobody knew so well as she did how utterly useless it was to remonstrate or complain. She dropped into the nearest chair, and began with hasty tremulous hands to smooth down the cuffs of her black sleeves. In the bitterness of the moment it was not the sudden deliverance, but the heartlessness and domestic treachery that struck Nettie. She, the champion and defender of this helpless family for years—who had given them bread, and served it to them with her own cheerful unwearied hands—who had protected as well as provided for them in her dauntless innocence and youth. When she was thus cast off on the brink of the costliest sacrifice of all, it was not the delightful sensation of freedom which occurred to Nettie. She fell back with a silent pang of injury swelling in her heart, and, all tremulous and hasty, gave her agitated attention to the simple act of smoothing down her sleeves—a simple but symbolical act, which conveyed a world of meaning to the mind of the doctor as he stood watching her. The work she had meant to do was over. Nettie's occupation was gone. With the next act of the domestic drama she had nothing to do. For the first time in her life utterly vanquished, with silent promptitude she abdicated on the instant. She seemed unable to strike a blow for the leadership thus snatched from her hands. With proud surprise and magnanimity she withdrew, forbearing even the useless reproaches of which she had impatiently asked, "What was the good?" Never abdicated emperor laid aside his robes with more ominous significance, than Nettie, with fingers trembling between haste and agitation, smoothed down round her shapely wrists those turned-up sleeves.

The doctor's better genius saved him from driving the indignant Titania desperate at that critical moment by any ill-advised rejoicings; and the sight of Nettie's agitation so far calmed Dr. Rider that he made the most sober and decorous congratulations to the sister-in-law, whom for the first time he felt grateful to. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed in his own affairs, he could scarcely have failed to remember how, not yet a year ago, the shabby form of Fred lay on that same sofa from which Susan had announced her new prospects; but in this unexampled revolution of affairs no thought of Fred disturbed his brother, whose mind was thoroughly occupied with the sudden tumult of his own hopes. "Oh yes, I hope I shall be happy at last. After all my troubles, I have to look to myself, Mr. Edward; and your poor brother would have been the last to blame me," sobbed Mrs. Fred, with involuntary self-vindication. Then followed a pause. The change was too sudden and extraordinary, and involved results too deeply important to every individual present, to make words possible. Mrs. Fred, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and Nettie, her whole frame thrilling with mortification and failure, tremulously trying to button her sleeves, and bestowing her whole mind upon that operation, were discouraging interlocutors; and after the doctor and the Bushman had shaken hands, their powers of communication were exhausted. The silence was at length broken by the Australian, who, clearing his voice between every three words, delivered his embarrassed sentiments as follow:—

"I trust, Miss Nettie, you'll not think you've been unfairly dealt by, or that any change is necessary so far as you are concerned. Of course," said Mr. Chatham, growing red, and plucking at his beard, "neither your sister nor I—found out—till quite lately—how things were going to be; and as for you making any

change in consequence, or thinking we could be anything but glad to have you with us——."

Here the alarming countenance of Nettie, who had left off buttoning her sleeves, brought her new relation to a sudden stop. Under the blaze of her inquiring eyes the Bushman could go no farther. He looked at Susan for assistance, but Susan was still absorbed in her handkerchief; and while he paused for expression, the little abdicated monarch took up the broken thread.

"Thank you," said Nettie, rising suddenly; "I knew you were honest. It is very good of you, too, to be glad to have me with you. You don't know any better. I'm abdicated, Mr. Chatham; but because it's rather startling to have one's business taken out of one's hands like this, it will be very kind of everybody not to say anything more to-night. I don't quite understand it all just at this moment. Good-night, Dr. Edward. We can talk to-morrow, please; not to-night. You surely understand me, don't you? When one's life is changed all in a moment, one does not exactly see where one is standing just at once. Good-night. I mean what I say," she continued, holding her head high with restrained excitement, and trying to conceal the nervous agitation which possessed her as the doctor hastened before her to open the door. "Don't come after me, please; don't say anything; I cannot bear any more to-night."

"But to-morrow," said the doctor, holding fast the trembling hand. Nettie was too much overstrained and excited to speak more. A single sudden sob burst from her as she drew her hand out of his, and disappeared like a flying sprite. The doctor saw the heaving of her breast, the height of self-restraint which could go no further. He went back into the parlour like a true lover, and spied no more upon Nettie's hour of weakness. Without her, it looked a vulgar scene enough in that little sitting-room, from which the smoke of Fred's pipe had never fairly disappeared, and where Fred himself had lain in dismal state. Dr. Rider said a hasty good-night to Fred's successor, and went off hurriedly into the changed world which surrounded that unconscious cottage. Though the frost had not relaxed, and the air breathed no balm, no sudden leap from December to June could have changed the atmosphere so entirely to the excited wayfarer who traced back the joyful path towards the lights of Carlingford twinkling brilliant through the Christmas frost. As he paused to look back upon that house which now contained all his hopes, a sudden shadow appeared at a lighted window, looking out. Nettie could not see the owner of the footsteps which moved her to that sudden involuntary expression of what was in her thoughts, but he could see her standing full in the light, and the sight went to the doctor's heart. He took off his hat insanely in the darkness and waved his hand to her, though she could not see him; and, after the shadow had disappeared, continued to stand watching with tender folly if perhaps some indication of Nettie's presence might again reveal itself. He walked upon air as he went back, at last, cold but joyful, through the blank solitude of Grange Lane.

THE SISTERS.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbour-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On the pillow the sister tossed her head
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

"O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him for ever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE SCOTCH NOVELS.[1]

We think, with the late excellent and much lamented Mrs. Brunton, that "single pages of these works are worth whole volumes of common inventions." Without taking upon us directly to affirm that their author is the greatest writer of the present day, we may be permitted to say for ourselves, that there is no living author whom we would so much wish to be. We give him this preference, because none of his contemporaries seem to us to have so universal and exquisite a relish for all the immense variety of natural objects that present themselves to the faculty of observation; or so quick and sound a feeling of their essential qualities and distinct characters:—but principally, because his mind appears to possess, in a degree peculiar to itself, the admirable property of digesting all its food into *healthy chyle.* More than any other writer, except Shakspeare, and not less than Shakspeare himself, he renders the reading of his works encouraging to human nature, by putting us in good humour with whatever he offers to our attention: and this beautiful result, in consequence of the power and comprehension of his genius, and the truth and vigour of his moral constitution, he effects without ever shocking the principles of conscience, or violating any one rule of civil or sacred authority. We join the course of his lively and rapid narative in the true spirit of the *chase:* we there find men and animals all at full cry, displaying their natural instincts and dispositions in the ardour of cheerful exercise; the scenery around is fresh and invigorating; health and manliness are made to circulate through our frames; in the meantime, the creatures which in their natures are noxious and dangerous, are ultimately run down and destroyed, but without the sportsman having been once provoked into a sentiment of hostility or ill-will—still less seduced into a false sympathy with their actions, or exposed to any contagious influence from their propensities.

This delightful and salutary property of the writings in question we owe to the philosophical knowledge of human nature which their author so eminently possesses, and which necessarily takes the shape of urbanity in his disposition, while it produces a corresponding frame in the breast of the reader. His nice discernment of the real springs of actions, and his sensibility to their true play, give him the power of placing before us all the varieties of conduct and incident in the vivid light of natural phenomena: while they strike upon our fancies with all the force of experience, we seem to be let into the secret of the inevitable causes which produce what are usually called the hazards of life. Our author goes to the very germ of all:—the fountain-head—the well-spring from which the stream of each individual's existence takes its course and colour, is discovered by him, and this is almost always found to be placed deep in the natural order of things; "Now," says Madame de Sevigne, "I am never either astonished or offended by what is in the natural order of things."

Another consequence of this intense feeling for natural truth, enjoyed by the extraordinary author of the Scotch Novels, is that, more than any other writer of the day, he gives to

[1] From an article by the late JOHN SCOTT in the *London Magazine* for January, 1820. This is generally allowed to be one of the finest estimations of the Waverley Novels that has been laid before the public.

his productions an impress which secures them a permanently current acceptation. The most ardent admirers of his most celebrated companions in literary exertion will admit, that there is a possibility of posterity's not sustaining their decision on the merits of their favourites; and the reason of this doubtfulness is, that they all distinguish themselves in certain *modes* peculiar to themselves: each of them has set a fashion of his own, and in it only is he regarded as pre-eminent. Now we never can be sure of the real worth of any fashion, nor calculate with certainty the period of its duration; circumstances, not principles, cause it to be warmly supported or bitterly decried: it constitutes the distinction of a sect, and the creed of a sect is no rule for mankind at large. But the author whom we are now endeavouring to characterize, bears this second resemblance and mark of affinity to Shakspeare, that he is as general in his tastes as nature is multifarious in her appearances; while his style runs evenly but loosely on, in unpretending submission to what the occasion requires him to say. His compositions are not marked by particular *veins* of thought or language: he is not studiously moody, like Lord Byron; nor involuntarily mystical, like Wordsworth; nor laboriously gay, like Moore: his mind, in fact, presents no obstacles in the shape of pre-conceptions or pre-dispositions, to the free and fair development of his story and its characters. He speaks just what is set down for him in the book of nature, and we know that its pages are always open before his eyes, and we feel assured that what we read in his has been faithfully transcribed from them. In the works of almost all other writers we find the disposition of their author reflected on their surface; and the peculiarities of this disposition form at once the principle of their power and beauty, and the source of their objectionable qualities. Thus, to refer again to the authors we have already named, Byron is impassioned, and grandly sombre, but too frequently false and theatrically pretending; Wordsworth is sublime and pathetic, but he is also sometimes trifling, and often prosing and unwieldy: Moore has a sparkling fancy, but occasionally overpowers his readers with conceits, betrays the pains he has taken to be tender, and the labour with which he is gay. The writer of the Scotch Novels betrays nothing of himself, but the vivid impression which the genuine features of his subject have made on his mind: he is personally lost in the idea of the characters which he represents; and, whatever fault we may have to find with his descriptions, or whatever merit we may see in them, they all pass as more or less lucky seizures of the actual lineaments of nature. Shakspeare has been almost reproached with the universality of his feeling of character,—not on good grounds however, as it appears to us; and we certainly do not mean to raise the subject of these remarks to anything like an equality with the prince of our island's literature: in the power of the imaginative faculty he is far inferior,—not only to him, to whom all are inferior,—but to several who might be mentioned: yet, in the ready reception of nature's impressions, in the power of vividly reflecting them back to others, in strong taste, and high relish for the natural properties of things however dissimilar, we do consider that our author suggests a direct comparison between himself and Shakspeare, and that no other name in modern literature, however distinguished, will bear any comparison with him in these respects. It is this power and sagacity of perception which render it certain that his honours will perpetuate themselves, that his popularity will not pass by, that the numerous volumes which have streamed, as it were, from his pen, will give as much pleasure to readers hereafter as they give to us to-day. They are, as has before been said, the only modern works of which this can be safely predicted. It is very possible that some of the productions of his contemporaries may rise in estimation as they advance in age: there are some which, in our opinion, well deserve to do so; but as particular systems of criticism, and moods of one's own mind, are concerned in the judgments passed upon them, we cannot be sure that it will be sustained by the solemn ratification of posterity.

Let us give an example tending to prove the justice of this description of the author's literary character and constitution, before going further in general observation on his works. The parting of Jarvie, the manufacturing Glasgow Bailie, from Rob Roy, his cousin, the Highland robber, is one of the most beautiful scenes painted by this writer's irresistible and universal pen. It is very droll, but, at the same time, its truth renders it deeply pathetic; and in this respect it affords an excellent illustration, to the shame of French criticism, how intimately the comic and the affecting are connected in the nature of things, and how closely they may be brought together in representation, without hurting the effect of either, but, in fact, to heighten the effect of both. Those who can go deep into human nature find where their roots entwine; it is only the superficial and heartless who fancy them essentially dis-

severed. The Bailie assured his kinsman, that if ever *a hundred pound,* or even TWA! would put him, or his family, in a *settled way,* he need but just send a line to the Sautmarket. Rob returned the compliment by squeezing hard the magistrate's hand, grasping the basket hilt at his side, and protesting that, should any ambitious or intriguing rival affront his kinsman, Mr. Jarvie had only to let him know, *and he would stow his lugs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow!* How exquisite is all this! The citizen, in a moment of enthusiasm, offering a hundred pound—or even *twa!* The Highlander, in the warmth of friendly feeling, tendering his services to crop the ears of any corporation or manufacturing opponent! The Bailie overcome by the tenderness of a farewell—with the tide of consanguinity becoming riotous in his veins, the memory of his departed father the deacon giving elevation to his sentiments, and thankful, beyond measure, that he was at length likely to leave the Highlands in a whole skin, with nothing lost but the tail of his coat—waxes nobly generous on the very strength of his intense consciousness of the value of money. A careless prodigal fellow would not have gone half so far in his offer of assistance. The Bailie's liberality bursts out with impetuosity, like a dam of water when the sluice is raised. His '*one hundred,* or even *twa,*' is like the spring of a cripple, who, not being able to walk a moderate pace, throws himself four feet forward at a time! Such touches as these are not the fruit of study; the giving of them is not probably accompanied with a preconception of their effect when given: they escape, as it were, like natural oozings from a mind gifted with a wonderfully quick and true feeling of what is picturesque in the operation of the principles of character; and which is thus guided, with infallible certainty, to the seat of the principles themselves. About the immortality of such transcripts there is no doubt; for he who runs may read them. To give them up would be to resign human nature; to root out from our souls the sympathies which make of us a *kind*—which give us a possession in the past, and an interest in the future. Bailie Jarvie, then, and Mucklebarns, and Mr. Macwheeble, and Volunteer Gilfillan, and Lawyer Pleydell, and Captain Dalgetty, will endure; these gentlemen will continue in the perpetual enjoyment of health and spirits, and, by means of our intimacy with them, we, the tenants of to-day, may be said to shake hands cordially with our predecessors in the motley game of human life, and to share the interest of it even with those who are to take up our cards after we have dropped them. But our admiration of the lowering brows, sinewy limbs, sweeping swords, daring hearts, and dark fancies of the Conrads, Alps, and Laras, does not lead us to be equally sure of their longevity. The Oroonates and Amadis of the old French romances delighted readers of that time, and even gained an empire over sensibilities of the most native kind: they have lost their power over such, however, while the touching pathos, the tenderness, and comic force of Clement Marot, still present themselves with an air of pleasing familiarity, and retain over the heart their gentle but commanding influence.

The picture which we have just taken from one of these novels, affords also a striking example of the moral sweetness, the genial, cordial spirit, which we have affirmed to predominate in these compositions. It presents one of the truest and most useful of moral lessons. A writer, such as some we have amongst us, would put down Bailie Jarvie, seeing him in his ordinary habits, and with his every-day look on, as an incurably wretched, grovelling, muck-hearted creature; a Presbyterian ass, as intolerant as stupid; a servile politician; one who spent his Sundays in gloom, and his week-days in attending to business; a piece of corporation pomposity and folly, who worshipped God and honoured the king—in short, a poor, ignorant, money-getting, debt-paying creature! But our author is no such vulgar, shallow, insincere observer: he sees the Bailie in his counting-house, and afterwards of an evening, with his favourite servant setting his arm-chair for him, and he instantly enters into his soul; the consequence of which is, that he puts the Glasgow magistrate before us in kindly, pleasing, and even noble points of view. Shrewd, strict, and cautious, it is true, but considerate also towards others; firm to his friend in a broil, as well as with a dealer in a bargain; anxious to turn a penny, but making generous sacrifices of pounds; punctual in his performances, as well as in his demands; regular in kirk-going, but not the less moved to make of Mattie Mrs. Jarvie:—in fine, in the midst of hereditary prejudices and limited ideas, giving a romantic and solemn character to his daily consciousness, by cherishing the memory of his father, as if his spirit were a superior presence ever with him,—rendering it, at the same time, august and imposing to his imagination, by clothing it in perpetuity with the constituted and coveted dignity that emanates from the office of a Glasgow deacon! How lean on the caul would one of the intellectual

and elegant characters, formed on the new system of scepticism and universal suffrage, turn out to be, on dissection of its qualities, in comparison with Bailie Jarvie!

Again, the worthy Bailie, in company with his very different kinsman, illustrates, in a forcible manner, the folly and falsehood of sweeping denunciations and party condemnations. This, however, is almost invariably the effect of the scenes in which characters are concerned, in the whole of these novels. Take, for instance, Colonel Talbot's description of the chiefs in the Jacobite cause, and his criticism on the Highland ladies; and then refer, as *per contra*, to MacIvor's ideas of the Hanoverian ministers, and contempt for English manners. The children of the mist, hunted as wild beasts amidst their dens and barren rocks, whose name was an abomination in the ears of men, are found by one who is introduced to their retreat, and experiences their protection, to be faithful and enthusiastic; they are only terrible in the intense consciousness and devout belief of the wrongs they have suffered, and the right of revenge which they possess. Who shall decide between the English judge at Carlisle, offering his solemn, and, at the same time, compassionate exhortations to repentance of deadly crime, and the chief of Glennaquoich thus apostrophizing him from the prisoner's bar:—"Proceed, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water—spare not mine—were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel!" And when the same judge, his heart overflowing with commiseration for the humble but faithful follower of this staunch and fearless chief, offers him his life if he can make up his mind to petition for grace; while the other replies—"Grace me no grace, since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood:"—Who does not feel that human nature is, after all, a sublime and admirable thing, even in its inconsistencies, weaknesses, and uncertainties? The sentiments of the heart of man seem to be essentially true and noble, however conflicting their manifestations may be in different individuals; and, once convinced of this, charity for what clashes with our own opinions and interests, sympathy with others in their misfortunes, and a sense of consolation when we struggle with affliction ourselves, grow up in the mind. The influence of this conviction it is scarcely possible to resist in reading these works: it is forced upon us by the writer's beautiful art to put forward prominently what may be called the redeeming points of character[1]—which are, in fact, as we have already said, nothing but the natural points; and it is this fact which it is worth so much to know. The knowledge of it, however, is never suffered to hurt the soundness or safety of the practical effect. We see each thing as it really is, and this hinders us from being very angry with it;[2] yet we always perceive the best to be the best, and entertain a sense of the justice and necessity of the various common preservatives of the order of society. At the same time, a single unkindly, egotistic, worldly feeling, is not provoked from the beginning of these works to the end: yet they are as far from being tame or mawkish as possible. They are full of action, and the action is as various as it can be: they teem with drollery, enthusiasm, ambition, hardihood, passion, and in short, excitement of every kind. Is the feeling of this author for the darker features of nature, external and internal, less lively than that of Lord Byron? Has he a less quick sense of the heroic and ambitious in character? of the reckless and misanthropical in heart? Is he less alive to the clash of arms? less knowing in the ways of fierce, rapacious, and gloomy natures? less intimately acquainted with the

[1] Even Dirk Hatteraik, just before his death, shows "the soul of goodness in things evil." He says, in answer to the reproach that he had crowned a life, spent without a single virtue, with the murder of his accomplice; "Virtue, donner! I was always faithful to my shipowners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver!" And, accordingly, he spends his last hour in writing to the house at Flushing on business matters, and giving information of the loss of their vessel; this done, he went and hanged himself. Dalgetty's love for his horse leading him to overcome his natural selfishness in so affecting a manner, in favour of the noble animal, is another instance: but the motherly and daughterly attachment between the murderess Margaret Murdockson, and her mad child Madge Wildfire, is one of the most extraordinary we can quote.

[2] Witness the fine reply of the fisherman's wife, when Monkbarns hopes that the distilleries will never be permitted to work again:—"Ay, ay, it's easy for your honour, and the like of you gentle folks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deein' o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava, wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning." Her account of the daily occupation of her husband affords a touching set-off to the haggling for the price of the haddocks which immediately preceded it:—"He was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit cobble dancing in't like a cork." Well might poor Meggie say to the antiquary—"It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives."

workings of the darker passions? A negative may be given to all these questions. His descriptions of glens, and lochs, and mountain-heads, have a sternness apparent in the midst of their beauty and graphical exactness, which animates with the spirit of the eagle the scenery of the eagle's dwelling-place. His portraits of Balfour of Burleigh, of Rob Roy, of his wife Helen, of Meg Merrilies,[1] speak his sympathy for that depravity of strong and high natures, the result of mortification produced by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" and, above all, by the "oppressor's wrong, and proud man's contumely," met by the fierce reaction of a contumelious, proud disposition within. None of those desperate and daring spirits who have enlisted in the world's forlorn hope; no Jacobin or other malcontent, breasting the breakers where the shipwrecked state lies pitching herself to pieces, in the desire to ride above them to the shore on the fragments—ever gave to their dispositions so grand an air of resolute philosophy, as distinguishes Macgregor's reply to Osbaldistone, when the latter expresses regret for the scene of promiscuous confusion and distress likely to arise from any general exertion in favour of the exiled royal family:—"Let it come, man—let it come! ye never saw dull weather clear without a shower, and if the world is turned upside down, why honest men will have the better chance to cut bread out of it." Yet with all this deep feeling for the vindictive, the guilty, the remorseful, the terror-struck, the condemned, the hopeless, the withered in heart, the dying, and the despairing, what a sympathizing, honourable, bland impression of his own character does this author leave on the minds of his readers! No one would ever suspect, of sitting for his own ruffians; yet they are as natural as life. He must have found them somewhere, for they all and each bear witness of their identity, but that somewhere, it is clear, has never been his own heart.

The general name of these works, "The Scotch Novels," will always indicate an era in our literary history, for they add a new species to the catalogue of our native literary productions, and nothing of the same nature has been produced anywhere else. They are as valuable as history and descriptive travels for the qualities which render these valuable; while they derive a bewitching animation from the soul of poetry, and captivate the attention by the interest of romantic story. As pictures of national manners they are inestimable: as views of human nature, influenced by local circumstances, they are extremely curious; as enthusiastic appeals to the passions and the imagination, they supply a strong stimulus to these faculties; and, by running the course of the story through the most touching incidents, and within sight of the grandest events, they carry the reader's sympathy perpetually with them. One great cause of their absorbing and irresistible power of fascination, is the astonishing variety of the author's hand, guided by a sensibility co-extensive, as we have already said, with nature herself. His feeling is universal in its enjoyments—and this enables him to supply inexhaustible enjoyment to others. How complete is his sense of the majesty and force of Scripture language—and what a relish he has for the slang of smugglers and jailers, phraseology of gamekeepers and Border cudgel-players, and the law-jargon of a Canongate lawyer of seventy years back! He enters, with the most delicate perception, into the sensitive, genteel, well-dressed character of a modern English captain, displays with gusto the pedantry of an old French musquetaire, or high German martinet; draws his broadsword with the irregular fury of a Highland clansman; preaches with the ultra-eloquence of a hunted sectarian; raves sublime madness with those wonderful creatures whom he seems to have emancipated from the common obligations of reason, only to enable them to hover on the brink of the ordinary world, looking into the supernatural;—to see with more rapid glance into the secrets of things, and to startle their hearers with a more vivid, searching, electrifying language than falls from the lips of the common children of men! Are these gifts such as many possess? Could many, like him, run so truly over all the notes in the human *gamut*, if we may so speak, from the extremest *alto* of chivalry, down to the commonest details of a Fenchurch Street counting-house? It is not mere truth, however, that forms all the merit of these astonishingly varied representations; he enters into each with delight; is at home everywhere, as well in regard to his feelings as his knowledge; and goes on, illustrating richly through his whole course, manifesting, for that purpose, treasures of appropriate terms and anecdotes, which surprise us by proving a *learning* equal to his natural faculties. He seems to have lived everywhere and

[1] What sublimity there is in the reply of this extraordinary creature to some one who calls her by the familiar appellation of *good woman*. "I'm nae good woman—a' the country kens I am bad eneugh, an' may be sorry eneugh that I am nae better; *but I can do what good women canna and darena do.*"

with everybody; to have fought under Gustavus, and taken several trips with Dirk Hatteraik;—but then the wonder is, when he could have copied in the office under Mr. Pleydell, and served his apprenticeship to a Glasgow weaver, both of which, it is quite clear, he has done, as well as stood precentor under a field-preacher's tent, and performed the duty of rough-rider to his majesty's horse-guards. That he has acquired his technical expertness by actual experience, is impressed on our belief by the air of freedom which never forsakes him.

We really believe, though it may seem much to say, that the Scotch Novels, as they are the first of their class, so they are inimitable—perfectly, hopelessly inimitable, for the time to come. How long their author may continue their repetitions we shall not attempt to decide, for as their source is a natural, not an artificial one, "age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety;" but, all circumstances considered, it seems too much to expect that another person with equal gifts, and another opportunity with equal advantages, for seizing the real facts of history, the homely incidents of life, and genuine features of character, and throwing over them all the garb and air of romance, and enlivening them with the spirit of lofty poetry, will ever again appear. The peculiar gifts required are so widely distinct from the common ingredients of what is called talent, or, at least, their perfect union forms a character so rare amongst men of talent, that we dare not speculate on the reappearance of the phenomenon. We admit that it is very possible a man may arise again amongst us with a devoted attachment to terriers and stag-hounds, with a keen appetite for pony-riding over the Cheviot Hills, philanthropically inclined to institute foot-ball and single-stick matches, and proud of seeing a piper, arrayed in the garb of old Gaul, enter amongst his company after dinner to "lap them in Elysium." Such a man may arise again amongst us; and such a man must arise, before we could hope for a reproduction of the Scotch Novels: but is it probable that this endued person will be at the same time deeply read in genealogical Latin, troubadour poetry, the writings of the prophets, and the history of the Thirty Years' War? If he be deficient in any one of these particulars, he is useless for our purpose. It certainly is possible that, even in this late day, more persons than one may yet manifest tastes and talents fitting them to be armourers to knights-errant—to dress John of Gaunt, or instruct the Baron of Bradwardine how he should stoop to take off his prince's boot: and such lore, and such accomplishments, would be wanted before any second author could hope to rival our first;—but supposing all these possessed by some future individual, is it to be imagined that he would at the same time be fond of getting into "his altitudes" at Clerighugh's—and have also a particularly acute relish for the system of book-keeping, by double and single entry, as practised by the worthy Mr. Owen, in the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham? Lastly—not to be tedious on one that is never so—we do not absolutely despair of the existence of some as warm and successful lovers of nature in her sublimest seats and wildest recesses; as often honoured with her rarest revelations; nay, as enthusiastic admirers of the ardent, disinterested, imaginative character, which was fostered by persecution, and fashioned and endowed by a theology as gloomy and as sublime as the caves and the mountains that gave refuge to its conscientious adepts; but the insurmountable difficulty lies in supposing that to these feelings and faculties will be added an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of the dog-kennel, an off-hand familiarity with the forms of court-etiquette and the smartest customs of town-life.

Such a combination constitutes the literary character of the author of the Scotch Novels; and we confess we do not think that it has ever before occurred, or that it ever will occur again: but if it did, we want still more to the reproduction of such works. A high degree of personal respectability; a situation in life commanding intimacy with men and manners; practical habits of business,—all evidently conspire to lend a finishing charm to these compositions, by bestowing freedom and firmness on their style, giving them a clear complexion, a decorous carriage, stripping them entirely of professional rust, leaving nothing forced or awkward about their familiarity, and repressing altogether the air of authorship, and the affected graces of writing. Then, supposing that we have again found one as *able*, is it within the range of chances that he would be as *willing?* That, to the same miraculous powers, he would add the equally miraculous industry? That he would possess the same resolution of will; the same shrewdness in an honourable pursuit; and add as much worldly sagacity to an equal portion of intellectual strength and refinement? We reply, certainly not: therefore, for all these reasons together,—and the reader will think we have given enough of them,—we pronounce that the Scotch Novels

must remain alone, forming their own class, which is a new one in literature, and which they may be considered to have both commenced and finished. We should much sooner expect another author equal to the *Paradise Lost* than another equal to *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy;* though in saying this we do not mean to intimate that the writer of the latter is a greater man than Milton. Such a comparison would be impertinent; but certainly we would extend to this anonymous author the reply which we once heard made by a lady to one who expressed a wish for another Shakspeare: "Another Shakspeare! nonsense! Shakspeare *has* been!"

We might ask also—if another author, equally gifted and favourably circumstanced, were found, where could be found such another subject? or what possibility is there of recurring again to the same after the present writer shall have done with it? It may be affirmed, we believe, that no people but the Scotch ever have afforded so great a *variety* of materials to construct historical and characteristic fictions as that of the collection which the author of these novels has extracted and employed; and that no people, not even the Scotch, will ever be so rich again. If we are wrong we shall be glad to be corrected; but to us it appears that the records of no time or nation supply so much of the picturesque in quality and incident—in local scenery, public affairs, personal character, social manners, and religious creeds, all combined—as the people from amongst whom this writer has taken his subjects, during the period through which he has, in the course of their long series, completely ranged. Eloquence, thought, information, enthusiasm, superstition, patriotism, simplicity, rural habits, courage, persecution, devotion, constancy, poetical taste, robbery, murder, rebellion, executions; these form but part of the catalogue of the circumstances and qualities which crowd on the surface of the Scottish history at the period in question! When and where has there been another people so deeply and thoroughly imbued with an habitual inspiration of lofty thoughts and lofty conduct as the Scottish nation was, when its whole soul and language, throughout all its classes, were full, even to saturation, of the majesty, efficacy, and eloquence of the Hebrew Scriptures?[1] Nothing can be quoted from any other page in the world's annals to match, for imposing effect, the demure and frowning Presbyterian hero, with his sword girt round his loins, and his hope set on the Rock of Ages—proud, and obstinate, and intrepid as Achilles—but with an imagination full of things *not made with hands*, and therefore more nobly occupied than that of Achilles. The sensual part of man was entirely rooted out of his being; the *beauty of holiness* took the place of all other beauty in his eyes; he saw the towers of Zion always rising before him, and for ever had in his ears the sound of the archangel's trumpet, calling him to the *good fight*, either as martyr or warrior. Such were the men "who looked not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture for their directions." It was then, says Jeanie Deans, that the chosen of the Lord had the privilege given to them to see *far into eternity*, as a compensation from their Master for the pains and trials to which he called them to expose themselves for his sake. Individuals, at various times and in various places, have been thus lifted up into the third heaven, under the influence of excitements or temperaments peculiar to themselves; but a vast national sentiment of this nature, causing the babe to lisp the language of Hebron, and the young woman to coquet in oriental metaphor, while she avoided promiscuous and vain dancing, even as a bird avoids the snare of the fowler, cannot be paralleled. Is there any feature in the ancient sybil finer than Mause Headrigg, "that precious woman," can match? She who "lifted up her voice to confound the Man of Sin—even the scarlet man;" who told Sergeant Bothwell to his teeth that he was "allied to the great dragon—Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses;" who was proud of her son when she saw him "going to testify with his mouth at the council, as he had testified with his weapon in the field;" and who, in despite of a mother's affection, implored him to "remain faithful even until death, and not to sully his bridal garment." Then there are Macbriar, with his sublime sermon to the victorious Covenanters, and his still more sublime reply to Dalzell and Lauderdale when they were sending him from torture to death; and the terrible Balfour of Burleigh, in his "cave of Adullam"—with his sword with three *notches*, each notch "testifying to a deliverance wrought for the church;" a man "zealous even to slaying!" Truly, as well as beautifully, does our author say of such scenes and characters, that they "formed a picture of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would

[1] It is to be observed that the Covenanters and Cameronians almost always quoted from the Old Testament: their tastes, gloomy yet grand, and their habits, severe and hardy though devout, sufficiently account for this preference.

have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo." We must not forget the more tender, yet equally pious Elizabeth Maclure, "dwelling alone like the widow of Zarephath:" she whose sight gradually faded away, after her aged eyes had been dazzled by the flash of the shots that were the death of her last son; but who was comforted, nevertheless, in the thought that he and his brother fell for a broken covenant! For steady, manly, consistent, quiet keeping, however, there is perhaps nothing finer than the character of David Deans: he who had "features far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, but which, from their indication of habitual gravity and contempt for earthly things, had an expression of stoical dignity amidst their sternness." Hear him exclaiming, "How proud was I o' bein' made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on the pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old for the cause of a national covenant." But in moral dignity far beyond this exultation in his exclamation when they bring him news of his ruined daughter's misfortune: "Leave me, sirs—leave me! I maun warstle with this trial in privacy and on my knees." As for his eldest daughter and comfort, Jeanie Deans, and her super-heroic refusal to save even her beloved sister from death by a falsehood; while, under a quiet exterior, she was struggling in her pious soul with agonies such as dispositions generally called more susceptible are not capable of experiencing—how much is she above Brutus condemning his son for a breach of military discipline! Nor would any one, who has witnessed true religious feeling exemplified in the practice of humble and holy families in this part of the nation, doubt for a moment that many broken but unfailing hearts might be found to realize, in needful circumstances, poor Jeanie's hard but successful trial, and come, like her, through the furnace unsinged. Her journey to London, to beg her sister's pardon of the king and queen, confident of a ready introduction through the interest of her cousin, Mrs. Glass, who kept the snuff-shop, is as touching, and seriously beautiful, and at the same time as comic, as the adventures of Don Quixote. Here Jeanie shows herself as romantic and enthusiastic as she usually appears quiet, steady, and industrious—as intrepid in emergencies as she is humble in her ordinary habits. It seems at first a pity that the author did not send her lover, the silent laird Dumbiedikes, to keep her company, during her long journey, on his pony; but, on consideration, we find a good and substantial reason for omitting the squire—the pony would only go one road, and that road was not the London one, but lay between St. Leonard's farm and the mansion-house of Dumbiedikes. The possessor of this place is as rich in absolute nothingness as Slender himself; and Calummore hits him off, with Shakspearian felicity, at one touch—"I have seen Dumbiedikes three times fou, and have only heard him speak once."

Against the devout Presbyterian oppose the proud, licentious Highland chief, and his romantic, faithful, but rapacious and cruel followers! What a leap in an instant, and yet not beyond the limits of the national manners, nor beyond our author's power of representation! The haughtiness of MacIvor, the enthusiastic vengeance of Helen MacGregor, the hasty blood of the guests at M'Aulay's castle, are qualities which, added to the desperation of the causes into which these men rushed, as if danger increased their alacrity—and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery around them demand the hand of a master to arrange and group them in composition, but of which our master makes pictures of a sublimer gloom than any of Salvator Rosa or Caravaggio. Yet touches of cheerfulness, gentleness, and soft beauty are constantly introduced into these, which remove all the stiffness of studied effect, and throw the freshness of nature, as well as an agreeable light, over their surface.

But the most peculiar feature in the Scottish character, which is precisely what our author has caught and given with the greatest power, remains to be noticed. The superstitious belief of certain supernatural revelations to the persecuted saints of the covenant we have hinted at; but, besides this, there belongs to the nation a more general and remarkable superstition, more poetical in its effects, and more extensive in its combinations with the social manners of the people. This superstition is of a most remarkable character, for a mystery and uncertainty hover about the supernatural principle which render it impossible to be classed either with good or bad influences. Those supposed to be gifted with it might move in the common affairs of life like other persons, exciting a sort of vague feeling of awe, but by no means supposed to have broken the bond of brotherhood with their fellow-men. The second-sight of Scotland cannot be regarded, like astrology, as partaking of the nature of scientific or learned deduction: it was not considered, like witchcraft, as a branded and hateful league with the enemy: at the same time, it received no sanction from the Christian religion, and exemplary devotion seems to have had no

necessary connection with its possession. Those to whom this sensibility was understood to belong seemed to feel it to be a fearful burden, and were distinguished among others by their deep melancholy. The spirit of the mountains and rivers appears to have been their chief master; but it is impossible to describe exactly the nature of the spell, its attributes and effects are so vague, shifting, and even contradictory. The character of those to whom it was imputed appears to have wavered between superior natural acuteness and mental derangement; to which may be added, as the general basis, a highly susceptible taste for the poetical and the picturesque. There were, however, many different degrees of the gift; and numbers there were who could not be said to possess it at all, yet who might be considered as forming lay brothers of the order. Some of these had dreams that never failed to be fulfilled, and others were afflicted with an insanity which led them to denounce judgments and hazard prophecies. Our author has made excellent use of these materials: there is not a single variety of the character which he has not exhibited; nor scarcely a combination into which it was possible to join their separate properties, which he has not made. The most perfect specimen of the second-sighted seer is Alan M'Aulay: and his unfortunate birth and unfortunate love supply the philosophy and the pathos of the phenomenon. Meg Merrilies is of a more composite order; she is the gipsy and the weird-wife, the vagrant, the thief, and in part the maniac. It has been thought that some of her introductions into the story bear too theatrical an air; but we apprehend this objection to be founded in mistake. Striking effect—even studied artful effect—always attends the actions and appearances of these wild creatures; their language is figured and poetical, their costume extravagant, and advantage is carefully taken by them of all the accidents of nature. Davie Gellatly and the Gaberlunzie man are all varieties of the same species. The former we think an excellent representation. He is "a crack-brained knave, who can execute very well any commission which jumps with his own humour." His memory is charged with old songs, verses of which he applies for satire, petition, and also warning: but the affecting touch is never wholly wanting from this author's hand:—Davie had learned his poetry from a dying brother, whom, in his decline, he followed like a shadow.

We wish we could proceed farther amongst our friends and acquaintances of these novels, for Major (afterwards Sir Dugald) Dalgetty has not yet been noticed by us; and we owe him respect because his horse was better than himself, and he knew it. There are, moreover, the Baron of Bradwardine, Mr. Mucklebarns, Dandie Dinmont, Cuddie; but to specify names, when all are meritorious, would, as the despatches after battles say, be invidious. Suffice it to declare, that they are all genuine children of their native land; and that while her name shall continue Scotland, she will owe gratitude to the author for having fixed and delineated the remarkable features of a national character, such as no other people can parallel, at the very moment before it was too late.

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke,)
Are lightly made and lightly broke:
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good-wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice-windows, gable fronts surmounted with weather-cocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good-wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do. So that though his patrimonial estate

had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would flee to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, call the members all to nought, nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would some-

times seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene, evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked down anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cockstail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout, old

gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt, and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dozed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew,

which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted—"The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the elec-

tion with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know, he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stoney-Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it;

some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George III., he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

WASHINGTON IRVING.[1]

[1] This tale first appeared in this country in the *Sketch Book*, 1820. It has been repeatedly dramatized, and lately it has furnished a popular American actor, Mr. Jefferson, with a play which he has been performing constantly for about two years, realizing a considerable fortune by its success. This is curious in contrast with the amusing sketch which Washington Irving gives, in the preface to the edition of 1848, of the difficulties he encountered in the search for a London publisher. He issued the book at his own risk; the house he had intrusted with the management of it became bankrupt; and it was only then, by the intercession of Sir Walter Scott, that Mr. Murray took up the work. "Thus," he says, "under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott, I began my literary career in Europe."

ON TAKING A MAN'S MEASURE.

[Thomas Purnell, born in South Pembrokeshire, 1834. He is distinguished as an essayist and critic. The principal works to which he has attached his name are: "Herd's Metrical History of Four English Reigns," published by the Roxburgh Club; the new edition of Charles Lamb's works; and "Literature and its Professors." The latter, which may be regarded as the most important work he has yet published, comprises a series of pungent essays on Men of Letters, Criticism, the Province of the Anonymous, Literary Men in Parliament, Literary Hero-Worship, On Taking a Man's Measure (from which we quote below), Descriptive Literature, and Studies of the Man of Letters in Mediæval Times, and as a Statesman, Essayist, Satirist, and Patriot, illustrated respectively by the lives of Giraldus Cambrensis and Montaigne, Roger Williams, Steele and Sterne, Swift, Mazzini. A reviewer of Mr. Purnell's writings says—"In all his literary works he seems to have the highest principles of art in view."]

What country linen-draper, or pot-house politician, when the merits of a statesman are discussed, but will undertake to estimate his ability to a T? What young templar, as yet inexperienced in the sensation derived from the touch of a confiding client's handsel-guinea, but will exactly tell you the capabilities and deficiencies of the several judges, assign to each of them his relative merits at law and equity, and supplement his information, if you will, by cataloguing every silk gown according to its worth? We might find examples of this arrogance in every profession. In literature it is offensively prominent; but whether he confesses it or not, almost every human being fancies himself able to measure, if only by rule of thumb, those with whom he is brought in contact, or to whom he thinks it worth while to apply his attention. Every one may be candid enough to own his practical inferiority to him whom he thus unhesitatingly criticizes. He is free to confess he cannot write poems like A, or novels like B, or paint like C, or lead the House of Commons like D; yet, by some peculiar process, inexplicable, I believe, even to himself, he is firmly convinced that whatever judgment he has formed of the intellectual rank of these persons, and consequently of their performances, is invariably and unassailably correct. Indeed, the very readiness with which he recognizes his own inferiority is an incentive to self-esteem, and tends to make him set a higher value on the discrimination he has exhibited in thus discovering their superiority to himself. Strange as it may appear, he possesses a sort of inner judgment which applauds the insight he has displayed in the decision. His favourite axiom is slightly varied from that of the elder Shandy's—"An ounce of one man's judgment is worth a ton of other people's."

Notwithstanding this reliance commonly placed by a man on his own judgment, innumerable instances of false verdicts are well known. Some of these have been pronounced by men from whom better things were to be expected. We all remember Coleridge meeting at table one of noble brow and sober demeanour, and immediately concluding that his *vis-à-vis* was a man of parts. Afterwards when the gravely-comported diner expressed his delight at the appearance on the table of apple-dumplings, he forfeited the good opinion of the illustrious opium-eater, who thereupon pronounced the man to be a fool. Can anything be imagined more unjust? Coleridge in both instances judged on insufficient evidence; and in both instances he was undoubtedly wrong. In the first place for judging a man to be wise from his outward behaviour and personal appearance, and next for suddenly abandoning his first impression and considering him a fool because he exhibited a liking for apple-dumplings. In reality nothing had occurred by which the man's intellect could be measured. From what had happened only his taste could fairly be ascertained.

Such verdicts, however, founded as this by Coleridge was, on insufficient evidence, are the rule and not the exception. Men are prone to form their judgments of each other by the cut of their coat or the fold of their shirt-collar, and to gauge one's capacity by the manner in which one enters a drawing-room or carries one's head in the street. But such a test is almost invariably found to be defective. The mental and moral character of a man seldom exhibits itself in such form. The external signs from which the inference is drawn frequently depend in no degree upon natural disposition, but upon habit—*i.e.* the external force to which a man has been subjected—or upon the position, perhaps accidental and only temporary, he happened to occupy at the time when the judgment was formed. I need not waste the page by enumerating examples. You may to-morrow see half a dozen guardsmen, all unhesitatingly bold fellows, all self-contained, all equally steady; yet had you seen any one of them twelve months ago, you would, probably, have seen a waddling, loutish plough-boy, as indecisive in his movements as the most timid country maiden when walking along the streets on her first visit to London. Nor is this unsatisfactory way of judging followed

only by ordinary men and confined in its application to the concerns of every-day life. It pervades our literature; and the recorded instances of men who have suffered from its effects are too numerous to be mentioned. *Ex ungue leonem* appears to be the favourite maxim of an Englishman's criticism.

As we have seen, there is a general tendency to make a man a hero for the successful exhibition of some one desirable quality. If he has acquired celebrity as a poet, his opinion of a great-coat is likely to be taken in preference to that of an unknown writer; or, if he is renowned as a general, his testimony concerning a pianoforte is more highly prized than that of an obscure subaltern, although the latter may be a connoisseur in musical instruments, and the general be ignorant of the difference between a bassoon and a cornet-à-pistons. So, for the possession of some undesirable quality, or the absence of what is conceived to be an element of greatness, there is a disposition to credit him with being a fool. Such inferences are usually erroneous. On the other hand, there are occasions when the process—this drawing a general conclusion from a partial examination—may, to some extent, be legitimately employed. If, for instance, a friend assured us of his belief that twice seven makes fifteen, we want no further proof of his ignorance of figures, but are justified in saying he is no arithmetician. It would, however, be very unfair were we to infer anything more. If, again, our friend confessed he derived pleasure from the discourses of Boanerges, all we could legitimately conclude would be that he was deficient in good taste; or if he thought his tailor an authority in political economy, that his political education had been neglected. A man may like Boanerges, and be a first-rate cook; and he may admire his tailor, and yet be an excellent market-gardener. A certain portion of the public, however, and their representatives in the press, do not acknowledge this limitation.

I recollect, some years ago, a member of parliament for one of the metropolitan boroughs made a sad slip in his history. Honourable gentlemen smiled at the error, as was natural. But outside of the House the blunder became a matter of serious importance to the unfortunate member. Mr. Punch, especially, was very severe upon him. That gentleman (who himself, probably, would have failed to answer five out of every nine historical questions that one might easily put to him) reminded us week after week of the gravity of the offence. From this *lapsus linguæ* he deduced that the unlucky culprit was—I won't say a pickpocket—but almost anything as bad; and whenever, under emergencies, fun was wanted, he took down his telescope, peered into it the wrong way, and then proceeded to give us his representation of the member for Finsbury with his queer notions of English history.

We must look to the same source for this undue appreciation as for undue exaltation or literary hero-worship. Men instinctively like the exercise of power, especially in intellectual subjects; and, having in their nature a fixed amount of praise and blame, they must expend it with risk of consequences. Most frequently they do this capriciously, or are guided in making their decision by some accidental fact; but they must expend it, and it is fortunate for him who wishes to earn their applause if some lucky accident should occur to dispose them in his favour. It is proverbial that human nature, after too highly praising a man, revolts against its own verdict, ignores its favourite, and in time comes to depreciate him in the proportion it previously exalted him. Examples in our literary history will occur to everybody. The popular treatment of Byron is a case in point. Instead, however, of depreciating the idol they have set up, it occasionally happens that men console themselves with vilifying some would-be idol that comes before them. But whether exercised upon one person or upon two, this duality of passion —co-existing simultaneously at all times— must inevitably be expended. It happens, however, that, instead of applying the wrong end of the telescope at one time to one man and the right end at another, they content themselves with directing the right end towards the one man and the wrong to another. In the latter case their feelings of praise and blame are excited and exhibited contemporaneously.

One might fancy there is no room in literary matters for the display of these feelings; but literature here, as in most other respects, is a faithful reflex of the society in which it is produced and to which it is addressed: and the way in which literary verdicts are returned is notoriously and disgracefully wrong. The cardinal fault seems to be that of estimating a writer and ranking him according to the idea formed of him as a man; or, if he is dead, from what his contemporaries said of him personally whilst he was alive. This judging an author from the man, or, what is as unjust, the judging the man from the supposed revelations of himself in his works, is obviously a defective way of judging. Few men are the same in books as they are in conversation. A friend of the late John Sterling tells me that promising

author's works are infinitely inferior to his conversation, and we, therefore, who are acquainted with him only through his published writings, are surprised to find so much said of him, and so high a rank assigned to him, by those to whom he was intimately known. His physical debility and want of robust temperament stood in the way of his performance. The younger Hallam will readily occur to the reader as another, who, like Sterling, was greater in capacity than in energy. The clear insight of these men, known to friends, was conspicuously absent in their books. On the other hand, excellent literary performance does not insure adequate recognition of merit when personal greatness is absent. If, for example, one man's writings were ever superior to another's in wisdom and in form, in intellect and in art, they are those of Goldsmith to what were produced by Johnson. And yet what is the result? We know the one was through life—and the echo of that eighteenth century applause still lingers in our ears—universally regarded as Dr. Minor, whilst the other, seen through the right end of the telescope, was everywhere hailed as Dr. Major. The idea men formed of Goldsmith's work was perhaps insensibly influenced by what they had heard or knew of Goldsmith's life. Volatility or stupidity being considered to be the mark of a fool, it is thought the volatile man, or the stupid man, must manifest himself in all he undertakes, and that his peculiar failings and virtues will unconsciously betray themselves in his writings. The public look for homogeneity in a man, and consistency between his character and opinions. They conceive it possible, not only to determine a man's mental ability from his deportment, but to infer his moral character from his literary productions. They will not see that the literary character and the personal character may be antipodal, and should be judged apart. A man must practise what he preaches, or his gospel will be disbelieved and his sincerity questioned as well by the upper vulgar as by the lower. This was so well known to Steele, that upon relinquishing the publication of the *Tatler*, he gave as the true cause for the discontinuance of its publication, the discovery by the public of its author. "I considered," said he, on taking leave of his readers, "that severity of manners is absolutely necessary to him who would censure others; and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask." Steele might have discontinued his publication from prudential motives; but in recognizing the illogical disposition of his readers, he appears to have himself acted illogically. The public he addressed resemble those ladies who fear to be introduced to their favourite author, lest a personal knowledge of the man may spoil the high opinion they have formed of his works. They would probably consider a man insincere who argued against drunkenness, whilst he himself was a confirmed drunkard, and fancy what he said to be less true than if uttered by a teetotaller.

A man's nature is composed of so many various and often conflicting elements, that it is impossible to deduce his true character from the revelation of a single phase. We shall be puzzled to discover which is the predominant that colours and modifies the rest. The popular mind, shared in to a great degree by men of letters, is disposed to infer a man's character, not from his ordinary action and every-day conduct, but from some unusual and extraordinary exhibition, altogether at variance with his usual behaviour. If he exhibits himself in some exceptional way, it is supposed that thereby he has shown his true nature. Should he once in a lifetime act in a manner contrary to his usual custom—treat his neighbour ungenerously, or behave meanly—his friends at once, and with no further evidence in support of their view, conclude that they obtain a glimpse of his true character, when in reality he was only acting under altered circumstances. The discordancy which results from his nature meeting the unfamiliar conditions, and unsuccessfully attempting to adjust itself, is only temporary; but it is taken to be indicative of the whole man—a particular circumstance is thus regarded as the index of a complete nature.

Books are even a less safe criterion than exceptional variation in conduct. In works produced by the exercise of the art-faculty, the author displays only his intellectual power, and sometimes merely the æsthetic side of it. In proportion as he progresses as an artist will he be enabled skilfully to conceal even this from his reader. If his sympathy is wide and deep, and easily aroused, he can portray what is foreign to him with as much accuracy as if he were describing his individual nature. His greatness and his success will, indeed, be in the ratio of the ability he possesses to make his representations strictly objective. Accurate resemblance, then, between the man and his book is missing. Intellectual sincerity is exhibited; but we search in vain for that conformity between practice and precept which we have been usually taught to expect. In forming our estimate of a man's character, were we strictly to confine ourselves to a consideration of his literary productions, we should be under the

necessity of re-writing the lives of most of our great authors. Luckily, external materials exist which enable us to gain a much more trustworthy portraiture of them, than it is possible to obtain from their works. Horace wrote verses we esteem licentious; and the author of *The Christian Hero* produced a work in which the virtues are admirably set before us in their true light. Did we know no more of these worthies than is to be derived from their several productions, our opinion of the two men would, I presume, be different from what it is now. We find that the little Roman satirist, although he had a big paunch, and his hair was gray before its time, was no *roué*, and was the last man to go out at midnight and whistle at the door of a deceitful mistress. Nor, unhappily, was the author of *The Christian Hero* a perfect model of the virtues he sets up in that work for our imitation. We cannot take the measure of either by what he himself has furnished. In the case of Horace, all that we can safely infer is, that he writes as if he were what he pretends to be; and in the case of Steele, that he aspired to what he was unable to be.

I conclude, then, that a clear and broad distinction should be made in any estimate we have to form of a man, between his life and his opinions. If I have to criticize a book, it does not concern me what its author was. I have to do with his precepts, and not with his practice. If he has aided my culture, and given me advanced views of life which he himself was unhappily unable to exemplify in his own person, my thanks are equally due to him for the benefit and the discovery; and I credit him with being a wise man. If, on the other hand, I concern myself about his life, my estimate should not be modified by the value of what he has produced. If he was a bad man, I must not ignore or extenuate his faults because his works are of highest excellence. The Ayrshire ploughman was a very great poet, but a very unwise man. Goethe was a very wise man, but a very mean artist.

THOMAS PURNELL.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

Sweet Spirit of delicious Song,
To whom, as of true right, belong
The myriad music notes that swell
From the poet's breathing shell;
We name thy name, and the heart springs
Up to the lip, as if with wings,
As if thy very mention brought
Snatches of inspired thought.

Is it war? At once are borne
Words like notes of martial horn.
Is it love? Comes some sweet tale
Like that of the nightingale.
Is it Nature's lovely face?
Rise lines touch'd with her own grace.
Is it some bright garden scene?
There, too, hath the minstrel been,
Linking words of charmed power
With the green leaf and the flower.
Is it woman's loveliness?
He hath revell'd to excess,
Caught all spells that can beguile
In dark eye or rosy smile.
Is it deed that hath its claim
Upon earth's most holy fame,
Or those kindly feelings sent
But for hearth and home content?
Lofty thought, or counsel sage,
Seek them in the poet's page;
Laurel, laud, and love belong
To thee, thou Spirit sweet of Song.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

THE CRIMINAL.

A TRUE STORY.

[Johann Christoph Friedrich Von Schiller, born in Marbach, 10th November, 1759; died in Weimar, 9th May, 1805. An eminent dramatic poet, critic, and essayist. He was some time physician to the army of Würtemberg, and afterwards professor of history at Jena. His most notable works are *The Robbers*, *Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, and *William Tell*. He also wrote a valuable *History of the Thirty Years' War*.]

In the whole history of man there is no chapter, perhaps, more fraught with instruction, both for his heart and his intellect, than the annals of his errors and excesses. On the commission of every grave offence, a proportionally strong power is brought into action. Inasmuch as the secret play of ambition, and all self-aspirations, are checked only by the feebler light of common feeling, they, in fact, become more powerful and vigorous, more gigantic, and louder in their demands. An exact observer, who has calculated how far the usual power of free-will may really be relied upon, and how far it may be correct to decide by analogy, will acquire much experience in the province of psychology, which might be applied with advantage to the rules of moral life.

There is something at once so uniform, and

yet so compounded, in the human heart! One simple habit, or desire, may display itself in such a variety of forms and directions; produce so many opposite phenomena; and disguise itself under so many characters; while so many dissimilar actions and characters may spring out of the same bias of mind, even when the being who is the subject of it suspects nothing of such connection between them.

Grant us only a Linnæus for the classification of the impulses and passions of man, as in the other kingdoms of nature, and what would be our surprise to find many, whose criminal career is confined to the narrow sphere of a little town, hedged in by local laws, connected with the monster Borgia in one and the same order?

Viewed in this light, there is much objection to the usual method of treating history; and here too, I conjecture, lies the difficulty in regard to turning its perusal to advantage, among the class of commoners, and other general readers, in social and moral life. There exists so direct a contrast between the mental exercise of the man of business, and the quiet position of the reader; so wide a space may be said to intervene, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for the latter to detect, or even to conjecture, any connection. There remains a chasm, as it were, between the historical subject and the reader, which no effort of comparison or application can fill up; and its perusal, in place of inspiring a wholesome alarm, which might put the proud and confident upon their guard, merely excites a feeling of strangeness and indifference. We view the unhappy culprit as a being of foreign species, no less in the commission, than during the punishment of his crime; one whose blood circulates differently, whose will is obedient to other rules and impulses. Though human like ourselves, his fate excites little emotion; for sympathy is founded upon a vague sense of similar danger, and we are very far from indulging any idea of common danger, any degree of resemblance between ourselves and him. The instruction passes with the event away, and history, instead of becoming a school of education, must rest satisfied with the praise of having gratified our curiosity. To attain higher objects, and produce better results, it must necessarily make choice between two methods; either the reader ought to be animated like the hero, or the hero appear cold as the reader.

I am aware that among the best histories of ancient and modern times, a number are restricted to the first method, and appeal to the reader's heart by attractive pictures, and incidents of the same kind. Such a style, however, is an encroachment upon the province of other writers, and injurious to the republican freedom of the reading classes, whose place it is to sit in judgment; while it, moreover, exceeds the due limits assigned to that species of composition; intruding more especially, as it does, upon the characteristics of the orator and the poet. The latter method alone, then, remains open to the writer of history.

The hero must become cold, like his reader, or what amounts to as much, we must grow familiar before he proceeds to action; we must not merely pursue him through his whole career, but we ought to feel gratified in doing this. What he thinks is of still more importance to us than what he does; and the sources of his thoughts and actions, than the results of these actions themselves. The earth of Mount Vesuvius has been analyzed, in order to ascertain the source of its fires; and why should more attentive observation be bestowed upon a physical than upon a moral phenomenon? Why should we not equally inquire into the qualities and situation of things which surround such a character, even till we detect the concentrated embers which first awoke the internal fire that slumbered? To the dreamer who loves the wonderful, all that is strange and adventurous in such an appearance will have charms, while the friend of truth seeks to find a mother for these deserted children. He seeks her in the unalterable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable conditions to which it is outwardly subject, in both of which he finds them invariably true. He is no longer surprised to discover in the same soil where once only wholesome herbs appeared, the poisonous hemlock spread its baneful leaves; wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, nourished, as it were, in the same cradle.

Even if I should here illustrate none of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of motives, in such a mode of treating history, the attempt will at least serve to soften that cruel mockery, and that proud security, with which, in general, untempted virtue is apt to look down upon the fallen; while it may serve to promote the gentler spirit of toleration, without which no wanderer can be brought back—the law find no reconciliation with an offender—no smitten member of society saved from the general conflagration.

Whether the offender, of whom I prepare to treat, still reserved a right to appeal to the tolerant spirit above-mentioned; or whether he were only a worthless limb cast off from the body of society,—I shall not here presume to

anticipate for the reader. Our compassion can no longer avail him; he died by the fiat of the law; but perhaps a dissection of the criminal body may afford some instruction to humanity, and possibly also to the course of justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of a publican in the district of ·—— (the name, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel, being suppressed), who, after his father's death, assisted his mother in the affairs of the hostelry until he reached his twentieth year. There was not much business, and Wolf had many leisure hours: even from school he brought back with him the character of a wilful lad. Grown-up maidens were known to make complaints against his pertness; while the youngsters all paid homage, throughout the village, to his inventive spirit. Nature had denied him the fair proportions bestowed on the rest of her children: he was short and plain, had thick curly hair of an ugly blackness; his nose appeared indented, as if flattened upon his face; his upper lip jutted out, which the kick of a horse had served farther to displace; altogether giving to his visage a revolting appearance, which held the women at a distance, and afforded an object of merriment to his rivals, or the stouter companions of his sports.

He determined to obtain by perseverance what was thus refused him; as he found too feelingly that he could never hope to please and appear amiable. The girl whom he selected treated him vilely enough, to be sure; though it was only animal impulse which he felt: he knew nothing of love. He had good grounds for suspecting that his rivals were more fortunate than himself; yet the girl was poor. A heart that remained proof against his attentions, might, perhaps, he thought, become softened by his presents; but penury stared him too in the face, and the rash effort he made to better his condition deprived him, on the contrary, of the little which he had saved from his services. Too indolent and inexperienced to increase the business of his inn; too proud, and, at the same time, too effeminate to exchange the free life he had hitherto led for that of a labouring boor, he saw only one career lying open to him; one which thousands before, and thousands after him, have trod with better fortune—that of genteel and spirited thieving. It so happened that his native place bordered upon the preserved woods of a neighbouring lord, and he became a deer-stealer. His quarry, of course, passed faithfully into the hands of the lady of his choice.

Among the lovers of Johanna was a young huntsman of the forest named Robert. He soon observed the advantage which the free life of his rival Wolf had acquired over him, and with jealous suspicion he began to inquire into the change. He showed himself more frequently at the Sun—such was the sign of the hostelry;—his keen eye, sharpened by jealousy, in a short time discovered the source of the newly acquired wealth. Not long before, a severe edict had been published against poachers, which condemned the offender to punishment, a pretty long discipline in the house of correction. Robert became eager and persevering in watching the secret motions of his enemy, and at length he succeeded, even in surprising the unsuspicious culprit in the act. Wolf was secured, and it was only by expending the whole of his little remaining property, that he was enabled to escape the punishment prepared for him.

Robert triumphed; his rival was driven from the field; Johanna dismissed him, for he was a beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and that enemy was now the happy undisputed possessor of his lady's favours. A deep sense of poverty, united to injured pride, desertion, and jealousy, all took possession of his soul: necessity drove him forth into the wide world, but revenge and passion seemed to rivet him to the spot. A second time he betook himself to deer-stealing; a second time Robert redoubled his vigilance and activity, and betrayed him into the hands of justice. He now experienced the full severity of the law; had no more to give, and in a few weeks he was delivered up to the work-master, in the house of discipline.

A year of severe hardship followed, at the end of which his evil passions had increased, and his pride remained unsubdued under the pressure of his fate. The moment he became free, he resumed his way to his native place, to appear before his Johanna, who had grown up into a fine woman. He approached, but all shunned him. This he had not anticipated; he shed tears; cruel want stared him in the face, and his pride was broken. He besought the great land-owner of the place to permit him to toil daily for his pittance of bread; but the steward shrugged up his shoulders, and stouter competitors soon deprived him of all chance of success, and thrust him off the scene. He made a last effort; it was to obtain the poor vacant post of village herdsman; the only honest occupation remaining for him: but the steward declared that he would intrust the service to no such good-for-nothing fellow. Deceived in all his hopes, all his honest proposals rejected, he was at length compelled a third time to become a poacher, and was again

unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his more powerful enemy.

This repeated backsliding greatly aggravated his offence in the eyes of the judge, who consulted only the tenor of the statute, not any of the mitigating circumstances under which it had been violated. The law called for a solemn and exemplary punishment, and Wolf was condemned to be branded with the sign of the gallows upon the back, and to three years' hard labour in prison.

This term also expired; Wolf survived it, and was set at liberty; but he was a different being; it seemed like a new epoch of his life. Let us hear how he himself explains his internal feelings, as appeared upon one of his trials. "I entered its walls only a misguided being, but I left them a complete villain. I had before something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride was broken under a sense of shame. When brought into the fortress, I was placed among three-and-twenty other prisoners, of whom three were murderers, and the rest some of the most abandoned and inveterate robbers and thieves. They mocked if I uttered the name of the Deity; and invited me, by their example, to pronounce the most terrific blasphemies against our Redeemer. They sang the most vile and licentious songs, which, abandoned as I was, I could not hear without a feeling of disgust. Yet this was nothing compared with what I saw transacted, which carried my feelings of shame and abhorrence to a still higher pitch. No day passed without some repetition of such scenes, some piece of villany or stratagem worse than the last. At first I shunned their society, and stopped my ears as much as possible at the horrid sounds I heard: but I stood in need of some living being, and the cruelty of my keepers had destroyed even my dog. The labour was hard, and inflicted tyrannically; I was ill,—I wanted support; and when I openly declared how much I stood in need of compassion, I was compelled to purchase it at the price of my last remaining scruples of conscience. It was thus I gradually accustomed myself to the most revolting deeds, and by the last quarter of the year I had actually outstripped my instructor.

"From this period I sighed for the day of freedom; for I was burning for vengeance. All mankind had injured me, because all were better and happier than I—I, who viewed myself as a martyr to natural right, an innocent victim of the law. Gnashing my teeth, I cursed my chains as I saw the sun rising from behind the mountain beyond our prison; for a distant prospect is double purgatory to a close prisoner. The free wind, as it whistled through the air-holes, and the swallow which flew from the iron trellis of my grating, seemed to mock my captivity, and rendered its contrast with the idea of freedom still more afflicting. Then it was I vowed hatred, deep and irreconcilable hatred, against everything which bore the human form, and, horrid as it was, this fatal vow I fulfilled.

"Again, the first thought which struck me on my recovered liberty, was to revisit my native place. In proportion as there was little to promise myself in the view of subsistence, my hunger for revenge seemed to increase. My heart throbbed wildly as I first caught a glimpse of the church steeple, which rose above the woods. It no longer sprung from a feeling of satisfaction, as on my first return. The recollection of my ruined affairs, with all their fatal consequences, rushed fresh upon my soul: I woke as out of the sleep of death; my wounds bled anew; and I hastened my steps in order to confront and alarm my enemies with my sudden appearance; for I felt that I now rather coveted farther degradation, instead of trembling at the prospect as before.

"The hour tolled to vespers just as I reached the middle of the market-place. The crowd was going thence towards the church. I was quickly recognized, and every one I met drew back. Hitherto I had ever been kind and friendly to the children; and a little urchin whom I saw playing near skipped towards me, and entreated me to bestow on him a farthing's worth. He took it; then looked at me a moment in the face and flung it back again. Had my blood been calmer I might have recalled to mind that I wore an enormous beard, which I brought from prison, and which gave me a very frightful appearance; but the wickedness of my heart had begun to obscure my reason, and I shed tears of rage, such as I had never shed before.

"The boy neither knew who I was nor whence I came; yet I cried, half audibly, 'What, does he shun me as if I were worse than a wild beast? Do I everywhere bear a mark upon my forehead, or is it my lot to bear only some resemblance to man, feeling, as I do, that I can never love a human being more?'—The contempt of a young boy cut me deeper than three years' labour at the galleys, for I had done him a favour, and was guilty of no personal hatred, at least against him.

"I threw myself upon a piece of timber that lay opposite the church: I knew not exactly what it was I wished; but I well knew, and

felt it bitterly, that none of the passers-by, many of them my former acquaintance, would once greet me—no, not a single one! I was at length unwillingly compelled to leave my station in order to seek a night's lodging; and as I was turning the corner of a street, I all at once fell in with the girl who had deserted me —with my Johanna. 'My young host,' she exclaimed, and was going to fling her arms round me. 'Are you here again, my dear host of the Sun? Heaven be praised you are come back!' Hunger and disease were visible in her whole dress and appearance; from her countenance she was evidently labouring under a loathsome disease; a single glance betrayed what a vile abandoned creature she was become.

"I speedily conjectured what had happened. A party of the prince's dragoons, which I had just met in the streets, convinced me that there was a garrison in the place. 'Soldier's trull!' I cried as I turned my back upon her, and felt gratified that there was yet a creature lower than myself in the scale of being: in fact I had never loved her.

"I found my mother was dead. With the remnants of my little property our creditors had paid themselves during my absence. I had no one, and nothing left me. The world cast me off like a poisonous weed, but I had now learned how to despise shame. Formerly I had wished to avoid the face of man, for contempt was intolerable to me; now I was eager to confront, and rejoiced to alarm, them. It was so far well with me, that I had nothing more to lose, nothing to preserve. I was no longer in need of any good quality, because no one gave me credit, no one employment.

"The world lay before me, and in foreign parts I might, perhaps, have acquired some respectability, but I had lost even the courage to affect much more to attempt it. Punishment and despair had deprived me of this temper of mind. It was the last lesson to learn to dispense with honour, as I no longer ventured to boast any title to it. Had I had sufficient vanity and pride to make me quite sensible of my degradation, I should have delivered myself by self-destruction.

"In fact, I was myself still a stranger to the resolution which I had actually adopted. I wished to do evil, although it yet appeared in dark and uncertain shapes before me. I wished to deserve the destiny to which I had been consigned. I believed that laws were so many blessings to the world, and for this reason longed to violate them. I had formerly fallen into crime from error and misfortune; now it appeared more matter of free choice, for my own satisfaction.

"With unsubdued obstinacy, my first resolve was again to turn poacher. The habit had become a passion in me; and I was, moreover, compelled to subsist. Still more than this, I took pleasure in deriding the prince's edict, and injuring the property of our great landowner in every way I could. I no longer trembled at the idea of being apprehended, for I had a bullet ready to discharge at my informant, and I was confident in the certainty of my aim. I dropped every deer at which I fired; though I turned very little to account, leaving by far the largest share to rot upon the ground. I lived economically, only for the purpose of laying out my savings in powder and shot. My devastations upon the large game made much noise; but my existence was wholly forgotten; no suspicion attached to me.

"This mode of life I continued during several months. Early one morning I had, as usual, penetrated through the furthest woods in search of a deer, whose traces I had got; two hours I had pursued in vain, and was just giving it up for lost, when I again espied it at a distance. I was about to fire, when, only a few steps from me, I perceived a hat lying upon the ground. Looking more sharply round me, I recognized the huntsman Robert concealed behind an oak, in the art of firing at the same deer. A deathlike chill ran through my veins at the sight of him. There stood the being whom of all living creatures upon the wide earth I most utterly detested; and that being was within reach of my fire. At that instant it appeared as if the fate of the whole world depended upon the goodness of my flint; the deep concentrated hatred of a whole life was felt at my finger-ends, which were preparing to level the murderous weapon. A dread invisible hand appeared hovering over me; the time-piece of my destiny pointed irrevocably to this dark and terrific minute. My hand trembled as it obeyed the fearful impulse; my teeth rattled, as if in an ague-fit; and my breath stopped, and laboured at my breast.

"During a full minute my aim wavered between the man and the deer; but the next, and the next, revenge and conscience were at bitter strife, doubtful long—till sudden passion fired my soul, and the huntsman lay dying upon the ground!

"The fatal instrument fell from my hand. 'Murderer!' I stammered out. The woods were still as a churchyard, and I heard myself plainly pronounce that word. As I drew nigh, the huntsman gave a last gasp. I saw him die.

I stood speechless over his body for some time; and then suddenly burst into a loud, loud laugh—'Will you keep a clean tongue now, good friend, and cease accusing your neighbours?'—and I then stepped boldly up to him, and turned the face of the dead man upwards. His eyes were wide open; and I stopped suddenly as I was going to speak, and felt anxious. A sense of strangeness and wonder took possession of me, and I did not like to leave the spot.

"Until now I calculated I had more than expiated my crimes; but something had here happened for which I had yet to pay. An hour before it would have been impossible for any one to have convinced me that I was not the vilest of human beings; now I began to suspect that, give me back an hour, and I should be in fact an enviable man.

"It was not the wrath of Heaven—I know not exactly what it was—that alarmed me. It was a confused recollection of corporeal penalty and pain, along with the execution of a child murder which I once witnessed when a schoolboy. There was something particularly frightful in the idea of the prospect that lay before me; I felt that I had forfeited my life. I cannot here recall anything farther: only that I was frequently wishing that he could be restored to life. I attempted to recall more forcibly all the insults and injuries the deceased, while living, had heaped upon me; yet, strange to say, my memory seemed to have forsaken me. From amidst all I could not collect anything which at all accounted for the rage which I had felt only a quarter of an hour before. I could in no way ascertain, or satisfy myself, how I had come to commit the murder.

"I still stood before the body—stood and lingered. The cracking of a whip, and the sound of a waggon proceeding through the wood, first recalled me to myself. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from the highroad, where the deed was perpetrated. It was full time to look to my own safety. Involuntarily I threw myself deeper into the woods. On the way I bethought me that the deceased had been possessed of a watch; I wanted money to reach the boundaries, yet I had not courage to return to the place where he lay. Here I was startled at the idea of a devil and an omnipresent God. I madly summoned all my resolution; determined to cope with all the infernal powers, and ran back to the spot. I found what I had expected, and more than a dollar contained in a green purse. Just as I was about to secure both, I suddenly stopped, and thrust the money aside: not from any fear or shame at adding robbery to my crime; but rather from a feeling of pride. I left the watch and took only part of the money; for I wished to pass for the personal enemy of the deceased, not as his robber.

"Again I flew through the woods; I knew that they extended four German miles northward, and there joined the boundaries. I ran almost breathless until noon; the rapidity of my flight dissipated my thoughts, though the pangs of conscience returned with double force in proportion as my strength deserted me. Dreadful shapes seemed to swim before my eyes, and threatened and struck at me, while I seemed to feel sharp knives in my breast. There was only a fearful choice left me, and choose I must—between a life of restless agony, or laying violent hands upon myself. For this last, however, I had not the necessary courage, and soon adopted the fixed resolution of remaining where I was. Hemmed in between the certain sufferings of life, and the nameless dread of eternity, equally unfit to live as to die, I had now continued my flight during six hours, the last full of agonizing pain, such as no living being can describe.

"Buried in my own thoughts, with my hat involuntarily slouched over my countenance, as if to conceal myself from the eye of surrounding nature, I slowly wound my way up a narrow footpath, leading through the darkest part of the thicket. Suddenly I heard a hoarse, commanding voice, that cried out, 'Halt!' It was close to me; my slouched hat and confusion having prevented me from looking around me. I looked up, and beheld a man of a wild aspect hastening towards me. He held a large, knotty club in his hand; his figure approached, or appeared, in my eyes, to approach the gigantic: his skin was of a yellowish black, which, contrasted with the large white of his oblique eye, gave him a truly horrible appearance. Instead of a girdle, he wore a thick rope doubled round a green woollen coat, to which hung a large butcher's knife and a pistol. The call was repeated, and the next moment I felt the grasp of a strong arm. The voice of a man had thrown me into alarm, but the sight of a villain reassured me. In my condition, I had cause to tremble in the presence of an honest man—not in that of a robber.

"'Who goes there?' he said, as he grasped me fast. 'One like thyself,' was my reply, 'if thou be truly what thou seemest to be!' 'There was no way for thee here. What art seeking?' 'What need of the question here?' I replied ironically. The man measured me twice earnestly from head to foot, as if he were comparing my figure with his, and my answer with

my appearance. 'Thou speakest as boldly as a beggar,' he added. 'That may be; a beggar I was but yesterday.' The man laughed: 'One would swear,' he cried, 'that thou wouldst not pass for aught better now!' 'For something worse, I hope then,' continued I. 'Softly, friend! why are you in such haste? have you no time to spare?' I considered a moment: I know not how the words escaped my lips: 'Life is short,' said I earnestly, 'and hell endures for ever.'

"He looked at me amazed: 'May I be d——d,' cried he, at length, 'but I think that thou art very nearly related to the family of the Gallows.' 'Not very far wide, perhaps; so welcome, brother!' 'Done, comrade,' he added, as he took my hand, and then pulled out a tin flask from his large game pocket, drained it pretty deeply, and then gave it to me. My flight and my terrors had nearly exhausted my strength: during the whole of this wretched day I had never once broken my fast. I was afraid of dying a lingering death in the desert; for the space of three miles round no refreshment was to be found. Imagine how eagerly I snatched at the proffered cup, and drank my comrade's health. Fresh strength inspired me; I felt reviving courage at my heart; hope and love of life glowed warmly in my breast, and I began to think I was not altogether so wretched; such was the efficacy of a single draught. I confess, on the contrary, that my situation seemed to border on the happy; for at last, after a thousand disappointments, I had met with a being who resembled me. In the lost condition in which I found myself, I should have claimed companionship and drank with the evil spirit, in order to have some one in whom to confide.

"The man threw himself carelessly upon the grass, and I did the same. 'Your liquor has done me good,' I observed; 'we must become better acquainted.' He now struck fire, in order to light his pipe. 'Have you driven this trade long?' inquired I. He gave me a keen look;—'What do you mean by that?' 'Has this often been bloody?' I continued, as I chucked the knife at his girdle. 'What are you?' he cried, rather alarmed, and laid down his pipe. 'A murderer, like yourself, only I am but a beginner.' The man glanced wildly at me for a moment, and then resumed his pipe. 'You do not live near here?' he observed. 'Three miles hence, mine host of the Sun. Should you happen to have heard of me?' The man sprang to his feet like one possessed.—'What! the deer-stealer, Wolf!' he cried, eagerly. 'The same.' 'Welcome, comrade! thrice welcome!' and he shook me heartily by the hand. 'Have I at last got you with me, mine host of the Sun? I have long bethought me, both by day and night, to have a catch at you. I know you well;—yes; I know all; and I have for some time counted upon you.' 'Counted upon me! in what way, comrade?' 'Why, the whole country rings with thy name. Thou hast enemies; a place-man has trampled thee in the dust. Wolf! their deeds against thee cried unto Heaven for justice—for revenge.' The robber grew warm:—'Because you shot a deer, or a swine or two, which the prince feeds upon the acorns of our fields, they consigned thee for years to the work-house, to the fortress, the galleys; they deprived thee of house and credit, and made thee a beggar. Is it indeed come to this—that a man is to be reckoned no higher than a deer, no better than the beasts of the fields,—and a lad of thy spirit could put up with this?' 'Could I help it?' 'That we will look to now. But say, whence come you, and what are your designs?'

"I directly related my whole history. The robber, before I had completed it, sprang from the ground impatiently, and drew me after him. 'Come, brother,—comrade,—brave host of the Sun,—now thou art ripe for action; now thou art come in time for what I wanted thee. I will show thee the road to honour; trust me, I will; and follow me.' 'Whither wend you then?' 'Inquire no more. Follow.' And he pulled me forcibly along.

"We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the wood became deeper and darker. There was no longer any path; its aspect was wild and dreary; neither of us spoke a word; until at last my guide's whistle roused me from my reflections.

"I looked up—we stood on the rugged edge of a rocky eminence, which opened as we proceeded lower into a deep cavern. A second whistle replied to the former, from the interior; and a ladder rose slowly, as if of its own accord, from the cave below us. My guide first descended, bidding me to wait there until he should return. 'I must first chain our great dog,' he observed; 'thou art strange, and the beast would tear thee.' He then crept down. It simply required a bold heart to have drawn the ladder up, and become again free. My flight was secure. I confess that this struck me. I looked down into the cavern, that seemed yawning to receive me; something reminded me of the bottomless pit, whence there is no deliverance more. I shuddered at the career I was about to tread, and sudden flight alone could redeem me. I resolved to fly. My hand was already on the ladder; when all at

once there thundered in my ears, and it seemed to resound like the mocking laughter of hell—'What has a murderer to lose?' and my arm fell palsied by my side. My reckoning was made; the hour of remorse was concluded; my murder lay behind me, like a tower of rock, and severed my return for ever.

"My guide likewise returned and informed me that I might go down. There no longer remained any choice: I crept into the yawning abyss. We had proceeded only a few steps below the wall of rock, when the entrance grew wider, and a number of heads became visible. Middle way between, a round green plat opened upon us, where we found from eighteen to twenty men thrown carelessly round a large fire. 'Here, my brave boys,' cried my conductor, thrusting me into the midst of them; 'here is mine host of the Sun!' and bid him welcome!'

"'Mine host of the Sun!' cried each and every one, as he sprang up, and gathered round me, while the women followed their example. Shall I confess it! the joy was loud and boundless; confidence and esteem were pictured in every face: one pressed my hands, another took me by my garment, and my whole reception was like that of a man who meets an old friend of known worth and hearty feelings. My arrival interrupted the carousal which had already begun; but it was speedily revived: a cup was handed me, and I drank a welcome to my new friends.

"Wild fowl and game of every kind formed our feast; and the cups went speedily round. Good cheer and harmony seemed to reign over the whole assembly, and all seemed to vie with each other in displaying their delight in celebrating the day of my arrival.

"I was placed between two women at the head of the table as a mark of honour. I anticipated the reproach of all the rest of their sex; but how pleasingly was I surprised at their kind treatment. Under the rude weeds they wore, I recognized a female form, lovely as I had ever beheld it.

"Margaret, the oldest and the most beautiful of the two, went by the name of maiden, and was not more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her language was very bold, and her features expressed more than she said. Maria, the younger, had been married, but had absconded from her husband, on account of his ill treatment of her. She had a lighter figure, but looked pale and sickly; and she failed to excite the glow of pleasure inspired by her brighter neighbour. Both, however, became rivals for my notice; the beautiful Margaret tried to vanquish my diffidence by her barefaced jokes; but the whole woman revolted me, and my heart became a prey to the more coy Maria.

"'You see, my good host of the Sun,' cried my conductor, 'how we live together, and every day resembles the foregoing. Is it true, comrades?' 'Every day like the last!' echoed the whole circle. 'Now if our mode of life be to your fancy, host—and why should it not?—say the word boldly, and thou shalt be our chief. As yet I am he; but I will resign in thy favour: so rejoice with us, comrade!'

"A willing *yes* burst from the whole circle. My brain was on fire; wine and ambition tingled in my veins. The world had cast me out like an infected thing; here I found the reception of a brother, good cheer and honour. Whatever choice I made, death still awaited me: here, at least, I might sell my life for the highest and brightest prize it was worth. Sensuality was my besetting sin; the sex had hitherto treated me only with contempt; all favour, and boundless indulgence here invited my embrace. 'I remain with you, comrades,' I cried out with a loud decision, and stepped into the midst of the band: 'Yes, I remain with you, if ye will yield me my fair neighbour for a mate.' All assented, not a single murmur met my ear: I became the undisputed master of a courtezan, and the captain of banditti."

The subsequent portion of this history I omit: the horrible and the revolting can have no claim —can afford no instruction to the reader.

An unhappy wretch, sunk into so deep an abyss, must commit everything permitted to human nature: yet that no second murder ever stained his hands, formed part of his confession at the rack.

The robber Wolf's reputation speedily spread throughout the whole district. The highways became unsafe: nightly excursions alarmed the citizens; the name of the host of the Sun was the terror of the peasantry; justice long pursued him, and a price was set upon his head. He was always lucky enough to escape the snares, and he soon availed himself of the superstition of the people to add to his security. His connections might well spread, they said, when he had entered into a bond with the devil, and could bewitch whom he pleased. The district in which he played his part then belonged, even less than now, to the more intelligent portion of Germany: the peasantry gave full credit to the report, and his person was safe. No one showed any inclination to meddle with a wretch employed in the service of the devil.

He had already continued this lamentable career during a whole year, when it so happened, that he began to find it insupportable. The band at whose head he was placed deceived his expectations. A seductive appearance had, in the first instance, inflamed his imagination, heated as it was with wine; but now he saw, with alarm, that hunger and privations of all kind succeeded to abundance, and his life not unfrequently depended on a single meal. He was hourly in dread of perishing of want; while under such pressure, fraternal harmony disappeared; envy, suspicion, and hatred began to work the ruin of the abandoned crew.

Justice held out a reward to any person who would deliver him alive into its hands; even though he were an accomplice, his pardon would be granted. The wretched Wolf was aware of his danger; the honour of those who had betrayed both God and man was small security for him.

His sleep forsook him: incessant deadly terror and anxiety banished all rest; the dreadful spectre of suspicion dogged his footsteps, pursued him in his dreams, and tortured his waking hours. His conscience, too, under these fears and privations, began to make itself heard, while the slumbering embers of remorse were roused into flames by the gathering storm. His former abhorrence of mankind changed its object, and fixed deadlier fangs upon himself. He cast his eye over all animated nature, and found nothing deserving his bitter curse—except himself.

Vice had exhausted the whole of its bitter lessons upon him: his natural strong sense vanquished the lamentable delusion under which he had so long laboured. He now felt to what a depth he had fallen; and the most cutting grief occupied the place of callous indifference and despair. He wept for the recovery of past days, for he felt too keenly to what different purposes he would apply them. He at length began to hope that he might recover some degree of uprightness, while he longed so much to do so. At the highest pitch of his iniquities, he was in fact nearer attached to virtue than he had perhaps been previous to his first offence.

About this period the Seven Years' war had broken out, and the levy made of soldiers was very great. This unhappy being hoped to take advantage of such a circumstance, and addressed a letter to his former native prince, from which I extract what follows:—

"Should your princely patronage not refuse to stoop so low as to a wretch of my character —should afford compassion to the most unhappy of mankind, oh, most gracious lord, give ear unto my prayer! Assassin and robber, as I am; proscribed by law, and pursued by justice on all sides, I pray for strength to deliver myself into its hands: at the same time I offer up a particular prayer; a suppliant at your throne. I abhor my life, and fear death no more; but it is dreadful to me to think of dying without having deserved to live. Surely I might be allowed to repair some portion of my past life; to expiate my crimes, and reconcile myself by serving the state which I have injured. If my destruction would afford an example to the world, it would make no reparation for my deeds. I now abhor vice, and long most ardently to follow in the paths of virtue and integrity. Bold deeds have I done: exploits that terrified my native land; yet bolder let me achieve in the eye of my prince and country, in a cause that may confer benefit.

"It is true that I here entreat something very unusual. My life is forfeited, and Justice will not listen to my voice. Still I am not a bondsman, not a convicted captive; I am free, and fear has the least part in the prayer I am addressing to you.

"It is an act of grace which I seek for. My claims of justice, were I to enforce them, would avail me nothing. Yet I would remind my judges of one thing:—the hand of law first impelled me into my present career, it deprived me of respect and honour for ever. If I had then been treated with more reason, justice, lenity, I should not now have been in the act of soliciting your royal mercy.

"Permit grace, instead of justice, for once, my noble prince, to have its course. If it, indeed, be in your princely power to soften the harshness of the law, oh! grant me the boon of life. It shall be devoted heart and soul to your service. May this be:—so permit me to receive the notification of your gracious pleasure in an open letter, and upon your royal word I will instantly repair to fulfil my duty in the city. Should it, alas! be decided against me, justice that will run its stern career, must permit me to run mine."

There was no answer returned to this prayer, nor to a second and third, in which the wretched suppliant solicited for the post of common trooper in the prince's service. His hopes of pardon being thus extinguished, he determined to abandon his native state, in order to enter the King of Prussia's service, and die like a brave soldier.

He withdrew secretly from his band, and began his journey. His way lay through a small country town, where he intended to pass

the night. Shortly before, strict mandates had been issued for the examination of all travellers, the prince having taken part in the war. The governor of this little city happened to be employed in giving directions when mine host of the Sun rode up to the place. His appearance was something of a courier, with the addition of rather a wild and revolting aspect. The hungry-looking animal he rode, with the burlesque cut of his attire, in which the time of its service was more conspicuous than its taste, was strangely contrasted with a countenance on which were impressed all the ferocious traces of passion perceptible in that of a soldier lying dead upon the field. The gate-clerk actually started at the sight of his features, though he had grown gray in his office, which, during a period of forty years, had brought him acquainted with all the vagabonds in the surrounding district.

The keen eye of the gate-inquisitor could not easily be deceived. He closed the bar behind Wolf, and inquired for his pass as he laid his hand upon his horse's rein. Wolf, however, was prepared: he handed him his pass, one of which he had plundered a poor merchant. Still the man hesitated; a single paper was not enough to satisfy our forty years' toll-keeper, and he referred the matter to the governor. This last gave more credit to his eyes than to Wolf's passport, and begged he would follow him to the townhouse.

There the head of the police examined the pass, and declared it to be correct. He was an avowed admirer of novelty, and was fond of chatting the latest news over his bottle. The pass informed him that the party had just left the scene of action where the war had broken out. Here the man in office hoped to glean some private intelligence, and despatched his secretary to invite the traveller to come and take a glass of wine with him. Meanwhile our host of the Sun was standing opposite the townhouse: his odd appearance had collected the rabble around him. A murmur reached his ears: doubts and guesses were hazarded as to the character both of the rider and his steed, and the insolence of the wretches at length broke out into open tumult. Unluckily for Wolf, the horse which everybody seemed to be pointing at, had been stolen; and he now imagined that it was recognized as such. The unexpected invitation of the police officer seemed to confirm his suspicions. He now held it certain that his false pass had been detected, and that the whole was a feint to betray him alive and defenceless into their hands. A bad conscience betrayed him into an error: he gave his horse the spur, and rode off without returning any answer.

This sudden flight became the signal for a riot: "A thief! a thief!" they all cried with one accord; and hastened after him. It was for life or death, and Wolf kept the advantage. He is on the point of rescue, but an invisible hand is over him; the hour of destiny had arrived—the Nemesis;—justice was only to be propitiated with the blood of her debtor. The last street he turned into, to effect his escape, had no thoroughfare; he was compelled to turn round and face his pursuers. The report of this occurrence threw the whole place into an uproar; crowd collects upon crowd; all the streets are stopped up, and an army of enemies cut off his retreat. He draws a pistol from his holster; the throng recoils, and he attempts to cut his way through.

"The first man," he cried, "who dares me, dies!" He proceeds; there is a long pause; till at length, an old jailer approaching him behind, seized him by the arm, and wrested the pistol from his hand, just as he was in the act of firing. It fell to the ground, and the wretched man is next torn from his horse, and borne in brutal triumph back into the townhouse.

"Who are you?" inquired the magistrate, in the same brutal tone, as if triumphing in his woes. "One who is resolved to answer no questions, until he be tried more civilly!" "Who are you, I say?" "Who should I be, but the man I have already represented myself? I have travelled far and wide, and traversed all Germany without once meeting with such an insulting reception as this!" "Your sudden flight, however, looks very ugly, very suspicious indeed. Wherefore did you make off?" "I was weary of the mockery and insults of your rabble!" "But you threatened to fire, sir!" "True, but my pistol contained only powder." They tried the weapon, and there was no ball. "Then why did you carry arms at all?" "Because I have articles of value with me, and because I was informed of a certain robber, who infested these parts, named host of the Sun." "Your answers at least prove your courage, but your innocence is another affair. I give you time, from this until to-morrow, to recollect and discover the truth." "I shall return the same answers; no others." "Jailer! take your prisoner to the tower!" "To the tower! How, my lord! justice is banished, then, from your state? I shall require satisfaction, sir." "You shall have it, when you have fully cleared yourself."

On the following morning, it was suggested

by the head of the police that, perhaps, being innocent, a harsh examination was not calculated to conquer the prisoner's obstinacy; that it might be more politic to treat him with civility and moderation. A sworn jury was assembled, and the prisoner conducted into their presence.

"You must excuse the somewhat harsh style in which we began to examine you yesterday, sir." "Certainly, when you please to apprehend me aright." "Our laws are severe, and your affair made much noise. I cannot venture to discharge you without a violation of my duty: appearances are against you. I am anxious that you should state something which may remove this impression." "True! had I anything to allege." "In such case, I shall be compelled to communicate the affair to government, and await its directions." "And what then?" "Then you encounter the risk of having attempted to pass the boundaries, and if you obtain mercy, you will be subject to the levy."

Wolf remained silent during some minutes, as if struggling with some deep internal feeling. Then turning suddenly towards the magistrate, he inquired, "May I be permitted a quarter of an hour's audience with you?"

The jury looked very suspiciously at him; but at a sign from the magistrate, they instantly withdrew.

"Now what is it you wish to say to me?" "Your deportment towards me yesterday, my lord, would never have brought me to confession. I laugh at compulsion. The difference, the kindness, of your conduct to-day inspires me with a feeling of confidence and esteem. I believe you to be a worthy man." "What do you wish to say to me?" "I find, I say, you are a worthy man. I have long wished to meet with such a one! let me for once shake hands with an honest man." "What is your object, sir, in this?" "Your hair is grown gray with years; you look respectable; you must have seen much of the world. And you must have known what it is to suffer—is it not true?—and are since grown more humane!" "Good sir, why do you talk thus?" "Yes, you are just standing on the brink of eternity: soon you will stand in need of the Almighty's mercy. Will you deny it to one of his creatures? No, you will not. Do you not yet suspect? Cannot you conjecture with whom you speak?" "What is it you mean? you alarm me." "Still don't you suspect me? Write, sir, to the prince; state in what manner I was found, and how I became my own accuser. Impress upon him that God will at the last day so be merciful unto him, as he shall now show mercy unto me! Oh, entreat hard for me, worthy old man! and shed a tear over what you write: for I—— I am the host of the Sun!"

SCHILLER.

THE DYING WIFE

TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Theodric, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle: bear it then, my love!
And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands, in blessing you, now join;
Shape not imagin'd horrors in my fate—
Even now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transport shall subside
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?
No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts, at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair;
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—
The latest from my living lips for yours.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE TOWN DRUMMER.

For many a year one Robin Boss had been town drummer;—he was a relic of some American war fencibles, and was, to say the God's truth of him, a divor bodie, with no manner of conduct, saving a very earnest endeavour to fill himself fou as often as he could get the means; the consequence of which was, that his face was as plooky as a curran bun, and his nose as red as a partan's tae.

One afternoon there was a need to send out

a proclamation to abolish a practice that was growing a custom, in some of the by-parts of the town, of keeping swine at large—ordering them to be confined in proper styes, and other suitable places. As on all occasions when the matter to be proclaimed was from the magistrates, Robin, on this, was attended by the town officers in their Sunday garbs, and with their halberts in their hand; but the abominable and irreverent creature was so drunk, that he wamblet to and fro over the drum, as if there had not been a bane in his body. He was seemingly as soople and as senseless as a bolster. Still, as this was no new thing with him, it might have passed; for James Hound, the senior officer, was in the practice, when Robin was in that state, of reading the proclamation himself. On this occasion, however, James happened to be absent on some hue-and-cry quest, and another of the officers (I forget which) was appointed to perform for him. Robin, accustomed to James, no sooner heard the other man begin to read, than he began to curse and swear at him as an incapable nincompoop—an impertinent term that he was much addicted to. The grammar-school was at the time skayling, and the boys, seeing the stramash, gathered round the officer, and yelling and shouting, encouraged Robin more and more into rebellion, till at last they worked up his corruption to such a pitch, that he took the drum from about his neck, and made it fly like a bombshell at the officer's head.

The officers behaved very well, for they dragged Robin by the lug and the horn to the tolbooth, and then came with their complaint to me. Seeing how the authorities had been set at nought, and the necessity there was of making an example, I forthwith ordered Robin to be cashiered from the service of the town, and, as so important a concern as a proclamation ought not to be delayed, I likewise, upon the spot, ordered the officers to take a lad that had been also a drummer in a marching regiment, and go with him to make the proclamation.

Nothing could be done in a more earnest and zealous public spirit than this was done by me. But habit had begot in the town a partiality for the drunken ne'er-do-weel Robin, and this just act of mine was immediately condemned as a daring stretch of arbitrary power; and the consequence was, that when the council met next day, some sharp words flew among us, as to my usurping an undue authority, and the thank I got for my pains was the mortification to see the worthless bodie restored to full power and dignity with no other reward than an admonition to behave better for the future. Now, I leave it to the unbiassed judgment of posterity to determine if any public man could be more ungraciously treated by his colleagues than I was on this occasion.

JOHN GALT.

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

[**Bryan Waller Procter**, born 1790; died in London, 4th October, 1874. Under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, Mr. Procter obtained general recognition as one of the first rank of modern poets. In 1819 he published *Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems*, and in 1822 his collected poetical works in three volumes. One of his tragedies, *Mirandola*, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, and was received with much favour. He was a barrister, and for many years held an appointment as one of the commissioners of lunacy. A volume of poems by his daughter, Miss Procter, was published in 1868, with a preface written by Charles Dickens.]

SCENE I. *A Room.*

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

Amel. You have determined then on sending Charles
To India?
Went. Yes.
Amel. Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
He'll never live there. 'Tis a cruel lot
At best, to leave the land that gave us birth,
And sheltered us for many a pleasant year;
The friends that loved us and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country. He will die.
Remember,—'tis Amelia's prophecy.
Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth.
Do not desert your better nature. Nay—
You will not send him, Wentworth?
Went. He will sail
In twenty days.
Amel. How can you be so cruel?
He shall not go.
Went. Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.
His doom is settled; that be sure of.
Amel. Sir!
Went. I say your tenderness, your—folly for
This boy becomes you not.
Amel. Away, away.
Went. Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,
These tender—friendships must be laid aside.
Oh! you can smile. By——
Amel. Mr. Wentworth, you
(I must believe it) jest: you jest with me.
Went. Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool.
Woman, my eyes are open; wide awake,
To you, and all my infamy. By Heaven,
I will not be a by-word and a mock

In all the mouths of men, for any——Pshaw!
I still respect your ears, you see; I——
Amel. You
Insult me, sir.
Went. Forgive me: I indeed
Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me for it.
I still think women modest—in the mass.
Amel. Sir—Mr. Wentworth—you have used me ill.
Yourself you have used ill. You have forgot
All—what is due to me—what to your wife.
You have forgot—forgot—can *I* forget
All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth,
My home, my heart—(you know—you knew it then)
In sad obedience to my father's word?
You promised to that father (how you kept
That promise, now remember) you would save
His age from poverty: he had been bred
In splendour, and he could not bow him down,
Like men who never felt the warmth of fortune.
He gave me up, a victim; and I saw
Myself (ah! how I shuddered) borne away
By you, the Evil Angel of my life,
To a portentous splendour. I became
A pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all
Your host of passions; but I swore (may God
Forgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved
Another, and you knew it: yes, you knew
My heart was given away, and yet you wed me.
Leave me, sir!
Went. Have you done? Woman, do you think
This mummery is to work me from my purpose—
My settled will? Mistress, I leave you now:
But this remember, that your minion—Oh!
I do not heed your frowning—your boy-love
Will visit India shortly, or, it may be,
(You are his guide) a prison here, in England.
Farewell.
Amel. Yet stay—a word more ere we quit.
I do beseech you (though my wrongs are great,
And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this,)
You take your malediction from this youth.
He is as innocent—I *think* he's innocent
Of the least ill toward you. For me, I am
Too innocent to sue; yet let me say,
Since the sad hour I wed you, I have been
As faithful to our cold communion
As though my heart had from the first been yours,
Or you been generous after. Once more, sir,
I would implore you—for your comfort—for
Your honour, and my name, to spare this boy.
In the calm tone of one who has not erred
I do require this of you.
Went. You but steel
My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading
Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven,
Had I but wavered in his destiny,
This would have fixed me. Seek your chamber now,
And in your meditations think how well
Your name may sound (my name!) held up to scorn.
It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid
My wrath, and let you wander at your will.
You have grown bold in guilt; be prudent now:
Save a fair name, or I must tell the world
How ill you keep your secrets. [*Exit* WENT.
Amel. He is gone.
And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch.
Oh! father, father, what a heart had you
To cast me on the wide and bitter world,
With such a friend as this! I would have toiled
From the pale morning 'til the dusk of night,
And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully,
Keeping out sorrow from our cottage home.
And there was one who would have loved you too,
And aided with his all our wreck of fortune.
You would not hear him;—and,—and did *I* hear
His passionate petitioning, and see
His scalding tears, and fling myself away
Upon a wintry bosom, that held years
Doubling my own! What matters it?—'tis past.
I will be still myself: who's there?
[CHARLES *enters.*]
Ch. 'Tis I.
You are in tears?
Amel. Away. Draw down the blinds;
The summer evenings now come warmly on us.
Go, pluck me yonder flower.
Ch. This rose—mean you?
It fills the room with perfume: 'tis as red,
And rich, and almost too, as beautiful,
As——
Amel. As Aurora's blushes, or my own.
I see you want a simile.
Ch. You are gay.
Too gay for earnest talk. Who has been here?
Amel. No one; I will not tell; I've made a vow,
And will not break it, 'til—until I'm pressed.
Ch. Then let me press you.
Amel. Silly boy, away,
Go gather me more flowers, violets.
Ch. Here let me place them in your hair.
Amel. No, no.
The violet is for poets: they are yours.
O rare! I like to see you bosom them.
Had they been golden, such as poets earned,
You might have treasured them.
Ch. They are far more
To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.
Amel. Give me the rose.
Ch. But where shall it be placed?
Amel. Why, in my hand—my hair. Look! how it blushes,
To see us both so idle. Give it me.
Where? where do ladies hide their favourite flowers,
But in their bosoms, foolish youth. Away—
'Tis I must do it. Pshaw! how sad you look,
And how you tremble.
Ch. Dear Amelia.
Amel. Call me your mother, Charles.
Ch. My Guardian——
Amel. Ah! name him not to me. Charles, I have been
Jesting awhile; but my dark husband's frown

Comes like a cloud upon me. You must go
Far, my dear Charles, from the one friend who loves you;
To Hindostan.
Ch. I know it.
Amel. For myself,
I shall think of you often, my dear Charles.
Think of me sometimes. When your trumpet sounds,
You'll recollect the coward you knew once,
Over the seas in England?
Ch. Spare my heart.
Amel. I do not think you have a heart: 'tis buried.
Ch. Amelia, Oh! Amelia, will you never
Know the poor heart that breaks and bursts for you?
Oh! do not take it ill; but now believe
How fond, and true, and faithful——
Amel. Is this jest?
You act well, sir; or—but if it be true,
Then what am I?
Ch. Oh! by these burning tears;
By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,
Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,
I love—love you, my own Amelia!
Once I *will* call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,
Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but once
You hate me not, for this—Speak, speak!
Amel. Alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said
Your husband threatened you. Come, then, to me;
I have a shelter and a heart for you,
Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.
Amelia, dear Amelia! speak a word
Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!
If but a word, or though it be not kindness:
Speak hope, doubt, fear,—but not despair. Or say
That some day you *may* love, or that if ever
Your cruel husband dies, you'll think of me;
Or that you wish me happy,—or that perhaps
Your heart—nay, speak to me, Amelia.
Amel. Is then your love so deep?
Ch. So deep? It is
Twined with my life: it *is* my life—my food—
The natural element wherein I breathe—
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all
—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved;
And I have shaped such plans of happiness
For us and all around us (you indeed
Ever the sweet superior spirit there),
That were you always—Fair Amelia,
You listen with a melancholy smile?
Amel. Let me hear all: 'tis fit I should hear all.
Alas, Alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my love.
I—I am nought: not worth a single tear:
I will depart—or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain? Well, well, I will not pain you.
And yet—Oh! what a paradise is love:
Secure, requited love. I will not go:
Or we will go together. There are haunts
For young and happy spirits: You and I
Will thither fly, and dwell beside some stream
That runs in music 'neath the Indian suns,
Aye, some sweet island still shall be our home,
Where fruits and flowers are born through all the year
And Summer, Autumn, Spring, are ever young,
Where Winter comes not, and where nought abides
But Nature in her beauty revelling.
You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,
At last; and I—it is too much to think of.
Forgive me while I look upon thee now,
And swear to thee by Love, and Night, and all
The gliding hours of soft and starry Night,
How much—how absolutely I am thine.
My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart
Had he to wrong thee, or upbraid thee! He
Was guilty—nay, nay: look not so.
Amel. I have
Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.
Charles, I indeed am guilty. When to-day
My husband menaced me, and told me of
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn:
But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind
To you, as not to see this—love before?
Charles, I have driven you from your early home,
I see it now: I only—hate me for it.
Ch. I'll love you, like bright heaven. The fixed stars
Shall never be so constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave—
Not the cold hollow grave, shall chill my love;
It will survive beyond the bounds of death,
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.
Amel. Stay this wild talk.
Ch. Men have been known to love
Through years of absence, aye, in pain and peril,
And one did cast life and a world away
For a loose woman's smile: nay, Love has dwelt,
A sweet inhabitant, in a demon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——
Amel. I thought I heard a step.
How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me; quick, leave me.
Ch. 'Tis your tyrant coming:
Fly rather you.
Amel. If you have pity, go.
Ch. Farewell, then: yet, should he repulse you——
Amel. Then
I will—but go: you torture me.
Ch. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Amel. Farewell, farewell, poor youth; so desolate
That even I can spare a tear for you.
—My husband comes not: I will meet him, then,

Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas!
'Tis hard to suffer where we ought to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.
'Tis a brave world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce winds withered. Is it so?—
But *I* have flaunted in the sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away:
And now, and now—no matter. I have done.
Whether I live scorned or beloved—Beloved!
Better be hated, could my pride abate,
And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II. *A Chamber. Night.*

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

Mar. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amel. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?
Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look! above: the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had Hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing. "They said his eye"—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
"His eye like the mid-day sun was bright"—
Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.
Amel. I hearken. Now.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn:—he fled, and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening. Thus it runs:—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow:
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!
[CHARLES *enters.*]
Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?
Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother (now
I take that title) in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me; and I would be calm.
—My husband has been harsh unto me,—yet
He *is* my husband; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.
Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay—
Ch. Indeed you must not.
Amel. Well, then, I will be silent; yet, not so.

For ere we journey ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you,—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love,—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.
Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.
Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: These eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—
Ch. Oh! no.
No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?
Amel. No: I would caution it against a change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—
Ch. Alas! Alas!
Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—

[WENTWORTH *enters.*]

Mar. She's pale—speak, speak.
Ch. Oh! my lost mother.—How!—You here?
Went. I am come,
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.
Ch. Look!
Mar. She has left us.
Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar. It is in vain.
Ch. Is it then so?—My soul is sick and faint.
Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot weep.
Oh! for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her.—And has Death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*,—so beautiful?
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom,—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed,—and the earth is dark below.
—And now—I'll wander far and far away
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say "I have no friend in all the world,"
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
—From land to land I'll roam; in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan.

BARRY CORNWALL.

DREAM-CHILDREN.

A REVERIE.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*. Certain it is, that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in the wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall—the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts—till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion, which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's

other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood, for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman—so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop; but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said, "Those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she, and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet, in an especial manner, she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how, in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and I knew not till then

how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens, when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes, with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name" ——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

CHARLES LAMB.

A SCOTTISH SHEPHERD BOY.

["... Here I ranne some Risk of loseing my Way, for these Moorland Places present few Lande-marks to the Eye of the Traveller, but I was so fortunate as to Discover ane Herd-boy sitting with his Dog on ane Knowll, who furnished me with all necessarie Directions, and whom I found to be govern'd by a spirit of Urbanitie and Intelligence, which was worthy of commendation in a country so wild and salvage."—*Melvin's Journal*, an. 1709.]

The moorland stretch'd around him,
The deep and silent sky
In a dreamy spell have bound him,
And his fancy-laden eye
Revels luxuriously.

At dawn of morn he started
From his easy rest,—and there
He sits, still sunny-hearted,
Feeling the gentle air
Breathe through his auburn hair.

He wearies not while o'er him
The hours of summer glide;
His fleecy flock before him,
His faithful dog beside,
And thoughts that wander wide.

Bidding farewell to sadness,
Would now that I might be
A denizen of gladness,
My Shepherd boy! like thee,
Lull'd by that flowery sea!

Oh! pleasant is thy meeting
With friends at close of day!
The smile—the fireside seating—
The tales that pass away—
The kneeling down to pray!

THOMAS BRYDSON.

STORMING OF ST. SEBASTIAN'S.

[Rev. George Robert Gleig, born 1796; died 1888. His father was the Right Rev. George Gleig, LL.D., Bishop of Brechin, and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford. He became chaplain of Chelsea Hospital in 1844, and was subsequently appointed chaplain-general of the army, a prebendary of St. Paul's, and inspector-general of military schools. Mr. Gleig has distinguished himself as a writer of fiction, biography, and history. The *Subaltern*, from which the following narrative is extracted, was one of his earliest and most spirited productions.]

St. Sebastian's occupies a neck of land which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and on the third by the river Gurumea. This stream, though inconsiderable in respect of width, cannot be forded, at least near the town, except at the time of low tide; it therefore adds not a little to the general strength of the place. But the strength of the place consists far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications than in its natural situation. Across the isthmus, from the river to the bay, is erected a chain of stupendous masonry, consisting of several bastions and towers, connected by a well-sheltered curtain, and covered by a ditch and glacis, whilst the castle, built upon a high hill, completely commands the whole, and seems to hold the town, and everything in it,

entirely at its mercy. The scenery around St. Sebastian's is, in the highest degree, interesting and fine. As has been already mentioned, the ground, beginning to rise on all sides about a mile and a half from the glacis, is soon broken into hill and valley, mountain and ravine. Numerous orchards are, moreover, planted upon the lowest of these heights, with here and there a vineyard, a chateau, and a farm-house; whilst far off, in the background, are seen the rugged tops of the Quatracone, and the other gigantic mountains which overhang the Bidassoa, and divide Spain from France. The tents of the besiegers were placed upon the lower range of hills, about two miles and a half distant from the town. Of course, they were so pitched as that they should be, as far as possible, hidden from the enemy, and for this purpose the uneven nature of the country happily sufficed. They stood for the most part among the orchards just alluded to, and in the valleys and ravines with which the place abounded. Leading from them to the first parallel, were cut various covered ways, that is, roads sunk in the ground so far as that troops might march along without exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy; and the parallel itself was drawn almost upon the brow of the ridge. Here, or rather in the ruined convent of St. Bartholeme, was established the principal magazine of powder, shot, working-tools, and other necessaries for the seige; and here, as a matter of course, the reserve, or main body of the piquet-guard, was stationed. The first parallel extended some way beyond the town, on both sides, and was connected with the second, as that again was with the third, by other covered ways, cut in an oblique direction towards the enemy's works; but no sap had been attempted. The third parallel, therefore, completed the works of the besiegers, and it was carried within a few hundred yards of the foot of the rampart. In each of these batteries were built, as well as on the brows of all the surrounding heights, but as yet they were masked by slight screens of sand and turf, though the guns were placed once more in many of them, and the rest were rapidly filling.

There is no species of duty in which a soldier is liable to be employed so galling, or so disagreeable, as a siege; not that it is deficient in causes of excitement, which, on the contrary, are in hourly operation; but it ties him so completely down to one spot, and breaks in so repeatedly upon his hours of rest, and exposes him so constantly to danger, and that, too, at times and in places where no honour is to be gained, that we cannot greatly wonder at the feelings of absolute hatred which generally prevail, among the privates at least of a besieging army, against the garrison which does its duty to its country by holding out to the last extremity. On the present occasion I found much of that tone of mind among the various brigades which lay before St. Sebastian's. They could not forgive the French garrison, which had now kept them during six weeks at bay, and they burned with anxiety to wipe off the disgrace of a former repulse; there was, therefore, little mention made of *quarter*, whenever the approaching assault chanced to be alluded to.

The governor of St. Sebastian's was evidently a man of great energy of mind, and of very considerable military talent. Everything which could be done to retard the progress of the siege he had attempted; the breach which had been effected previous to the first assault was now almost entirely filled up, whilst many new works were erected, and what was not, perhaps, in strict accordance with the rules of modern warfare—they were erected by British prisoners. We could distinctly see these poor fellows labouring at their task in full regimentals, and the consequence was, that they were permitted to labour on without a single gun being turned against them. Nor was this all that was done to annoy the assailants—night after night petty sorties were made, with no other apparent design than to disturb the repose and to harass the spirits, of the besiegers; for the attacking party seldom attempted to advance farther than the first parallel, and it was uniformly beaten back by the piquets and reserve.

During the last ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th, these matters were completed; no fewer than sixty pieces of artillery, some of them sixty-four, and none of lighter metal than eighteen pounders, were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars of different calibre prepared to scatter death among its defenders, and bid fair to reduce the place itself to a heap of ruins. These arrangements being completed, it was deemed prudent, previous to the opening of the batteries, to deprive the enemy of a little redoubt which stood upon an island in the harbour, and in some degree enfiladed the trenches. For this service a detachment, consisting of a hundred men, a captain, and two subalterns, were allotted, who, filing from the camp soon after nightfall, embarked in the boats of the

crusiers; here they were joined by a few seamen and marines, under the command of a naval officer, and having made good their landing under cover of darkness, they advanced briskly to the assault. The enemy were taken completely by surprise—only a few shots were fired on either side, and in the space of five minutes the small fort, mounting four guns, with an officer and thirty men as its garrison, surrendered, or rather were taken possession of by the assailants. So trifling, indeed, was the resistance offered by the French garrison, that it disturbed not the slumbers of the troops in camp. The night of the 26th, accordingly, passed by in quiet, but as soon as the morning of the 27th dawned affairs assumed a very different appearance. Soon after daybreak, a single shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town, as a signal for the batteries to open, and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The first salvo, indeed, was one of the finest things of the kind I ever witnessed. Without taking the trouble to remove the slight covering of sand and turf which masked the batteries, the artillerymen, laying their guns by such observations as small apertures left for the purpose enabled them to effect, fired upon the given signal, and thus caused the guns to clear a way for themselves in their future discharges; nor were these tardy in occurring. So rapid, indeed, were the gunners in their movement, and so unintermitting the fire which they kept up from morning till night, during the whole of the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, and 30th, that by sunset on the latter day, not only was the old breach reduced to its former dilapidated condition, but a new and a far more promising breach was effected.

In the meantime, however, the enemy had not been remiss in their endeavours to silence the fire of the besiegers, and to dismount their guns. They had, indeed, exercised their artillery with so much good-will, that most of the cannon found in the place, after its capture, were unserviceable, being melted at the touch-holes, or otherwise damaged from too frequent use. But they fought, on the present occasion, under every imaginable disadvantage; for not only was our artillery much more than a match for theirs, but our advanced trenches were lined with troops, who kept up an incessant and deadly fire of musketry upon the embrasures. The consequence was, that the fire from the town became every hour more and more intermitted, till, long before mid-day, on the 28th, the garrison attempted no further resistance, than by the occasional discharge of a mortar from beneath the ramparts.

I have said, that, by sunset on the 30th, the old breach was reduced to its former dilapidated state, and a new and a more promising one effected. It will be necessary to describe, with greater accuracy than I have yet done, the situation and actual state of these breaches. The point selected by Sir Thomas Graham as most exposed, and offering the best mark to his breaching artillery, was that side of the town which looked towards the river. Here there was no ditch, nor any glacis, the waters of the Gurumea flowing so close to the foot of the wall, as to render the one useless, and the other impracticable. The rampart itself was consequently bare to the fire of our batteries, and as it rose to a considerable height, perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the plain, there was every probability of its soon giving way to the shock of the battering guns. But the consistency of that wall is hardly to be imagined by those who have never beheld it. It seemed, indeed, as if it were formed of one solid rock; and hence the breach, which, to the eye of one who examined it only from without, appeared at once capacious, and easy of ascent, proved, when attacked, to be no more than a partial dilapidation of the exterior face of the masonry. Nor was this all. The rampart gave way, not in numerous small fragments such as might afford a safe and easy footing to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, served to impede the advance of the column almost as effectually as if they had not fallen at all. The two breaches were about a stone's-throw apart the one from the other. Both were commanded by the guns of the castle, and both were flanked by projections in the town wall. Yet such was the path by which our troops must proceed, if any attempt should be made to carry the place by assault. That this attempt would be made, and that it certainly would be made on the morrow, every man in the camp was perfectly aware. The tide promised to answer about noon; and noon was accordingly fixed upon as the time of attack, and the question therefore was, who by the morrow's noon would be alive, and who would not. Whilst this surmise very naturally occupied the minds of the troops in general, a few more daring spirits were at work, devising means for furthering the intended assault, and securing its success. Conspicuous among these was Major Snodgrass, an officer belonging to the 52d British Regiment, but who commanded on the present occasion a battalion of Portuguese. Up to the present night, only one ford, and that at some little distance from both

breaches, had been discovered. By examining the stream as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope, and from a distance, Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known, as to carry those who should cross by it at once to the foot of the smaller breach. Though the moon was in her first quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 30th to a personal trial of the river; and he found it, as he expected to find it, fordable at low water immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed, the water reaching somewhat above his waist. Nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact; he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town. How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels, I know not; but that he did elude them, and that he performed the gallant act which I have just recorded, is familiarly known to all who served at the siege of St. Sebastian's. So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made, as soldiers make their wills, before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were, as usual, under arms—and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c., behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and the forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the main army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st, or royal regiment of foot; that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; whilst several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at daybreak on the 30th of August, and these orders all who heard them cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle on the hillside, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention. The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety such as he only can imagine who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something not only interesting, but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There, an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements. Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches, a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems

an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the throne of grace. On such occasions little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks —the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy, having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on. The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause, besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful. At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back. Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly suc-

ceeded by a smoke so dense as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havock which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards. The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town. To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces, wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian's as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses, being lofty like those in the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till at last houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority. The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another more provident stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party, rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations; which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert as no man who listened to it can ever forget. Of these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.

THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Fife, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

MRS. HEMANS.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION,

Seen at Star-Cross, in Devonshire, the 23d of July, 1823.

"'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance and an empty shade."

POPE.

I am perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when, in the present age of incredulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool—these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cocklane Ghost down to the Rev. Mr. Colton and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth* represents Berkeley as teaching us "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that, for anything we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley's theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason that such a man should be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight who, in conformity to the evidence of *his* senses, maintains the existence of a disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard. Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions: but the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agathodæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name, but they deny even the possibility of

the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the antenatal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible when we quit life in the fulness of intellect and return into the invisible world. In the first case we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable development: and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so? this may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious that in dreams objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the "fools of our other senses, or else worth all the rest:" granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization which insures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom: Nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary, and everything seems to harmonize with their infliction: but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantations strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dulness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend,

informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. ' Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But, in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed.

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?" when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure: "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle Street, not me, nor even one of my relations; so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinnèr being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a

chicken, which explained his terror and his crouching to me for protection when he recognized his chastiser.

HORACE SMITH.

BE GOOD.[1]

God does not say, "Be beautiful," "Be wise,"
Be aught that man in man will overprize;
Only, "Be Good," the tender Father cries.

We seek to mount the still ascending stair
To greatness, glory, and the crowns they bear:
We mount to fall heart-sickened in despair.

The purposes of life misunderstood
Baffle and wound us, but God only would
That we should heed his simple words, "Be Good."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

I.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE GREAT FIGURES IN SOME PARTICULAR ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Alexander the Great, after his victory, at the straits of Mount Taurus, when he entered the tent, where the Queen and the Princesses of Persia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison, until the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment, the people through every place he passed meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour—although he knew he must be put to a cruel death, for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the Senate to make him dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.

Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato, of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon was struck with so much awe and veneration that his sword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said, that one of his family ever quitted their post.

II.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE A MEAN CONTEMPTIBLE FIGURE IN SOME ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the Triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard the Second of England, after he was deposed.

King James the Second of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William the Third of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador.

[1] From *Ten Miles from Town, with other Poems*, by William Sawyer: London, 1867.

The Lord-Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his duchess's gold key to the queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles the Second of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip the Second of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles the First of England, when, in gallantry to his queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed into her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament general, at the time of King Charles' trial.

Julius Cæsar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do, till he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome, at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus' court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when in a quarrel upon the stage he was run into his breast, which he opened and showed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years' banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

SWIFT.

TO THE LARK.

[Mrs. Anna Laetitia Barbauld, born in Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, 29th June, 1743; died 9th March, 1825. She was the only daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, D.D. Her husband was latterly pastor of the Unitarian Congregation, Newington Green, London. Although she employed her pen on diverse subjects, she is chiefly remembered by her educational and devotional works for the young.]

Mount, child of morning, mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far shower'd around, the hill, the plain
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will;
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them as they fly
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
——Alas! th' unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more.

How glorious rose life's morning star;
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!
Truth beckon'd from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love look'd smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion pass'd;—
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And, narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here,—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathize!
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
——Oh! could I mount with thee on high
And share thy ecstasies!

THE FALCON.

[Giovanni Boccaccio, born in Paris, 1313, died at Certaldo, Val d'Elsa, 21st December, 1375. He was the son of a merchant of Florence, and in that city he was educated. He may be regarded as the father of Italian prose; and he was the author of the first romantic and chivalrous poem written in the Italian language, *La Teseide*, the subject being the fabulous adventures of Theseus. From the *Teseide* Chaucer borrowed the materials of his *Knight's Tale*. The most important of Boccaccio's prose works is the *Decameron*, which was written at the desire of Queen Joan of Naples. It is a series of one hundred tales, supposed to be narrated by seven ladies and three gentlemen, who have fled to a country house to escape the plague which visited Florence in 1348. The intrigues of lovers form the chief element of the stories, and the details of the greater number display a licentious freedom of manners. Several of the tales, however, are pure and interesting. One of the important labours which Boccaccio accomplished was the collection of a valuable library of Greek and Latin classics. The library was unfortunately destroyed by fire about a century after his death.]

There lived in Florence a young man, called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms, and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamoured of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents. But the lady, who was virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed on to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty, the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was however the finest in the world. When he found it impossible therefore to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a birding in his leisure hours; and disdaining to ask favours of any one, he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth; and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country (as our custom usually is), at a villa in the neighbourhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight in birds and dogs, and having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he prized it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits, that he fell sick; and his mother, who doated upon this her only child, became alarmed, and to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised, that if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed, that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again. When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and how could she ask the falcon, which she heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation? Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support?—Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she should have the bird if she asked it, did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed; she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow, and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy, that he began to mend apace. On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went as if for amusement to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden; when he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine with you in an easy way this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered: "I do not remember, Madam, having suffered any loss at your hands, but on the contrary, have received so much good, that if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host, is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have already spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where, having nobody else to keep them com-

pany, he requested that they would allow the labourer's wife to do her best to amuse them, while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence which the loss of fortune might have taught him; and it thus happened, that he had nothing in the house with which he could honourably entertain the lady for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own labourer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the ante-chamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendour; and everything being ready, he returned to the garden, to tell the lady and her companion that dinner was served. They accordingly went in and sat down to table with Federigo, and ate the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life, and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption, when I tell you the principal motive of my visit. But had you children, and knew how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I who have an only child, cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to propriety and duty, to ask a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes: that gift is your falcon, for which my son has taken so great a desire, that unless he obtain it, I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love which you bear me (for to that you owe nothing), but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shown in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving."

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favourite, and showed his unwillingness to part with it; nevertheless she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said, "Since it first pleased Heaven, Madam, that I should place my affections on you, I have found fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember, that you, who never deigned to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask a favour which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing. The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honour you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and accordingly made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for having it not in my power to serve you." Having said this, he showed them the wings, and the feet, and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady had heard and seen these things, she chided him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman; but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue. Then, seeing that she could not have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honourable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son, on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for some time mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity displayed in killing so fine a bird to do her honour. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo

Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered, that she would rather have a man without money, than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, showed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

THE KING OF THULE.[1]

There was a king in Thule
  Was faithful till the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
  A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
  He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
  As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
  The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
  Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
  With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
  In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
  And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
  Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
  And sinking deep in the sea;
Then fell his eyelids for ever,
  And never more drank he!

[1] From the translation of Goethe's *Faust*, by Bayard Taylor, published in Boston and London, 1871. Mr. Taylor, born in Pennsylvania, 11th January, 1825, died at Berlin, 19th Dec., 1878, earned renown for himself as poet, traveller, novelist, and also as one of the ablest translators of Goethe. His aim was to reproduce the metrical peculiarities of the original German, whilst keeping faithful to the text; and the general verdict is that the attempt has been highly successful.

THREE SONNETS.

[William Drummond, of Hawthornden, born 13th December, 1585; died 4th December, 1649. He was educated in Edinburgh and studied civil law in France. On the death of his father, 1610, he retired to Hawthornden, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. The lady he loved died on the eve of the day appointed for their marriage, and to that circumstance is attributed the melancholy strain of his sonnets, three of which we give here. Philips, the nephew of Milton, edited Drummond's works, and pronounced him equal to Tasso.]

I.

That learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is named
Of all the after-worlds *Divine*, doth tell,
That all the time when first our souls are framed,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height;
Not toil'd with ought to Reason doth rebel.
It is most true! for straight at the first sight
My mind me told, that, in some other place,
It elsewhere saw the *idea* of that face,
And loved a love of heavenly pure delight.
  What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
  Since I her loved ere on this earth she came?

II.

My lute! be as thou wert when thou did'st grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan's wailings to their fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
For which be silent as in woods before;
  Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
  Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

III.

What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or jetty moon at night in chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold?
The mountain's pride—the meadow's flowery grace—
The stately comeliness of forests old—
The sport of floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvan's songs—
The cheerful thrush—the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
  Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
  Can have no part of them now with me here?

THE STORY OF CRAZY MARTHA.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF JACQUES JASMIN.

[Jacques Jasmin, born at Agen, department of Lot-et-Garonne, 6th March, 1798; died there 6th October, 1864. As the "last of the troubadours" he has won for himself a permanent place in literature. He was the son of a poor tailor, and was himself a barber, like Allan Ramsay. He continued to work at his trade to the end, despite many inducements to abandon it and to quit his rural home for the city. His answer to all who wished him to change his mode of life, was:—"I shave for a living and I sing for pleasure." His poems became popular in spite of the fact that they were written in a language which has been long disused except by the peasantry of the south of France. The Provençal was the language of the troubadours, and its popularity was revived for a brief space by Jasmin in his songs of the pastoral delights and traditions of his compatriots. The following is an admirable translation of one of his most pathetic stories (*Maltro L'Inoucento*) by Professor Henry Coppee, of the Pennsylvania University. The incidents in this little drama commenced in 1798, at Lafitte, a pretty hamlet situated on the banks of the Lot, near Clairac, and terminated in 1802. At this last period, Martha, bereft of her reason, escaped from the village, and was often afterwards seen in the streets of Agen, an object of public pity, begging her bread, and flying in terror from the children, who cried out after her:—"*Maltro, un souldat!*" (Martha, a soldier!) The author confesses that more than all others, in his childhood he pursued poor Martha with his sarcasms: he little dreamed that one day his muse, inspired by the wretched lot of the poor idiot, would owe to her one of his most exquisite creations. Martha died in 1834.]

I.

Drawing the lot.—Two different hearts.—The cards never lie.—The conscript.—The oath.

Not far from the banks which the pretty little river Lot bathes with the cool kisses of its transparent waters, there lies, half-concealed by the feathering elms, a small cabin. There, on a beautiful morning in April, sat a young girl in deep thought; it was the hour when in the neighbouring town of Touneins a band of robust young men were awaiting in suspense the result of the army draft which was to decree their fate. For this the young girl waited too. With uplifted eyes, she breathed a prayer to the good God; then, not knowing what to do with herself, how to contain her impatience, she sat down; she got up, only to sit down again. One might see that she was in an agony of suspense; the ground seemed to burn the soles of her feet. What did it all mean? She was beautiful; she had everything that heart could wish; she possessed a combination of charms not often seen in this lower world—delicate erect figure, very white skin, black hair, and, with these, an eye as blue as the sky itself. Her whole appearance was so refined that, on the *plains*, peasant as she was, she was regarded as a born lady by her peasant companions. And well did she know all this, for beside her little bed there hung a bright little mirror. But to-day she has not once looked into it. Most serious matters absorb her thoughts; her soul is strangely stirred; at the slightest sound she changes suddenly from marble hue to violet.

Some one enters; she looks up; it is her friend and neighbour, Annette. At the first glance you could not fail to see that she too was in trouble, but at a second you would say—"It is very manifest that the evil, whatever it is, only circles around her heart, and does not take root there."

"You are happy, Annette," said Martha; "speak; have the lots been drawn? have they escaped? is *he* free?"

"I know nothing yet," replied Annette; "but take courage, my dear; it is already noon; we shall very soon know. You tremble like a jonquil, your face frightens me. Suppose the lot should fall upon Jacques, and he should be obliged to go away; you would die, perhaps?"

"Ah! I cannot tell."

"You are wrong, my friend. Die! What a baby you are. I love Joseph. If he has to go, I should be sorry; I should shed a few tears; I would wait for his return, without dying. No young man ever dies for a girl; not a bit of it; and they are right. There is truth in the couplet—

> "'My lover, when he goes away,
> Loses far more than I who stay.'

A truce to your grief, then. Come, if you feel equal to it, let us try our luck by the cards. *I* did this morning, and it all came out right for me; so it will for you. See how calm I am; come, to console you, let us see what the lucky cards will say."

So the buoyant young girl makes her friend sit down, checks for a moment her own wild spirits, gracefully spreads a small piece of shining taffeta, and takes the cards in her hands. The suffering heart of Martha stops for a season its fierce throbs. She gazes with eager eyes; she ceases to tremble; she is inspired with hope. Then both girls—the light-hearted Annette and the loving Martha—repeat together the well-known refrain—

> "Cards so beautiful and fair,
> Lighten now a maiden's care;
> Knave of Clubs and Queen of Love,
> To our cause propitious prove."

One after another the cards are turned up, placed in piles, then put together and shuffled. Cut them three times; it is done. Ah! a good sign, first comes a king. The girls are a perfect picture—two mouths breathless and speechless, four eyes, smiling and yet awe-struck, follow closely the motion of the fingers. Upon the lips of Martha a sweet smile slowly rests, like a fairy flower. The queen of hearts is turned up; then the knave of clubs. If now no black malignant *spade* appears, Jacques will be saved. Seven spades are already out; only one remains in the pack; there is nothing to fear. The beautiful dealer is smiling, is joking—stop! like a grinning skull cast into the midst of a festive crowd, the *queen of spades* comes up to announce some dire misfortune!

Hark! on the highway the noisy drum strikes in like a mocking laugh, mingled with the strains of the shrill fife and wild bursts of song. It is easy to guess that these are the happy fellows who have escaped the draft, whom the great Moloch of war, with a lingering touch of pity, is going to leave to the country. Here they come in two long lines, dancing, leaping, each one wearing in his hat his lucky number. Soon a crowd of mothers gathers around them, many weeping for joy, and some for grief.

What a moment for the two young girls whom the cards have just smitten with sorrow! The noisy group comes nearer still. Martha, wishing to put an end to the torturing suspense, flies to the little window, but immediately recoils, utters a faint cry, and falls cold and fainting beside Annette, who is herself shivering with fear. The cards had not deceived them. In the midst of the lucky crowd whose lives are saved to their country stands *Joseph*. *Jacques* was not there; he had drawn "number 3."

Two weeks pass, and the light-hearted Annette steps out at the threshold of the flower-bedecked church, fast married to Joseph; while in the house of mourning, Jacques, the unhappy conscript, with tears in his eyes, and a knapsack on his shoulders, bids farewell to his betrothed in touching words as she stands overwhelmed with grief. "Martha," he says, "they compel me to depart; happiness deserts us, but take courage; men come back from the wars. You know I have nothing, no father, no mother; I have only you to love. If death spares my life, it belongs to you. Let us hope, still hope for the happy day when I shall lead you to the marriage altar like a gift of love-flowers."

II.

A great sorrow.—Martha snatched from the tomb.—The handsome girl-merchant.—Jacques will find a rival.

The beautiful month of May, whose new birth brings universal pleasure, king of all the months, let it wear the crown, and surround itself with joys!—The month of May has come again. Upon the hill-side and in the valleys happy hearts unite to chant its praises; it comes softly and sweetly, and like lightning it is gone. But, while it lasts, everywhere is heard the sound of melodious song; everywhere you behold happy festive groups entwining in the joyous dance.

At length the spring is past, and while its pleasures still linger in the groves and fields, in yonder little cabin, one sweet and lonely voice thus moans in a song of sorrow: "The swallows have come back; up there are my two in their nest; they have not been parted as we have. Now they fly down; see, I can put my hand upon them. How sleek and pretty they are; they still have upon their necks the ribbons which Jacques tied there on my last birthday, when they came to peck from our united hands the little golden flies we had caught for them. They loved Jacques. Their little eyes are looking for him just where I am sitting. Ah! you may circle round my chair, poor birds, but Jacques is no longer here. I am alone, without a friend, weeping for him, weary too, for the friendship of tears fatigues itself. But stay with me; I will do everything to make you love me. Stay, dear birds that Jacques loved; I want to talk to you of him. They seem to know how their presence consoles me. They kiss each other, happy little things. Kiss, a long kiss; your joy is balm to my heart. I love them, for they are faithful to me, as Jacques also is. But no one kills swallows; men only kill each other. Why does he write no more? *Mon Dieu!* who knows where he is; I always feel as if some one is going to tell me that he is dead. I shudder; that terrible fear chokes my heart. Holy Virgin, take it away; the fever of the grave is burning me up; and oh! good Mother of God, I want to live if Jacques still lives! Where are you, beautiful swallows? Ah! my grief has been too noisy; I have frightened you away. Come back, and bring me happiness; I will mourn more softly. Stay with me, birds whom Jacques loved, for I must talk to you of him."

Thus, day after day, mourned the orphan girl her lover's absence. Her old uncle, her

only guardian, beheld her sorrow, and was grieved. She saw him weeping, and dissembled her own pain to chase away his tears. She tried to keep her troubles from the world, that frivolous, heartless world which is ready to find evil in everything; which laughed at her sorrows, and had no sympathy with them. At length, when All-Saints' Day came round, they saw two wax candles burning for the dying, on the Virgin's altar, and when the priest said: "Death is hovering over the couch of a young and suffering girl; good souls, pray for poor Martha," every one bent his head in shame, and out of every heart came the *Paters* bathed in tears.

But she will not die; it was the dark hour before the dawn. Grim Death may fill up his new-made grave. Her uncle, at her bedside, has said but one word; it sinks into her heart. That sweet word has brought her back to life; she is saved! The fire comes back to her eye, her blood begins to course again under her white skin. Life returns in great tidal waves of light. "Everything is ready, my child," says her smiling uncle, and her answer is: "Yes, let us work, let us work." Then, to the astonishment of every one, Martha re-quickened, lives for another love,—the *love of money!* She craves money, she is a miser, money is her only concern. She would coin it with her own blood. Well, hard work will give money to every brave hand, and Martha's hand is more than brave.

Under the rustic archway, who is that girl-merchant, rousing the hamlet with her chatter and noise; who is buying and selling incessantly? That is Martha; how every one praises her, so good, so complaisant, so charming. Her buyers increase in numbers like a rolling ball of snow. Yesterday she had twenty, to-day forty. Gold pours down upon her little arcade. Thus a year passes. Martha is happy while she works, for Jacques is not dead. No, he has been seen more than once in the army. Sometimes when the report of a battle arrives, her arm drops, and her eye loses its light; but her courage soon returns if rumour makes no mention of a regiment which is always in her thoughts.

One day her uncle says to her: "In order to attain your long-desired happiness, you need a thousand pistoles, and you will soon have them. A little pile soon becomes large. We need not sell the cottage. Look at your money-box. With the proceeds of my vineyard, and what you have already earned, you have already more than half the sum. Have patience for six months more. Why! my child, happiness costs time and labour and money. You have nearly three-quarters. Finish the good work yourself. I am content; before I die I hope to see you perfectly happy.

Alas! the poor old man was mistaken. Two weeks later, death closed his eyes, and Martha sat in the churchyard, weeping upon his grave. There, one evening, she was heard to murmur: "My strength is exhausted; sainted spirit of my loving uncle, I can wait no longer; forgive me; the good priest sanctions the act;" and, without delay, to the astonishment of the villagers, furniture, shop, house, all that she possesses, change hands. She sells everything, except a gilded cross, and the rose-coloured dress with little blue flowers in which Jacques loved to see her. She had wanted silver, she was now laden with gold; her thousand pistoles are in her hands; but so young and inexperienced as she is, what is she going to do with them? "What is the poor child going to do with them?" do you ask? The very thought lacerates my heart. She goes out; she seems, as she leaves her little home, an impersonation of the angel of sorrow slowly rising towards happiness, which is beginning to smile upon her flight. That is not a flash of lightning; it is her little foot which with lightning speed spurns the path. She enters the quiet little house, where sits a man with hair as white as snow; it is the priest, who welcomes her with an affectionate air. "Good father," she cries, falling on her knees, "I bring you my all. Now you can write and purchase his freedom. Don't tell him who it is that buys his ransom; he will guess soon enough. Don't even mention my name, and don't tremble for me. I have strength in my arm. I can work for a living. Good father, have pity; bring him back to me!"

III.

The country priest.—The young girl's happiness.—Jacques is free.—Return of Jacques.—Who would have thought it?

I love the country priest. He does not need, like the city pastor, in order to make men believe in the good God, or the wicked devil, to exhaust his strength in proving, with the book open before him, that there is a paradise as well as a hell. Around him all men believe, every one prays. In spite of this they sin, as we all do everywhere. Let him however but elevate his cross, and evil bows before him; the new-born sin is nipped in the bud. From his every-day seat, the wooden bench, nothing escapes his sight. His bell drives far off the

hail and the thunder. His eyes are always open upon his flock. The sinner evades him: he knows it, and he goes in search of the sinner. For offences he has pardon, for griefs a soothing balm. His name is on every lip, a blessed name; the valleys resound with it. He is called, in each heart, the great physician for trouble. And this is the reason that Martha went to him with hers, and found a balm. But from the obscure centre of his little parish, the man of God was far better able to detect sin and drive away malignant thoughts, than to find the nameless soldier, in the heart of an army, who had not written a word of inquiry or information for three years, especially when, to the sound of cymbal, trumpets, and cannon, six hundred thousand excited Frenchmen were proudly marching to conquer all the capitals of Europe. They shattered all obstructions, they put to flight all who stood against them, and only stopped to take breath upon the foreign soil, that they might go on to further and greater conquests.

It is true that during the past spring Martha's uncle had written often, but the army had just then made a triple campaign; Jacques, they learned, had been transferred to another regiment. Some one had seen him in Prussia; another, elsewhere in Germany. Nothing definite was known about him. He had no relatives, for, let the truth be told, the fine fellow had no parents. He had come out of that asylum where a throng of infants live upon the public pity, which takes the place of a mother. As a boy he had been long searching for his mother, but never could find her. He had an ardent desire to be loved, and as he knew he was loved at Lafitte, had it not been for the war, he would have lived and died there.

And now, leaving the good priest to his benevolent task, let us turn aside into a very humble cottage, where poor Martha is hard at work. What a change! Yesterday she had her *trousseau;* there was gold in her wardrobe. To-day she has nothing but her stool, a thimble, a needle-case, and a spinning-wheel. She spins and sews incessantly. We need not lament that she is tiring her fingers; when she was rich, she wept; now that she is poor, she smiles constantly. Jacques will be saved for a long and happy life; and life, liberty, everything he will owe to her, and her alone. How he will love her! and where one loves and is loved, poverty is powerless. How happy she is; the cup of her future is crowned with honey; already has her heart tasted its first, rich, overflowing drop. Everything is flowering around her. Thus she works on from week to week, sipping drops of honey amid waves of perfume. Her wheel whirls without ceasing, and hope is entwining as many cloudless days in the future, as her bobbin spins out armfuls of wool, and her needle makes points in the cloth.

You may be sure that all this is well known in the meadow-lands. All the people are now enlisted in her cause. In the clear nights she has serenades, and garlands of flowers are hung upon her door. In the morning the girls come with loving eyes to give her little presents of sympathy and esteem.

One Sunday morning, the dear old priest comes to her after mass, his face beaming with joy, and in his right hand an open letter. He is trembling, but more with joy than with age.

"My daughter," he cries, "Heaven has blessed thee and answered my prayers; I have found him; he was in Paris. It is accomplished; Jacques is free. He will be here next Sunday, and he has not a suspicion of your part in this matter. He thinks that his mother has at last come to light; that she is rich, and has purchased his freedom. Let him come, and when he knows that he owes everything to you, how much you have done for him, he will love you more than ever, more than any one except God. My dear daughter, the day of your reward is about to dawn; prepare your heart for it. Jacques will surely come, and when that happy hour arrives, I want to be near you. I want to make him understand, in the presence of all the people, how happy he ought to be in being loved by such an angel as you."

We are told that blessed spirits in paradise are bathed in bliss when they hear the harmonies of heaven. Such is the joy of Martha as these words sink into her heart.

But the Sunday has arrived. All nature shines in green and gold under the beautiful sun of June. Crowds are singing everywhere. It is a double festival for all. The clock strikes noon; leaving the holy altar, the good old priest advances with the loving, pure-faced girl. Her eyelids drop over her azure eyes, she is timid and speechless; but an inner voice cries "happiness." The crowd gathers around her. All is grand; you would say that the whole country-side is awaiting the arrival of a great lord. Thus marshalled, they go forth from the village, and with laughing joy take their post at the entrance of the highway.

There is nothing to be seen in it; nothing at the far end of that road-furrow; nothing but the shadows checkered by the sunlight. Suddenly a small black point appears; it increases in size, it moves, it is a man; two men, two soldiers; the latter, it is he! How well he looks;

how he has grown in the army! Both continue to advance; the other,—who is he? he looks like a woman. Ah! it is a woman; how pretty and graceful she is, dressed like a *cantinière*. A woman! my God! and with Jacques? where can she be going? Martha's eyes are upon her, sad as the eyes of the dead. Even the priest, who escorts her, is trembling all over. The crowd is dumb. They approach still nearer; now they are only twenty paces off, smiling and out of breath. But what now! Jacques has suddenly a look of pain; he has seen Martha! . . . Trembling, ashamed, he stops. The priest can contain himself no longer. With the strong full voice with which he confounds the sinner, he cries: "Jacques, who is that woman?" and, like a criminal, lowering his head, Jacques replies, "Mine, M. le Curé, mine; I am married."

A woman's scream is heard; the priest returning to himself, and frightened for Martha, "My daughter," he said, "Courage! here below we all must suffer."

But Martha does not even sigh. Everybody looks at her; they think she is going to die. She does not die, she even seems to console herself. She curtsies graciously to Jacques, and then bursts out into a wild mad laugh. Alas! she was never to laugh again otherwise: the poor thing is mad. At the words which issued from the lips of her unfaithful lover, the poor sufferer had at once lost her reason, never to regain it.

When Jacques learned all, he fled the country. They say that, mad with remorse, he reentered the army, and, like a lost spirit weary of his wretched existence, he flung it away at the cannon's mouth. Be that as it may, what is true, alas! too true! is that Martha escaped from friendly vigilance one night, and ever since, for thirty years past, the poor idiot has been periodically seen in our village stretching out her hands for our charity. In Agen, people said as she passed, "Martha has come out again; she must be hungry." They knew nothing about her, and yet every one loved her. Only the children, who have no pity for anything, who laugh at all that is sad, would cry out, "*Martha, a soldier!*" when she, with a mortal fear of soldiers, would fly at the sound.

And now you all know why she shuddered at these words. I, who have screamed them after her more than a hundred times, when I heard the touching story of her life, would like to cover her tattered frock with kisses. I would like to ask her pardon on my knees. I find nothing but a tomb. . . . I cover it with flowers.

THE COMPLAINT.

A POEM ATTRIBUTED TO CHATTERTON.

Addressed to Miss P—— L——, of Bristol.

Love, lawless tyrant of my breast,
When will my passions be at rest,
  And in soft murmurs roll—
When will the dove-ey'd goddess, Peace,
Bid black despair and torment cease,
  And wake to joy my soul?

Adieu! ye flow'r-bespangled hills;
Adieu! ye softly purling rills,
  That through the meadows play.
Adieu! the cool refreshing shade,
By hoary oaks and woodbines made,
  Where oft with joy I lay.

No more beneath your boughs I hear,
With pleasure unallay'd by fear,
  The distant Severne roar—
Adieu! the forest's mossy side
Deck'd out in Flora's richest pride:
  Ye can delight no more.

Oft at the solitary hour
When Melancholy's silent pow'r
  Is gliding through the shade;
With raging madness by her side,
Whose hands, in blood and murder dy'd,
  Display the reeking blade;

I catch the echo of their feet,
And follow to their drear retreat
  Of deadliest nightshade wove;
There, stretch'd upon the dewy ground,
Whilst noxious vapours rise around,
  I sigh my tale of love.

Oft has the solemn bird of night,
When rising to his gloomy flight,
  Unseen against me fled!
Whilst snakes in curling orbs uproll'd
Bedrop'd with azure, flame, and gold,
  Hurl'd poison at my head.

O say! thou best of womankind,
Thou miracle, in whom we find
  Wit, charms, and sense unite,
Can plagues like these be always borne?
No; if I still must meet your scorn,
  I'll seek the realms of night.

C.[1]

[1] This poem appeared in the *Universal Magazine*, November, 1769. The Rev. W. W. Skeat, whose thorough knowledge of English poetry enables him to speak with authority, says that the poem has every claim to be one of Chatterton's, although it is not included in any edition of his works.

THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle grayhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forests through,
And homeward wend with evening dew,
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wings of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

BY DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

Having often heard travellers lament not having put down what they call the *memory-billious* of their journeys, I was determined, while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called from containing the cream of one's information), and record everything which recurred to me—therefore I begin with my departure from London.

Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Mountague-place at seven o'clock, by Mr. Fulmer's pocket thermometer, and proceeded over Westminster-bridge, to explode the European continent.

I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745, opposite the Horse Guards—his memorable speech to Archbishop Caxon rings in my ears whenever I pass the spot—I reverted my head, and affected to look to see what o'clock it was by the dial on the opposite side of the way.

It is quite impossible not to notice the improvements in this part of the town; the beautiful view which one gets of Westminster Hall, and its curious roof, after which, as everybody knows, its builder was called William Roofus.

Amongst the lighter specimens of modern architecture, is Ashley's Ampletheatre, on your right, as you cross the bridge (which was built, Mr Fulmer told me, by the Court of Arches and the House of Peers). In this ampletheatre there are equestrian performances, so called because they are exhibited *nightly*—during the season.

It is quite impossible to quit this 'mighty maze,' as Lady Hopkins emphatically calls London, in her erudite *Essay upon Granite*, without feeling a thousand powerful sensations—so much wealth, so much virtue, so much vice, such business as is carried on within its precincts, such influence as its inhabitants possess in every part of the civilized world—It really exalts the mind from meaner things, and casts all minor considerations far behind one.

The toll at the Marsh-gate is ris since we last come through—it was here we were to have taken up Lavinia's friend, Mr. Smith, who had promised to go with us to Dover; but we found his servant instead of himself, with a billy, to say he was sorry he could not come, because his friend Sir John Somebody wished him to stay and go down to Poll at Lincoln. I have no doubt this Poll, whoever she may be, is a very respectable young woman; but mentioning her by her Christian name only, in so abrupt a manner, had a very unpleasant appearance at any rate.

Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached the Obstacle in St. George's Fields, where our attention was arrested by those great institutions, the "School for the Indignant Blind," and the "Misanthropic Society" for making shoes, both of which claim the gratitude of the nation.

At the corner of the lane leading to Peckham, I saw that they had removed the Dollygraph, which used to stand upon a declivity to the right of the road—the dollygraphs are all to be superseded by Serampores.

When we came to the Green Man at Blackheath, we had an opportunity of noticing the errors of former travellers, for the heath is green, and the man is black: Mr. Fulmer endeavoured to account for this, by saying, that Mr. Colman has discovered that Moors being black-

and Heaths being a kind of Moor, he looks upon the confusion of words as the cause of the mistake.

As we went near Woolwich we saw at a distance the artillery officers on a common, a firing away with their bombs in mortars like anything.

At Dartford they make gunpowder; here we changed horses; at the inn we saw a most beautiful Rhoderick Random in a pot, covered with flowers; it is the finest I ever saw, except those at Dropmore.—(*Note, Rhododendron.*)

When we got to Rochester we went to the Crown Inn, and had a cold collection: the charge was absorbent—I had often heard my poor dear husband talk of the influence of the Crown, and a Bill of Wrights, but I had no idea what it really meant till we had to pay one.

As we passed near Chatham I saw several Pitts, and Mr. Fulmer showed me a great many buildings—I believe he said they were fortyfications; but I think there must have been near fifty of them. He also showed us the Lines at Chatham, which I saw quite distinctly, with the clothes drying on them. Rochester was remarkable, in King Charles' time, for being a very witty and dissolute place, as I have read in books.

At Canterbury we stopped ten minutes, to visit all the remarkable buildings and curiosities in it, and about its neighbourhood. The church is beautiful: when Oliver Cromwell conquered William the Third, he perverted it into a stable—the stalls are still standing. The old Virgin who showed us the church wore buckskin breeches and powder; he said it was an archypiscopal sea; but I saw no sea, nor do I think it possible he could see it either, for it is at least seventeen miles off. We saw Mr. Thomas a Beckett's tomb—my poor husband was extremely intimate with the old gentleman, and one of his nephews, a very nice man, who lives near Golden Square, dined with us twice, I think, in London;—in Trinity Chapel is the monument of Eau de Cologne, just as it is now exhibiting at the Diarrea in the Regent's Park.

It was late when we got to Dover: we walked about while our dinner was preparing, looking forward to our snug *tête-à-tête* of three. We went to look at the sea; so called, perhaps, from the uninterrupted view one has, when upon it. It was very curious to see the locks, to keep in the water here, and the keys, which are on each side of them all ready, I suppose, to open them if they were wanted.

Mr. Fulmer looked at a high place, and talked of Shakspeare, and said out of his own head these beautiful lines:

> ——"Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers camphire; dreadful trade."

This, I think it but right to say, I did not myself see.

> "Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice."

This, again, I cannot quite agree to; for where we stood, they looked exactly like men, only smaller; which I attribute to the effect of distance—and then Mr. Fulmer said this:

> ——"And yon tall anchoring bark
> Diminished to her cock—her cock a boy!"

This latter part I do not in the least understand, nor what Mr. Fulmer meant by *cock a boy*—however, Lavinia seemed to comprehend it all; for she turned up her eyes, and said something about the immortal bird of heaven; so I suppose they were alluding to the eagles, which doubtless build their aviaries in that white mountain.—(*Immortal Bard of Avon*, the lady means.)

After dinner we read the *Paris Guide*, and looked over the list of all the people who had been incontinent during the season, whose names are all put down in a book at the inn, for the purpose—we went to rest much fatigued, knowing that we should be obliged to get up early, to be ready for embrocation in the packet in the morning.

We were, however, awake with the owl, and a walking away before eight; we went to see the castle, which was built, the man told us, by Seizer, so called, I conclude, from seizing whatever he could lay his hands on; the man said, moreover, that he had invaded Britain and conquered it; upon which I told him, that if he repeated such a thing in my presence again, I should write to Mr. Peel about him.

We saw the inn where Alexander, the autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here; and as we were going along we met twenty or thirty dragons, mounted on horses, and the ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer's; he looked at Lavinia, and seemed pleased with her *Tooting assembly*—he was quite a *sine qua non* of a man, and wore tips on his lips, like Lady Hopkins' poodle.

I heard Mr. Fulmer say he was a son of Marrs; he spoke it as if everybody knew his father; so I suppose he must be the son of the

poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered some years ago near Ratcliffe Highway; if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

At twelve o'clock we got into a boat and rowed to the packet; it was very fine and clear for the season, and Mr. Fulmer said he should not dislike pulling Lavinia about all the morning. This, I believe, was a naughtycal phrase, which I did not rightly comprehend; because Mr. F. never offered to talk in that way on shore to either of us.

The packet is not a parcel, as I imagined, in which we were to be made up for exportation, but a boat of considerable size; it is called a cutter—why, I do not know, and did not like to ask. It was very curious to see how it rolled about; however, I fell quite mal-apropos; and, instead of exciting any of the soft sensibilities of the other sex, a great unruly man, who held the handle of the ship, bid me lay hold of a companion, and when I sought his arm for protection, he introduced me to a ladder, down which I ascended into the cabin, one of the most curious places I ever beheld, where ladies and gentlemen are put upon shelves, like books in a library, and where tall men are doubled up like boot-jacks before they can be put away at all.

A gentleman in a hairy cap, without his coat, laid me perpendicularly on a mattress, with a basin by my side, and said that was my birth; I thought it would have been my death, for I never was so indisposed in all my life. I behaved extremely ill to a very amiable middle-aged gentleman, with a bald head, who had the misfortune to be attending upon his wife, in the little hole under me.

There was no symphony to be found among the tars (so called from their smell), for just before we went off I heard them throw a painter overboard, and directly after, they called out to one another to hoist up an ensign. I was too ill to inquire what the poor young gentleman had done; but, after I came up stairs, I did not see his body hanging anywhere, so I conclude they had cut him down. I hope it was not young Mr. Marr, a venturing after my Lavy.

I was quite shocked to find what democrats the sailors are: they seem to hate the nobility, and especially the law-lords. The way I discovered this apathy of theirs to the nobility was this: the very moment we lost sight of England and were close to France, they began, one and all, to swear first at the peer and then at the bar, in such gross terms, as made my very blood run cold.

I was quite pleased to see Lavinia sitting with Mr. Fulmer in the travelling carriage on the outside of the packet. But Lavinia afforded great proofs of her good bringing-up, by commanding her feelings. It is curious what could have agitated the billiary ducks of my stomach, because I took every precaution which is recommended in different books to prevent ill-disposition. I had some mutton-chops at breakfast, some Scotch marmalade on bread and butter, two eggs, two cups of coffee, and three of tea, besides toast, a little fried whiting, some potted charr, and a few shrimps; and after breakfast, I took a glass of warm white wine negus and a few oysters, which lasted me till we got into the boat, when I began eating gingerbread-nuts all the way to the packet, and then was persuaded to take a glass of bottled porter, to keep everything snug and comfortable.

When we came near the French shore, a batto (which is much the same as a boat in England) came off to us, and to my agreeable surprise, an Englishman came into our ship; and I believe he was a man of great consequence, for I overheard him explaining some dreadful quarrel which had taken place in our Royal Family.

He said to the master of our ship, that owing to the Prince Leopold's having run foul of the Duchess of Kent while she was in stays, the Duchess had missed Deal. By which I conclude it was a dispute at cards: however, I want to know nothing of state secrets, or I might have heard a great deal more, because it appeared that the Duchess' head was considerably injured in the scuffle.

I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of perplexity by over-reaching himself—he lay prostituted upon the floor, and if it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his temporary artery and his jocular vein, with a lancelot, which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end.

It was altogether a most moving spectacle: he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress was to be able to add a crocodile to his will, in favour of his niece, about whom he appeared very sanguinary.

It was quite curious to see the doctor flea-bottomize the patient, which he did without any accident, although it blew a perfect harrico at the time. I noticed two little children, who came out of the boat with hardly any clothes on them, speaking French like anything; a proof of the superior education given to the

poor in France, to that which they get in England from Doctor Bell of Lancaster.

When we landed at Callous, we were extremely well received, and I should have enjoyed the sight very much, but Mr. Fulmer, and another gentleman in the batto, kept talking of nothing but how turkey and grease disagreed with each other, which, in the then state of my stomach, was far from agreeable.

We saw the print of the foot of Louis Desweet, the French king, where he first stepped when he returned to his country: he must be a prodigious heavy man, to have left such a deep mark in the stone; we were surrounded by Commissioners, who were so hospitable as to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr. Fulmer showed our passports to a poor old man, with a bit of red ribbon tied to his button-hole, and we went before the mayor, who is no more like a mayor than my foot-boy.

Here they took a subscription of our persons, and one of the men said that Lavinia had a jolly manton, at which the clerks laughed, and several of them said she was a jolly feel, which I afterwards understood meant a pretty girl; I misunderstood it for fee, which, being in a public office, was a very natural mistake.

We went then to a place they call the Do-Anne, where they took away the poll of my baruch; I was very angry at this, but they told me we were to travel in Lemonade with a biddy, which I did not understand, but Mr. Fulmer was kind enough to explain it to me as we went to the hotel, which is in a narrow street, and contains a garden and court-yard.

I left it to Mr. Fulmer to order dinner, for I felt extremely piquant, as the French call it, and a very nice dinner it was—we had a purey, which tasted very like soup: one of the men said it was made from leather, at least, so I understood, but it had quite the flavour of hare; I think it right here to caution travellers against the fish at this place, which looks very good, but which I have reason to believe is very unwholesome, for one of the waiters called it poison while speaking to the other: the fish was called marine salmon, but it appeared like veal cutlets.

They are so fond of Buonaparte still, that they call the table-cloths *Naps*, in compliment to him—this I remarked to myself, but said nothing about it to anybody else, for fear of consequences.

One of the waiters who spoke English, asked me if I would have a little Bergami, which surprised me, till Mr. Fulmer said, it was the wine he was handing about, when I refused it, preferring to take a glass of Bucephalus.

When we had dined we had some coffee, which is here called Cabriolet; after which, Mr. Fulmer asked if we would have a chasse, which I thought meant a hunting party, and said I was afraid of going into the fields at that time of night—but I found chasse was a lickure called *cure a sore* (from its healing qualities, I suppose), and very nice it was—after we had taken this, Mr. Fulmer went out to look at the jolly feels in the shops of Callous, which I thought indiscreet in the cold air; however, I am one as always overlooks the little piccadillies of youth.

When we went to accoucher at night, I was quite surprised in not having a man for a chambermaid; and if it had not been for the entire difference of the style of furniture, the appearance of the place, and the language and dress of the attendants, I should never have discovered that we had changed our country in the course of the day.

In the morning early we left Callous with the Lemonade, which is Shafts, with a very tall post-boy, in a violet-coloured jacket, trimmed with silver; he rode a little horse, which is called a biddy, and wore a nobbed tail, which thumped against his back like a patent self-acting knocker. We saw, near Bullion, Buonaparte's conservatory, out of which he used to look at England in former days.

Nothing remarkable occurred till we met a courier a travelling, Mr. Fulmer said, with despatches; these men were called couriers immediately after the return of the Bonbons, in compliment to the London newspaper, which always wrote in their favour. At Montrule, Mr. Fulmer showed me Sterne's Inn, and there he saw Mr. Sterne himself, a standing at the door, with a French cocked hat upon his head, over a white night-cap. Mr. Fulmer asked if he had any becauses in his house: but he said no; what they were I do not know to this moment.

It is no use describing the different places on our rout, because Paris is the great object of all travellers, and therefore I shall come to it at once—it is reproached by a revenue of trees; on the right of which you see a dome, like that of Saint Paul's, but not so large. Mr. Fulmer told me it was an invalid, and it did certainly look very yellow in the distance; on the left you perceive Mont Martyr, so called from the number of windmills upon it.

I was very much surprised at the height of the houses, and the noise of the carriages in Paris: and was delighted when we got to our hotel, which is called Wag Ram; why, I did

not like to inquire; it is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone—*Timbre Royal.*

The hotel which I have mentioned is in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the place Fumdum, where there is a pillow as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the pompous in Egypt; this is a beautiful object, and is made of all the guns, coats, waistcoats, hats, boots, and belts which belonged to the French who were killed by the cold in Prussia at the fire of Moscow!

At the top of the pillow is a small apartment, which they call a pavilion, and over that a white flag, which I concluded to be hoisted as a remembrance of Buonaparte, being very like the table-cloths I noticed at Callous.

We lost no time in going into the gardens of the Tooleries, where we saw the statutes at large in marvel: here we saw Mr. Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grope of Cupid and Physic, together with several of the busks which Lavy has copied, the original of which is in the Vaccuum at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder, but is now reduced to a stable where the pope keeps his bulls.

Travellers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, and therefore we determined to see all we could in each day, so we went to the great church, which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country, although Mr. Fulmer said he believed he was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak.

It was a great day at this church, and we stayed for mass, so called from the crowd of people who attend it—the priest was very much incensed—we waited out the whole ceremony; and heard Tedeum sung, which occupied three hours.

We returned over the Pont Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris, and here we saw a beautiful image of Henry Carter; it is extremely handsome, and quite green—I fancied I saw a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth; but if it is one of his family, his posteriors are very much diminished in size and figure.

A beautiful statute of Apollo with the Hypocrite pleased me very much, and a Fawn, which looks like a woman, done by Mons. Praxytail, a French stone-mason, is really curious.

A picture of the Bicknells is, I suppose, a family grope; but the young women appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in. The statute of Manylaws is very fine, and so is Cupid and Physic, different from the one which I noticed before.

Mr. Fulmer showed us some small old black pictures, which I did not look at much, because he told us they were Remnants, and of course very inferior. A fine painting, by Carlo my Hearty, pleased me; and we saw also something, by Sall Vatarosa, a lady, who was somehow concerned with the little woman I have seen at Peckham Fair, in former days, called Lady Morgan.

Mr. Fulmer proposed that we should go and dine at a tavern called Very—because everything is very good there; and accordingly we went, and I never was so malapropos in my life: there were two or three ladies quite in nubibus; but when I came to look at the bill of fare, I was quite anileated, for I perceived that Charlotte de Pommes might be sent for one shilling and twopence, and Patty de Veau for half-a-crown. I desired Mr. Fulmer to let us go; but he convinced me there was no harm in the place, by showing me a dignified clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, a eating away like anything.

We had a voulez vous of fowl, and some sailor's eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had not been told what it was, would have distinguished them from pancakes; after the sailor's eels, we had some pantaloon cutlets, which were savoury: but I did not like the writing paper; however, as it was a French custom, I eat every bit of it; they call sparrow-grass here asperge, I could not find out why.

If I had not seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, who actually stew up shoes with partridges, and make very nice dishes too, I never could have believed the influence they have in the politics of the country: everything is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings, and the party who are still for Buonaparte call themselves traitors, while those who are partizans of the Bonbons are termed Restaurateurs, or friends of the Restoration.

After dinner, a French monsheur, who, I thought, was a waiter, for he had a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole, just the same as one of the waiters had, began to talk to Mr. Fulmer, and it was agreed we should go to the play—they talked of Racing and Cornhill, which made me think the monsheur had been in England; however, it was arranged that we

were to go and see Andrew Mackay at the Francay, or Jem Narse, or the Bullvards; but at last it was decided unanimously, crim. con. that we should go to see Jem Narse, and so we went—but I never saw the man himself after all.

A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sung a song, which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly: it was "tal de lal de lal de lal," and sounded quite like English. After he had done, although everybody laughed, the whole house called out "beast, beast," and the man notwithstanding was foolish enough to sing it all over again.

THEODORE HOOK.

A GARDEN REVERIE.[1]

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

I hear the sweeping fitful breeze
  This early night in June;
I hear the rustling of the trees
  That had no voice at noon:
Clouds brood, and rain will soon come down,
To gladden all the panting town
With the cool melody that beats
Upon the busy dusty streets.

But in this space of narrow ground
  We call a garden here—
Because less loudly falls the sound
  Of traffic on the ear;
Because its faded grass-plot shows
One hawthorn tree, which each May blows,
Whereon the birds in early spring
At sun-dawn and at sun-down sing—

I muse alone. A rose-tree twines
  About the brown brick wall,
Which strives, when summer's glory shines,
  To gladden at its festival,
Yet lets upon the path beneath
Such pale leaves drop as I would wreathe
Around a portrait that to me
Is all my soul's divinity.

A face in no wise proud or grand,
  But strange, and sad, and fair;
A maiden twining round her hand
  A tress of golden hair;
While in her deep pathetic eyes
The light of coming trouble lies,
As on some silent sea and warm
The shadow of a coming storm.

From those still lips shall no more flow
  The tones that, in excess
Of tremulous love, touched more on woe
  Than quiet happiness,
When my arms strained her in a grasp
That sought her very soul to clasp,
When my hand pressed that hand most fair
That holds but now a tress of hair.

How look, this breezy summer night,
  The places that we knew
When all the hills were flushed with light
  And July seas were blue?
Does the wind eddy through our wood
As through this garden solitude?
Do the same trees their branches toss
The undulating wind across?

What feet tread paths that now no more
  Our feet together tread?
How in the twilight looks the shore?
  Is still the sea outspread
Beneath the sky, a silent plain
Of silent lights that wax and wane?
What ships go sailing by the strand
Of that fair consecrated land?

How hard it is to realize
  That I no more shall hear
The music of thy low replies,
  As those deep eyes and clear
Once looked in my faint eyes until
I felt the burning colour fill
My face, because my spirit caught
In that long gaze thine inmost thought.

Alas! what voice shall now reply?
  Not thine, arrested gale
That 'neath the dark and pregnant sky
  Subsidest to a wail.
On a dusty city, silent plain,
And on thy village grave the rain
Comes down, while I to-night shall jest
And hide a secret in my breast.

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[1] From *Song-Tide, and other Poems*, London, 1871. Philip Bourke Marston (1850–1887) was the son of the dramatist Westland Marston. He became blind in his fourth year, to which the introspective character of much of his work must be attributed. He published two subsequent volumes of poetry, *All in All* (1875) and *Wind Voices* (1883), and wrote critical papers and novelettes.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

KABAK.

AN EASTERN TALE.

In the vicinity of the famous city of Bagdad, which standeth on the green and winding Tigris, like a precious jewel on the back of a coiling serpent, dwelt Kabak, the *woodcutter*, as good a Mussulman as ever stepped out of a sandal into a mosque, or indulged in the mastication of opium; and was particularly remarkable for the adroit and dexterous manner in which he handled his *bill;* although this is not so much to be wondered at when it is remembered that, like the vulture—he used his *bill* not only to *feed*—but to clothe himself too.

In the pursuit of his vocation Kabak was obliged one day to enter the gates of the city under cover of several bundles of wood which he had risen before daybreak to hew from the venerable trees of the wood wherein he resided, the Caliph's cook having commanded him to bring the said fuel for the culinary purpose of roasting a covey of partridges, and a lamb or two, for the delicate maw of the Commander of the Faithful and his numerous household.

Oh! a single glance into the kitchen of the Caliph was a feast to the eyes and a provocative to hunger. The plump birds, trimly trussed and powdered for the polished spits—the milk-white rice for the *pilau*—the delicate odour of the various spices—made the woodcutter slowly and instinctively project his bearded chin and raise his regaled nostrils in the fragrant air.

But the double-chinned, burly cook was too well fed to feel any sympathy for the hungry; and although a single kidney, a gizzard, or a liver plucked from the embrace of a chicken's wing would have satisfied the moderate desires of Kabak, he offered him nothing—not even payment for his services; indeed, Kabak dared not for his life ask such a thing of so great a man as the Caliph's cook; so, like many a well-bred modern shopkeeper, he stood playing significantly with his *bill* in his hand.

At last deigning to cast his little, peering, piggish eyes (which just glimmered through his fat heavy eyelids) upon the woodcutter, he uttered such a sharp, repulsive "Go!" that the startled Kabak fancied, at the moment, that the cook had stuck the silver skewer in *his* gizzard instead of that of the turkey he was trussing. And confusedly making his *salam*, the trembling Kabak vanished.

His imagination, but not his stomach, filled with the inviting edibles his eyes had devoured, Kabak was making his retreat from this temple of luxury and temptation, when, passing through a latticed corridor, the shuffling of a score sandals on the tesselated marble pavement approaching him, in an instant scared away all the sumptuary reveries from his busy brain, and left it empty and confused as a vacated province before the march of a hostile army; for Kabak expected no less than to be decapitated by some whirligig scimitar sharper than his own bill.

Escape was vain: the group rapidly advanced; and his dizzy eyes beheld not only caftans and turbans, but veils too; and being veils, there were of course women, and to look upon these lovely houris was not only *poetically* but actually *death.*

Prostrate fell the trembling woodcutter—his forehead throbbing against the cold pavement. But his abject garb and his terror, but too evident in his quivering limbs, fortunately for his head (and this *tale*), only excited the mirth of the beholders, and the fair ones enjoyed a hearty laugh at his *expense*, which he doubtless

considered his *profit*, for he inwardly thanked *Mahomet* for his preservation.

His fears being lulled, Kabak, moved by curiosity, ventured when they had all passed him to raise his head and cast a glance askance at the retiring group of merry girls; and oh! most fortunate of woodcutters, his vision was blessed by the sunshiny face of a very sylph, who, coquettishly drawing aside her veil, smiled roguishly upon the recumbent Kabak, and the next moment faded like a rainbow from his sight.

Poor Kabak! He hurried back to his own hut again, lovesick as a nightingale, and forlorn as a frog in a stork's bill.

Never had he encountered so much and gained so little since he had commenced the arduous calling of lopping trees.

He had laboured early and indefatigably to chop up the six bundles of wood for the fat cook without even getting a *stake* or a *chop* for himself; and he had moreover found an appetite and lost a heart. These occurrences had completely turned Kabak *topsy-turvy;* so sinking listlessly upon his own *block,* his varying thoughts issued from his lips in an audible soliloquy.

"Oh! that I were rich! that I were a wise Caliph, or only a simple cadi, I would kick that cursed cook; and oh! how I would hug that beautiful, little, bright-eyed Georgian!—what wicked eyes!—what pretty lips! By the beard of the Prophet!—that lazy blubber-lipped cook should cut wood, and work till his sandals were no better than dripping-pans to his fat carcass! How would I make my slaves fly! More sherbet here!—rose-water!—pistachios—pilau—bring me a lamb!—I'll taste those partridges! Oh! I would be hungry and eat for a whole month! Oh! beautiful Georgian!—sweeter than new-blown roses; whose breath is more fragrant than the caravans of musk from Khoten; whose eyes are more bright and piercing than the spits of that ill-favoured cook, who gave me nothing but black looks and sharp words for my pains. O cook!—O Georgian! O Georgian!—O cook! one kills me with cruelty and the other with kindness. I'm pinched by hunger and consumed by love. Yet would I forget all my pains and pangs in the possession of such a nymph as she whom my eyes beheld to-day. What sorrow could possibly befall that her smiles could not have power to sweeten?"

Scarcely had he given vent to these complicated feelings of his heart when a small vapour issuing from the *ground*-floor of his humble cabin suddenly cut short his speech. Anon it spread wider and wider, becoming more dense as it arose, when presently the cloud divided, and there appeared a beautiful female form to the enchanted eyes of Kabak. She bore the identical figure and face of the fair Georgian.

With silly wonder, half-joyed and half-abashed, the woodcutter, grasping the thumb of his left hand, leered with a smiling look, expressive of his inward delight, upon the sylph before him—not daring to approach her.

"Kabak," cried she, in a voice more melodious than the flute or the rebek, "lord of my heart, receive thy bride!"

"Eh! my—mine?" exclaimed the astonished woodcutter, encouraged by these bold advances, "mine—but art thou really mine? Don't be putting a jest upon me."

"Jest! I dare not jest with my spouse if it did not please him—I love my Kabak too—too much!" and putting her left arm round *her* Kabak's neck, she playfully patted his cheek.

"This is a dream—love me—no—it cannot be," cried he; "what beautiful lips; what—may I presume to—to kiss them?"

"Presume!" said the Georgian, "is not my lord the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart?"

"May I then?" said Kabak—licking his lips in anticipation, and pressing hers in reality, venting an exclamatory "Oh!" of delight after every ecstatic salute—"Oh, this is too much!"

But this pleasant dalliance was disagreeably interrupted by some one rapping loudly at the door.

Kabak was alarmed, and fearfully jealous that any human eye should behold the most precious jewel of his house.

Unfortunately, his economical establishment consisted only of one room; no *haram;* no closet; no *trunk,* save that of a *tree:* never was bachelor in such an awkward quandary—such a distressing dilemma.

The rapping continued, accompanied by the importunate voice of the burly cook! Kabak would as soon have encountered the devil: however, seeing no alternative, he hastily piled up some faggots, behind which, with many confused apologies, he placed his would-be wife; then unbarring his door, he cunningly yawned, and rubbed his eyes, as if he had just awakened from a sound sleep.

"You lazy dog!" cried the fat cook, "how dare you sleep when I am coming hither? Am I not thy patron, ungrateful slave? Do not I employ thee oftener, and consume more wood, than all thy customers put together, who are but as dust beneath my feet?"

Kabak humbly begged pardon for his remissness, promising in future to be unremitting in his duty. "Mind ye do," said the choleric cook, "and to make you remember your duty to your superiors more faithfully, take that"—and raising his round, plump, little leg to kick Kabak, he missed his aim and fell backwards against the barricade which concealed the lady, who, screaming with affright, rushed from her hiding-place, to the terror of Kabak and the unspeakable wonder and admiration of the sprawling cook, who, scarcely able to move his mountain of flesh from the floor, sat silently devouring the charms of the lady, as she hung upon her dear Kabak, like a drooping lily propped by a hazel twig.

"O, O!" cried the cook, then ruminating a short moment, "*Friend* Kabak," resumed he, mildly, "lend me thine arm." Kabak raised him; his heart was heavier than the cook.

"Thy fortune's made, friend Kabak; thou hast a jewel yonder."

"Which I would keep."

"Psha! fifty sequins are thine, yield me thy slave—'tis a bargain."

"Never!" cried the woodcutter; "she is above price."

"Very well, very well!" cried the cook, shrugging up his shoulders, "thou wilt cry for the fifty sequins to-morrow;" and with this threat he went away.

"Here's a predicament!" exclaimed the sorrowful Kabak; "I am undone." And not even the blandishments of the lady of his heart could dispel his sad forebodings; and sure enough, on the following morning the Caliph's guard surrounded his hut, and breaking down the door, demanded the surrender of his slave. Kabak and his bride, whom he now looked upon as the innocent but unhappy source of all his misfortunes, were taken before the Caliph, who, immediately struck with the transcendant beauty of the slave, ordered her to be placed in his haram, and Kabak to be entertained with great care in the dungeons of the seraglio until his pleasure should be known. That the Caliph's pleasure would prove Kabak's pain the woodcutter was well aware; and bemoaning his unhappy fate, he sat, with his head in his hands, cursing the cook, the Caliph, and his own ill luck.

"Sure some evil genius must have granted my wish and sent this nymph only for my destruction. Fool that I was to desire the possession of such a grievous care as a beautiful woman, thereby creating the envy of my betters, and whetting a scimitar for my own unfortunate neck!"

"Kabak! Kabak! thou art an arrant zany. Why did thy foolish tongue utter the preposterous wishes of thy heart? What did a poor devil of a woodcutter want with a houri—a nymph fit for the haram of the Commander of the Faithful? 'Twas like a hog sighing for embroidered sandals, or a lazy toad groaning for a silken palanquin.

"A most egregious folly, whereby I shall lose my head, which I still value as an old acquaintance, though it has proved of so little use to me."

As he concluded these penitential reflections, there arose before him a venerable sage, with a snowy beard descending even to his feet. Mildness and benevolence beamed from his bright blue eyes, and threw a sunshine over his placid features.

Kabak, with reverential awe, prostrated himself at the sage's feet.

"Mortal," said he, "thy wishes were wild and unreasonable. But only in the fulfilment thereof could their fallacy have been satisfactorily proved. Thine eyes are opened, and thine errors punished. Henceforth be content in the station which heaven in its wisdom hath assigned thee. Go forth; thou art free. Be honest and industrious, and the good genii will defend thee from all harm."

The sage melted into air; and the no less astonished than delighted Kabak found himself on the floor of his own cabin!

A. Crowquill.

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O broad and limpid river,
O banks so fair and gay—
O meadows verdant ever,
O groves in green array;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O clear and crystal dews
That in the morning ray,
All bright with silvery hues
Make field and forest gay;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O woods that to the breeze
With waving branches play:
O sands, where oft at ease
Her careless footsteps stray;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O warbling birds that still
Salute the rising day,
And plain and valley fill
With your enchanting lay;
Oh! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE LORD'S MARIE.

The Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
Up wi' a gowden kame,
An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
An' awa to the tryste has gane.
O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
An' saft, saft on her brow;
Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,
An' I kiss'd it aff I trow.

"O whar gat ye that leal maiden,
Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?
O whar gat ye that young damsel,
Wha dings our lasses a'!
O whar gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
Wi' heaven in her ee?
O here's ae drap o' the damask wine,
Sweet maiden, will ye pree?"

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
Twist wi' the satin twine;
But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,
While she sipp'd the bluid-red wine.
"Come here's thy health, young stranger dow,
Wha wears the gowden kame—
This night will mony drink thy health,
And ken na wha to name."

Play me up "Sweet Marie," I cried,
And loud the piper blew—
But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
An' down his bow he threw.
"Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land!
For never a pair o' een before
Could mar my gude bow hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinney cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight;
Her locks, ower alabaster brows,
Fell like the morning light.
An' light on her hinney breath heaved her locks,
As through the dance she flew;
While luve laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,
And dwalt on her comely mou'.

"Loose hings yer broider'd good garter,
Fair lady, dare I speak?"
She, trembling, lift up her silken hand
To her red, red flushing cheek.
"Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd your brooch o' gowd,
Thou Lord's daughter sae gay;"
The tears o'er-brimmed her bonnie blue ee,
"O come, O come away."—

"O maid, undo the siller ban',
To thy chamber let me win."—
"An' tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
I daurna let thee in.
And tak," quoth she, "this kame o' gowd,
Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forbodes to me
I never maun meet thee mair."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE LITERARY LIFE.[1]

To take up, as promised, the subject of preparation for literature as a profession, I begin by saying that probably the greater number of those who try to find their way into literature never think of preparing for it at all, and that some of those who read this will no doubt wonder what kind of preparation can be possible or desirable. Let me be excused for being autobiographical; it will prove the shortest way of getting into the heart of the subject.

The Scripture-loving people among whom my lot was first cast used to say of me that I had "the pen of a ready writer," from the time when I could use the pen. But long before I had learned writing I had a style of what shall I say?—slate-pencilmanship of my own, and, on the slate, "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." By the time I was ten years old I had produced plenty of verse, which, merely as such, was good, and which probably

[1] From *St. Paul's Magazine*, August, 1871. This is one of a series of articles full of humour and keen observation. Matthew Browne was a *nom de plume* of W. B. Rands (born 1830; died 1882), author of *Views and Opinions; Lilliput Levée*, &c.

contained some faint elements of poetry. But my shyness and self-distrust were extreme, and this continued up to long after the time when it had been proved that other people were willing to hear me or read me. These lines may possibly, nay probably, be read by an editor who will remember something of a poetical contributor whose rhymes he used to print, but who utterly disappeared and shot suddenly down the horizon upon being politely requested in the correspondents' column to furnish his name and address. This, which I suppose would have set the hair of many contributors on end with rapturous visions of cheques and conversaziones, was quite sufficient to shut me up, though I was a grown man with children. The good-natured editor had heard his first and last of me, unless he recognizes me under this fresh disguise. I will help his memory, if he yet lives, in the following manner: Supposing I wanted to get hold of him by advertisement, I should insert in the agony column of the *Times* or *Telegraph* a notice beginning—"The Ascent of the Peter Botte. If the Editor who once," &c., &c. Further than this I decline to go, we have all our feelings. The upshot of this is that I had always a certain amount of "encouragement" given to me, especially in matters of verse. My rhymes were almost always inserted, and promptly; and a distinguished man of letters (never mind how I happened to get into communication with him—it cost me agonies) told me that verse was my "spere." While I write this I am thinking of Dickens' old stager, who failed to make a journey by rail, getting miserably lost at stations, and whose wife was told by the housemaid that "railways wasn't master's spear."

It is not an impossible thing to make money by writing verses, but in order to do so you must either have an independent stand-point to begin from, or you must be in such a position that you can afford to go through a long probation *before* you arrive at the period when you can make poetry pay. Even then the chances are a million to one against success. My own position and feelings at the time when I began to think about writing for money, are expressed in certain paragraphs from my own pen, which I will quote directly. And I should never have begun to think of writing for money at all if it had not been that I was, in a manner, driven to it by finding certain occupations, which I need not describe, telling on my health.

The passage I was about to quote is as follows:—

"Any one who wishes to make a serious mark upon the literature of his country had better, if he possibly can, find some other means of getting his bread than writing. To write for immortality, and for the journals too, is about the most harassing work a man could engage in. There are, of course, cases to the contrary—cases of men who have a fine physique to back the large brain, and whose genius is consequently of the productive and popular order. Such men can kill the two birds with one stone, but woe betide the weakling who tries the same thing!

"In all cases where the brain, whether intrinsically or by association with a capricious physique, is delicate and incapable of incessant production, the problem—difficult of solution, but not always insoluble—is to find some not too uncongenial employment, which shall yield the nucleus of an income, and leave a good deal of leisure too. Not a clerk's place, if the man be of the Campbell order, but something less continuous, if even more arduous. Men of imaginative mould should choose, if they can, pursuits which leave large *gaps* of leisure, even if they pay for that advantage by being overworked at occasional times."

I must here say, harsh as the judgment will seem to a good many people, that it is all but impossible for a person to use any form of teaching (except the most mechanical, and scarcely then) as a means of earning a livelihood, and yet maintain perfect independence and purity of conscience. Journalists, who are bent to the yoke, will scoff at this; but the fox without a tail laughs all the world over at the fox who insists on keeping his; and I maintain that what I say is true. At all events I thought so, and determined that I would, at whatever cost, find out some way of earning at least bread and water, so that I might leave myself without excuse if, at the end of every writing day, I could not say, "This hand has never written what this brain did not think, or this heart did not feel."

Besides this difficulty, there were others in my way which forced themselves upon my attention. My natural inclination was always either to look at things "in the aibstract" and run off into metaphysics, or else to be what people called transcendental, or florid, or, still more frequently, mystical. And I uniformly observed that writing to which the people I knew—my fool-ometers in fact—would apply these terms, was certain to be rejected by editors. I also observed, and past experience has amusingly confirmed this, that editors who will look very jealously after what you say

while your articles are new to them, will let you write almost what you please after a little time. Putting one thing with another, I began a determined course of preparatory study—that is to say, I minutely analyzed the sort of writing for which I found there was a market. In this way I pulled to pieces every novel and every leading article that I came across. Thus, I took so many pages of a story and chopped it all up into incident, conversation, and comment. Leading articles gave me a great deal of trouble. I found that I could write articles that were printed when the subject excited me, *or* when the appeal in the discussion was to first principles. Hence, an article of mine on a revolution, or on the law of husband and wife, would, I found, be welcomed; but for politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, I had not a whiff of instinct. Although I always could, and can, adapt means to ends by dint of hard thinking, yet I found myself destitute of all sagacity in dealing with the by-play of minor motives, and utterly lost—though scornfully as well as consciously lost—in handling what people call politics. I shall never forget, and my friend now beyond the grave will perhaps remember in heaven, the outcome of his asking me to attend vestry meetings—and edit a local newspaper. This was not from any contempt of common things, but from a sense that everybody would get a rise out of me which would make my attempt to fulfil editorial duties a farce. My instinct was a true instinct: and, after accepting the engagement, I gave it up, because I was satisfied that, by attempting to keep it, I should put him to more inconvenience than I could possibly do by breaking it. He perfectly understood, laughed, and remained my friend to the last.

The things, then, that gave me the most trouble, considered as studies, were leading articles and essays on current politics. With regard to the latter, or indeed both, I never could get a firm footing to begin with. It was Austria wants to do this, and Prussia wants to do the other; the Bourbons aimed at so-and-so, and Spain had her reasons for standing aloof. But I was, for one thing, unable to see that there was any ground for all this sort of thing, outside the fancy of the *rédacteur;* and then, again, I could never personify Austria, or Spain, or Prussia, or France. My mind, or as Lord Westbury puts it, what I was pleased to call my mind, said—"Austria? But what is Austria? It is so many roods of ground." It was intelligible to me that a man should want to marry a particular woman, or to secure a particular estate, for its beauty or use; but that Schwarzenburg, and Thiers, and Palmerston, and A. and B., and who-not, should be playing a political "game" with earnestness enough to deserve or justify a serious leading article, was to me utterly unintelligible. This was not for want of strong English feeling and even passionate pride in "speaking the tongue that Shakspeare spake," but from my general incapacity to understand why people should be always meddling with each other. When I was a little boy I remember hearing a shock-headed wart-nosed tradesman, brandishing a ham knife, holding forth thus: "What does a man go and be a politician for? His own aggrandyzement. What makes a man go and be a clergyman? His own aggrandyzement. What makes me go and keep a 'am-and-beef shop? My own aggrandyzement." Well, I had been brought up in some loneliness, and chiefly in the society of those who had a consuming desire to make certain opinions prevail; the opinions being rooted in first principles, and the only means dreamed of being fair persuasion. And up to this time of my life, late as it was, I had only a very faint appreciation of the activity of the "aggrandyzement" motive in the affairs of the world. Besides this obstacle to my appreciating current political, or even much of different social criticism, there was another difficulty. Leading articles seemed to me to begin from nothing and to lead to nowhere, and it was not till after most persevering study that I succeeded in cutting open the bellows and finding where the wind came from. Then, again, I carefully examined the magazines, and very carefully indeed the Notices to Correspondents. But at thirty years of age I was still so green as to write one day to the *Times*, pointing out an error of fact and a clear fallacy of deduction in one of its leaders, doing this in the full undoubting expectation that they would make the necessary correction. About this time I had an introduction to Mr. Mowbray Morris, and saw him in his room at the *Times* office. Nothing came of it, and I expect he thought I was a real Arcadian. I was.

My letters of introduction were rather numerous, and addressed to people who could probably have helped me if they had taken pains—nay, some of whom would probably have done so if I had "pushed" a little. But this was impossible to me; and I was much surprised that clever men—as I had reason to suppose many of these persons to whom I had letters really were—did not seem able at a glance to feel sure that this real Arcadian had

a share of honesty, application, and versatility which might make it politic, merely as a matter of business, to treat him civilly. The only person, however, who was really insolent, was a man who had written chiefly on "love" and "brotherhood." I am not writing down a cynical fib, but the simple truth. He certainly annoyed me, and I thought to myself, "One of these days I will serve you out." I have, of course, never served him out; the only effect of his rudeness has been that I have been able to speak of him with cheerful frankness. There was some fun in situations of this kind; and I used to enjoy the feeling, that while perhaps some one to whom I had a letter was snubbing me, or at least treating me *de haut en bas*, he was behaving thus to a stranger who would be able to his dying day to describe every look of the superior being's eyes, every line of his face, every word he said, the buttons on his coat, how high the gas was, and what tune the organ-grinder was playing in the next street while the little scene came off.

After a time I was told by an old friend of a gentleman who, he thought, might help me. Him I hunted up, by a circuitous route, though I knew neither his name, his qualifications, nor his address. He is a man of genius and of good-nature, and through him I got really useful introductions. From this time there were no *external* difficulties in my way. But conscientious scruples, and personal habits of my own remained to constitute real and very serious obstacles. I was not what Mr. Carlyle, describing the literary amanuensis who helped him in his Cromwell labours, calls "hardy." The manner in which the ordinary journalist knocks about was always a wonder to me. I could neither stand gas, nor tobacco, nor pottering about, nor hunting people up in the intervals of literary labour, nor what those who know me have (too) often heard me call "jaw." I mean the kind of debate which goes on at discussion societies, and among even intelligent men when public topics arise after dinner. It is half sincere; it is wanting in the nicety of distinction which love of truth demands; it is full of push, and loudness, personal vanity, and the zest of combat: so it seemed to me that no one could have much of it without loss, not only of self-respect, but also of fineness of perception and clearness of conscience. As unpleasant in another way was what we may perhaps call the clever "club" talk of literary men. Here you find men trying apparently which can say the smartest thing—to quote a *mot* of a living writer of admirable *vers de société*, "they call their jokes 'quips,' but the work is so hard that they might just as well be called 'cranks.'" On the whole, my tastes and habits were about as unfavourable for making way in journalism as could possibly be supposed. The necessity of keeping a conscience—and obstinately keeping it under a glass case too—was a far more serious matter.

It so happened, however, that immediately on starting with my pen in a professional way, I got a character for writing good critical papers. The very first critical essay I ever wrote was quoted, and noticed in high quarters; and it was passed round that I had a quick scent in literary matters. But the way in which this worked was very amusing. Everybody went about to flood me with reviewing work. It was quite natural, but rather wide of the mark. When a man who possesses a pretty good critical scent takes up a book that is either by goodness or badness suggestive, there are "three courses" open to him. He may *characterize* it in a few sentences; but half-a-dozen lines, even if they are bright and exhaustive in their way, are not a review—are not, in fact, what is wanted of a journalist. Or he may make it a topic, and produce an article as long as a small book. This, again, however good, is not what is wanted of a journalist. The third course, to write a column or two about a book that has no particular life in it, is the arduous one. And arduous indeed it is.

There was another difficulty which stood in my way as a journalist. There is a class of article for which there is always a demand. I mean the kind of article which teaches one half of the world how the other half lives. I hope literary beginners who may read these lines will take notice of that. For this kind of writing I had some qualifications—quickness of eye, a tenacious memory of detail, and a lively sense of fun; but then I could not knock about and come up to time. A day in Spitalfields would make me ill. There was a case in which, under unusually favourable conditions, I had to refuse a task of this kind. The kind and discerning friend who proposed it I met by exposing my own unfitness in the matter of knocking about, and I said, "Mr. So-and-so is your man; he will do it better than I shall in many respects." My friend answered, "No, not in every respect; he will not put into it the feeling that you will." In spite of this encouragement I declined the work, and for the soundest reasons. But any beginner who can do writing of this description, with plenty of detail—and without inter-

spaces of meditation, such as would come down by main force upon my pen—may make sure of earning money by literature.

The practical upshot of most of the foregoing memoranda is this: It so happened that I usually got into print when I desired it: that my very first article "professionally" written was printed in good company; and that I had few difficulties outside of my own personal peculiarities. But how was this? Just thus (shade of Artemus Ward!): I had for years made the working literature of the day a study; knew the things that tended to exclude a man's writing from magazines and newspapers, and the special points that I had to guard against. Is there anything wrong in suggesting that not one in a thousand of the class called "literary aspirants" has ever made the working literature of the hour a systematic study?

The articles, like the books, of the class called literary aspirants are usually rejected, even when they have merit, upon what may be termed points of literary form. This paragraph is good, and *that* is good, and this other is really fine; but the whole thing wants licking into shape. Thus, an editor or reviewer of experience and vision can almost certainly tell amateur work at a glance. See some interesting remarks by Mr. Herman Merivale in a recent "Junius" paper in the *Cornhill* upon the ease with which literary work is recognized as that of a practised pen. We are sometimes told—and thousands of "aspirants" think with bitterness—that the distinction between the amateur and the practised writer is idle, because everybody is an amateur to begin with. But I have shown that this is not true. In spite of long practice in the use of the pen, I made working literature a deliberate study, and others have done the same; that is, they have not relied on mere aptitude. "Look," says the writer of a formless novel, "look at 'Jane Eyre!'" Well, by all means look at "Jane Eyre;" you can hardly look at a more instructive case. Currer Bell did not succeed as an amateur; she had been a hard student of the conditions of success, and she attended to them so far as her knowledge went, and so far as she desired to use them. Of literary ambition proper she had none, nor—if I may speak of myself in the same sentence—have I. But whatever one's motive or impulse may be in writing, he must pay some attention to matters of literary form, and he must comply with such of them as have a just and natural foundation. He is, in fact, as much bound to comply with these as he is bound *not* to comply with those which demand some sacrifice of truthfulness, self-respect, and clearness of conscience.

Paradoxical as some may think it, the chief hindrance to honest literary success is literary vainglory to begin with. This involves splash, false fire, chaotic "out-lay" (to use a surveyor's phrase) of the work, and foolish and exaggerated ideas of the "success" within reach. There was a one-volume novel published a year or two ago, in which a young journalist, whose suit had been rejected by a young lady's "'aughty" mother, and who is under a cloud for a time, makes money at a rate which must have set every journalist in England laughing, and then suddenly blazes out in the society of dukes and cabinet ministers because he has written a crushing exposure in a daily paper of the probable working of "clause 5" of a certain bill. This particular book was a very innocent one, and no more vainglorious than Currer Bell's notions of the Duke of Wellington.

In that specimen sheet of her handwriting given by Mrs. Gaskell in the memoir, she shows us the duke at the war-office, putting on his hat at five minutes to four, telling the clerks that they might go, and scattering "largess" among the clerks with a liberal hand as he takes his leave for the day. *Sancta simplicitas!* we cry; and there is an end. But every writing man knows that "aspirants," as a class, are eaten up with vainglory. They want distinction and the run of the pleasures of a "literary" life as they apprehend them. They have visions of the tenth thousand, and flaming reviews, and gorgeous society. I see with infinite amusement the ideas some people have of the sort of life I lead. They think—they almost tell me so in words—that I have always got my pocket full of orders for the theatre; that I can button-hole anybody I please; that I go to the queen's garden-parties; that I sit with a halo round my head in gilded saloons, saying, or hearing said, brilliant *mots;* that I drink champagne with actresses behind the scenes; and that, if they offend me, I shall at once put them in *Punch* or the *Times.* I have also been told—almost point-blank in some cases—that it was only my jealousy and desire to "keep others down" that prevented my procuring immediate admission into periodicals for articles submitted to me by A. or B., which were perhaps of the silliest and most despicable quality. I have had this said or hinted to my face, or behind my back, about articles that were utterly unprintable, at times when my own papers had been waiting months—

three, six, or eight months—for insertion in places where I had what is called "interest." People who have—who are *capable* of having—notions of this kind I would certainly do my best to keep out of literature; not, however, from "jealousy," but because they are morally unfit for it.

This opens the way for a word or two which I promised upon "cliqueism." That literary men, like other people, form knots and groups, is a matter of course; and "what for no?" That there must be partiality and some degree of exclusiveness in these, is certain. That there are quarrels I am sure, for I hear of them, and discern their consequences. But so there are everywhere. In some hole-and-corner connections there may be jealousy and exclusiveness founded on money reasons. But, personally, I have never once come into collision with anything of the kind. As a hindrance to "aspirants," I do not believe such a thing exists. The chief deterring or exclusive influence I have ever suffered from has been that of a kindness so much in excess of my capacity to make fair returns, that I have flinched from accepting it. Literary men, as I know them, come nearer to Wieland's Cosmopolites ("Die Abderiten") than any other class.

If anybody thinks there is too much of what is called "egotism" in these notes, I disagree with him. It is a pity I have not had the moral courage to be more "egotistic" still, and I wish other people would set me the example. This is a world in which you cannot wear your heart upon your sleeve; but it is for a base and disgusting reason—namely, that there are so many daws and other unclean birds about. It was not my intention to append my signature, but the editor did it, and his judgment in such a matter is better than mine.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

LOUGHRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little lake,
Whose banks in unprofaned Nature sleep,
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed) O surely blest
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid Moon. Lov'st thou to sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around, thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,
While, all around, the water-lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like Spring's own voice now rippling round the Tarn.
There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying, like azure streaks of placid sky
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling lake
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd
My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
And thither lead; partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
But now, thy mild and gentle character,
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
In one high moment of inspired bliss,
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
And hears a music in the breath of man,
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,

Devoutly blending in his happy soul
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon mountain-
side,
Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
Appears to me a paradise preserved
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath
Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to heaven,
In its straight silence holy as a spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.
Thy sanctity
Time yet hath reverenced; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod up by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may the poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dies,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead me here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
To all who worship Nature, that the hours,
Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
Possess a sacred, silent, dwelling-place,
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
And startles oft the virtuous, with a show
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet lake!
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow
Between us interposed. And even now,
When yon bright star hath risen to warn me home,
I bid thee farewell in the certain hope
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart;
Who blessing, at its close, the unknown bard
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
Frame visions of his own, and other songs
More beautiful to Nature and to Thee!

JOHN WILSON.

"BUY A BROOM?"

[Thomas Aird, born at Bowden, Roxburghshire, 28th August, 1802; died at Castlebank, Dumfries, 26th April, 1876. He early distinguished himself as a poet, and his collected poetical works reached the fourth edition in 1863. *The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck* was one of his most popular productions; but his realistic painting of the varying aspects of nature are quite as powerful, although not so startling. As a tale-writer he also won high reputation in the days of Scott, Wilson, and Galt. Many of his compositions first appeared in *Blackwood*. He was some time editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and he was subsequently appointed editor of the *Dumfries Herald*, which post he held for twenty-eight years. He retired from active labour in 1863, and enjoyed twelve years of well-earned leisure. Of his prose works the chief are —*The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*, a volume of tales and sketches, and a biography of D. M. Moir, prefixed to an edition of the latter's poems. The following tale, on its first appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine*, became exceedingly popular, and dramatic versions of it were produced in London and Edinburgh.]

CHAPTER I.

One beautiful afternooon, about the beginning of the barley and wheat harvest, young Frederick Hume arose from his desk, where, for several hours, he had been plodding at his studies, and, to unbend himself a little, went to his window, which commanded a view of the neighbouring village of Holydean. A stillness almost like that of the Sabbath reigned over the hamlet, for the busy season had called the youngsters forth to the field, the sunburned sickleman and his fair partner. Boys and girls were away to glean: and none were left but a few young children who were playing quietly on the green; two or three ancient grandames who sat spinning at their doors in the rich sunlight; and here and there a happy young mother, exempted by the duties of nurse from the harvest toils. A single frail octogenarian, who, in hobbling to the almost deserted smithy, had paused, with the curiosity of age, to look long beneath his upraised arm after the stranger horseman, who was just going out of sight at the extremity of the village, completed the picture of still and quiet life which our student was now contemplating. After raising the window, and setting open the door to win into his little apartment the liquid coolness which was nestling among the green fibrous leaves around the casement, he had resumed his station and was again looking towards the village, when, hearing a light foot approach the door of his study, he turned round, and a young

female stranger was before him. On seeing him she paused at the threshold, made a sort of reverence, and seemed willing to retire. From her dark complexion, her peculiar dress, especially the head-gear, which consisted merely of a spotted handkerchief wound round her black locks, Hume guessed at once that she was a foreigner; and he was confirmed in this supposition when, on his advancing and asking, "What do you wish, my good girl?" she held forward a light broom, and said, in the quick short pronunciation of a foreigner, "Buy a broom?"—"Pray what is the use of it, my good lass?" said Frederick, in that mood in which a man, conscious that he has finished a dry lesson to some purpose, is very ready to indulge in a little badinage and light banter. "For beard-shaving," answered the girl quizzically, and stroking his chin once or twice with her broom, as if with a shaving-brush. It might be she was conscious that he was not exactly the person to buy her broom: or perhaps she assumed this light mood for a moment, and gave way to the frank and natural feeling of youth, which by a fine free-masonry knows and answers to youth, despite of differences in language and manners,—despite of everything. "Most literally an *argumentum ad hominem*, to make me buy," said the scholar; "so what is the price, fair stranger?" "No, no," said the girl, in quick reaction from her playful mood, whilst a tear started in her dark lustrous eye, "but they bid me come: they say you are a doctor: and if you will be kind and follow me to my poor brother, you shall have many brooms."

On inquiring distinctly what the girl meant, our student was given to understand, that her only brother, who had come with her as a harper to this country, had fallen sick at a gentleman's house about a mile off, and that she, on learning Mr. Frederick Hume was the only person within many miles who could pretend to medical skill, had come herself to take him to her poor Antonio. After learning farther the symptoms of the lad's illness, the young surgeon took his lancets and some simple medicine, and readily followed the girl, who led the way to a neat villa, which, as Frederick had heard, was the residence of an Italian gentleman of the name of Romelli. He had been an officer in the French service, and had come to this country with other prisoners; but instead of returning home on an exchange being made, he chose to continue in Scotland with his only daughter, who had come over to him from Italy, and who, Frederick had heard, was a young lady of surpassing beauty. Following his conductress to Romelli's house, Hume was shown into a room, where, reclining upon a sofa, was a boy, apparently about sixteen years of age, the features of whose pale face instantly testified him to be brother to the maid with the broom. He was ministered to by a young and most beautiful damsel, Signora Romelli herself, the daughter of the house, who seemed to be watching him with the softest care. At the head of the sofa stood the harp of the wandering boy. "I presumed, sir," said the lovely hostess, turning to Hume, "to hint that perhaps you might easily be found, and that certainly you would be very willing to take a little trouble in such a case as this. The affectionate sister has not been long in bringing you." "If the cause of humanity may be enforced by such kind and beautiful advocacy," returned Frederick, bowing, "the poor skill which you have thus honoured, young lady, is doubly bound, if necessary, to be most attentive in this instance.—What is the matter with you, my little fellow?" continued he, advancing to the patient. "Nothing," was the boy's answer: and immediately he rose up and went to the window, from which he gazed, heedless of every one in the apartment. "I am afraid the boy is still very unwell," said Signora Romelli; "only look how pale he is, sir."

Hume first looked to the boy's sister, to assure himself what was the natural healthy hue of these swarthy strangers; then turning to the boy himself, he could not but observe how much the dead yellow of his face differed from the life-bloom which glowed in her dark brown cheek. His eye at the same time burned with arrowy tips of restless lustre, such as are kindled by hectic fever. He resisted, however, all advances on the part of our surgeon to inquire farther into his state of health, impatiently declaring that he was now quite well; then resuming his harp, and taking his sister by the hand, he seemed in haste to be gone. "My father is not at home," said the young lady of the house to Hume; "nevertheless they must abide here all night, for I can easily see that boy is unable to travel farther this evening: and besides they are of my own native country. Use your prerogative, sir, and don't let him go."

In spite of the surgeon's persuasions, however, and heedless of Signora Romelli and his sister, who joined in the remonstrance against his departure, the boy would be gone, even though at the same time he declared there was no place elsewhere where he wished particularly to be. "He is a capricious boy, to reject your excellent kindness, Miss Romelli," said

Frederick; "and I doubt not he will treat, in the same way, a proposal I have to make. With your leave, young lady, I shall try to win him, with his sister, to our house all night, lest he grow worse and need medical aid." From the unhappy appearance of the young musician, this proposal seemed so good, that it was readily acquiesced in by his sister, and by the kind lady of the house, provided the boy himself could be brought to accede to it, which, to their joyful surprise, he most readily did, so soon as it was signified to him. "With your permission, Miss Romelli," said Frederick, as he was about to depart, "I shall do justice to your benevolence, and walk down to-morrow forenoon to tell you how the poor lad is."

At this the fair Signora might, or might not, slightly blush, as the thing struck her, or the tone in which the offer was made gave warrant. She did for a moment blush; but of course her answer was given very generally, "that she would be most happy to hear her young countryman was quite well on the morrow."

The affectionate sister gratefully kissed the hand of her kind hostess. As for the boy himself, with a look half of anger he took the former by the hand and drew her hastily away, as if he grudged the expression of her gratitude. He had not moved, however, many paces forward, till, quitting his sister's hand, he turned, and taking Signora Romelli's, he kissed it fervently, with tears, and at the same time bade the Virgin Mother of Heaven bless her.

Struck with the remarkable manner of this boy, our student tried to engage him in conversation by the way, but he found him shy and taciturn in the extreme; and as he had already shown himself capricious, he now evinced an equal obstinacy in refusing to allow either of his companions to carry his harp, which being somewhat large, seemed not well proportioned to the condition of the bearer, who, besides being manifestly unwell, was also of a light small make. From the sister, who seemed of a frank and obliging temper, Frederick learned some particulars of their earlier history and present mode of life. Her name, she said, was Charlotte Cardo, and her brother's Antonio Cardo. They were twins, and the only surviving children of a clergyman in Italy, who had been dead for two years. Their mother died a few hours after giving them birth. "After the loss of our father," added the maiden, "we had no one to care much for us; yet I would have dwelt all the days of my life near their beloved graves, had not my brother, who is of a restless and unhappy temperament, resolved to wander in this country. How could I stay alone? How could I let him go alone? So a harp was bought for him; and now every day, from village to village, and up and down among the pleasant cots, he plays to the kind folk, and I follow him with my brooms. We have been a year in this country, and I know not when we shall return home, for Antonio says he cannot yet tell me." Hume having expressed his surprise that she could talk English so well on such a short residence in this country, she explained, by informing him, that both her brother and herself had been taught the language so carefully by their father, that they could talk it pretty fluently before they left Italy. During the brief narrative of his sister, the boy, Antonio, kept his eye intensely upon her, as if ready to check every point of explanation; but Charlotte ended her short statement without any expressed interruption on his part, and again his eye became self-contained and indifferent.

The next expression of the boy's character was no less singular and unexpected. On observing a company of reapers, in a field by the way-side, taking their brief mid-afternoon rest, he advanced to the gate, opposite which, at a little distance, they were seated, and, unslinging his harp, began to play, filling up the sweetly dotted outline of the instrumental music with his own low but rich vocal song. After the first preamble, he nodded to his sister, and instantly her loud and thrilling voice turned magnificently into the same strain. On first view of the musician and his party, the rude young swains of the field, for favour, no doubt, in their mistresses' eyes, began to play off their rough wit; but in another minute these bolts were forgotten, and the loud daffing of the whole company was completely hushed. At first the song was grave and lofty, but by degrees it began to kindle into a more airy strain, till, as it waxed fast and mirthful, the harvest maids began to look knowingly to their partners, who, taking the hint, sprang to their feet, hauled up their sweet abettors, were mated in a moment, and commenced a dance among the stubble, so brisk, that the tall harvest of spiky wheat, standing by, rustled and nodded to them on its golden rods. Aged gleaners stood up from their bowing task, and listened to the sweet music, while the young came running from all parts of the field, and, throwing down their handfuls, began madly to caper and to mix with the more regular dance. The old gray bandsters, as they stood rubbing in their hands ears of the fine grain, smiled as much under the general sympathy, as from a consciousness of their own superior wisdom

above such follies. Even the overseer himself, who stood back, silently, was, for a minute, not scandalized at such proceedings, which were converting a time of repose for his weary labourers into mad exertions, which went positively to unfit them for the remaining darg of the day. Consideration, remonstrance, anger, were, however, soon mantling on his face, and he came forward; but he was anticipated, for the principal minstrel, who, with something like a smile on his countenance, had seen at first the quick influence of his music on the swink't labourers of the sweltering day, had gradually grown dark and severe in his look, and now stopped his song all at once, he refitted his harp to his shoulder and walked away without looking for guerdon, and heedless of the rustic swains, who shouted after him and waved their rye-straw hats.

With the greatest good-humour our young surgeon had indulged, to the very top of their bent, this musical frolic of the two foreigners, sitting down by the wayside till it was fairly over, and now he resumed his way with them. Antonio was silent and shy as before; but the manner in which he looked round him over the beautiful country, showed that his spirit was touched with its glad scenes. All the western sky was like an inflamed sea of glass, where the sun was tracking it with his fervid and unallayed wheels. Beneath his golden light lay the glad lands, from right to left white all over with harvest; thousands were plying in the fields; sickles were seen glinting on the far yellow uplands, and nearer were heard the reapers' song, and the gleaners calling to each other to lay down their handfuls in the furrows.

The road now led our party by an orchard where boys were up in the trees shaking down the fruit. The little fellows, all joyous in their vacation from study, were tugging with might and main at and among the clefted branches; their sisters below gathered the apples in baskets, whilst the happy father, walking about with his lady, decided their appeals as to the comparative beauty of individual apples. Allured by the sound of the fruit hopping on the ground two or three stray waifs had left off their gleanings in a neighbouring field; and the ragged little urchins were down on their hands and knees, thrusting their heads through holes in the hedge which separated the orchard from the road. One of them having been caught behind the ear by the stump of a thorn, found it impossible to draw back his head, and in this predicament he had to bawl for assistance. This drew the attention of the lady; and, after the rogue had been released, the whole party were summoned to the gate, and blessed with a share of the bounties of the year, which the kind lady dispensed to them through means of her own dear little almoners. Whether it was that he liked the benevolence of this scene, or whether he was reminded of his own beautiful Italy, or from whatever other affection, the young harper again took his harp, and waked those wild and dipping touches, which seem more like a sweet preamble than a full strain. He again accompanied it with his voice, and his sister did the same. The young girls laid down their baskets of fruit, and drew to the gate; the trees had rest for a while from shaking, while the fair-haired boys, with faces flushed and glowing from their autumnal exercise, looked out in wonder from between the clefts of the boughs. When the song ceased, the lady offered money, but neither of the minstrels would accept it. On the contrary, Antonio took his sister by the hand, and hurried her away from the gate, ere one of the children could bring the basket of fruit for which she had run, to give a largesse from it to the strangers. Frederick, after talking a few minutes to the lady and gentleman, and telling them how he had fallen in with the foreigners, followed and overtook his companions, just as they had come in sight of Greenwells Cottage, where he resided. "So there is our house now, just beyond the village," said Frederick, advancing to them. "The lady with whom I live will be very kind to you; and you must stay with her for a few days, and give her music, which she loves. What say you, pretty Charlotte?" Antonio here stepped forward between his sister and Hume, and said, with quick emphasis, "I will go with you, sir, and I shall let Charlotte follow me."

On arriving at the cottage, Frederick introduced the strangers to his relative, Mrs. Mather, with whom he resided, and who, on learning their circumstances, kindly received them as her guests. They would have taken their departure next day, but in this they were resisted by the charitable old lady, who farther won from them the promise that they would stay with her for at least a week. Ere the expiry of that time, whether from the caprice or benevolence of her nature, or from her especial liking for Charlotte, who had gained rapidly upon her affections, Mrs. Mather had conceived the design of adopting the two Italians, and preparing them for situations worthy of their good descent; and she was confirmed in her purpose when, on breaking the matter to Frederick Hume, it met with his entire concurrence. The next step was to gain

the consent of Antonio, which might be no easy matter, as he seemed a strange and impracticable boy; but, somewhat to the surprise of Frederick, no sooner was the proposal made to him, than he heartily acceded to it. As for his sister, independent of her dislike to a wandering life, and her growing attachment to Mrs. Mather, her brother's will was, in all cases, her law. It was then settled that Charlotte should be confidential maid to the old lady, to read to her at night, and assist her in making dresses for the poor, among whom she had a number of retainers; while Antonio should be sent to the Rev. Mr. Baillie's, a clergyman, a few miles off, to board with him, and finish his education, which had been neglected since his father's death, that so he might be fitted for a liberal profession. Proud though Mrs. Mather was of this scheme, her self-complacency was not without one qualification, in the cold and doubtful manner in which Miss Pearce nodded to the old lady's statement and explanation of her plan. As this woman, Miss Pearce, had it in her power, ere long, grievously to affect the fortunes of young Hume, we shall notice her here a little fully. She was the only daughter of a half-pay captain, whose death left her with a trifling annuity, and the proprietorship of a small house in the village of Holydean. After the death of her husband, a wealthy retired merchant, who had spent the last years of his life at Greenwells, Mrs. Mather, having no family, began to cast about for a companion, and Miss Pearce was soon found out to be one of those indispensable parasitical maidens whom old ladies like Mrs. Mather impress into active service, in the seasons of raspberries, and the elder-vintages;—hold long consultations with on the eve of entertainments;—retain as their own especial butt in company, and a fag partner at whist when a better fourth hand is wanting;—appeal to in case of a (shall we name it?) lie, when there is danger of detection;—cherish and moralize with when the party is over;—and finally would not dismiss, though one were to rise from the dead and cry out against the parasite. In addition to these implied qualifications, the amiable creature was a monopolist in ailments; and, of course, careless about the complaints of others, of which, indeed, when within reach of Mrs. Mather's sympathy, she seemed to be jealous. In her person she was lean and scraggy, with a hard brown face, kiln-dried by nervous headaches. Her figure was very straight, and she was elastic in her motions as whalebone or hickory, and might have been cut with advantage into tapes for tying up bundles of her favourite tracts, or sinewy bowstrings for Cupid, for his arrows, not to be shot *at*, but to be shot *from*. We need scarcely add, after all this, that her nose was very long, and so sharp it might have cleft a hailstone. When Frederick Hume was thrown a helpless orphan on the world, and Mrs. Mather, who was a distant relative of his mother's, proposed to take him to herself and bring him up as if he were her own son, Miss Pearce, though she could not set her face directly against such a charitable arrangement, yet laboured to modify it by a counter-proposition, that the boy should be provided for, but by no means brought to the cottage. She was then, however, but in the spring-dawn of favour with her patroness, and her opinion being overruled, the boy was brought home to Mrs. Mather, and daily grew in her affections. During his childhood, Miss Pearce advanced steadily in favour, and she was too jealous of divided influence, and too jesuitical in her perseverance, not to improve every opportunity of challenging and modifying the growing affection of Mrs. Mather for her adopted son, whose bold and frank nature was endearing him to every one. When this would not do, she began to change her battery, and tried by a new show of kindness, to make a party in the young élève himself, whom yet she thoroughly hated. Whether it was, however, that he knew her enmity, and never forgave her for having once or twice secretly and severely pricked him with pins; or whether, with the quick instinct of childhood, which knows in a moment, and despises, the kind notice bestowed upon it for the sake of currying favour with parents, he virtually set down Pearce's new attentions to such a motive; certain it is, if he did not positively hate her, he never once stroked her purring vanity; and she, on the other hand, was, from his indifference, confirmed in her dislike. As Frederick grew up, he had many opportunities of shaking Miss Pearce's influence with her patroness; but, as he thought her despicable merely, and not dangerous, he was too magnanimous to molest her. In that scheme of life to which the heart has long responded, what was at first a jarring element hath become a constituent part of the general sympathy; and from this it might be that Hume not only continued to endure Miss Pearce, but even loved her with the affection of habit.

One might have supposed, that ere the time to which our narrative now refers, Miss Pearce would have been tired of intrigue, and would have seen the folly of being jealous in the favour which she had proved exactly, and from which she knew so little was ever to be gained

or lost; but a Jesuit would be a Jesuit still, were the Church of Rome utterly annihilated, and petty intrigue merely for its own sake, and little selfish arrangements of circumstances, although nothing was to be gained, constituted the very breath of Miss Pearce's nostrils; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that, when Mrs. Mather stated her design of adopting the two Italians, as above mentioned, she heard it with that umph, and nod, which express—not that a thing has been assented to—but merely that it has been literally and distinctly heard. Her objections were entered under a masked battery. She began by praising Mrs. Mather's unbounded benevolence of heart. She hoped they would be grateful; they could not be too grateful; nay, they could never be grateful enough. She allowed the conversation to take a general turn, then tried to control it gradually to her purpose, and found an opportunity of relating, as if incidentally, how a certain lady, whom once she knew, had been ruined by a foreign protégée whom she had unwisely cherished. She touched upon swindling, vagrants, and obscurely alluded to legislature, and the alien act. Notwithstanding all such hints, however, the thing was settled in the affirmative; the boy Antonio was sent to stay with Mr. Baillie, and Charlotte commenced work under the immediate auspices of her new patroness. The regularity and certainty of her new mode of life, soon subdued the roving qualities which her character might have slightly acquired, and which quickly gave a corresponding wildness to the features. Her dark and comely beauty remained quick and expressive, but it was sobered under the accompaniments of an English dress, and tamed by the meek offices of our country's excellent morality. Her eye was still drunk with light as when morning comes upon the streams, but it waited and took commands from the looks of her mild hostess. The footstep of the reclaimed wanderer might still be light and airy, but now she went about the house softly, under an excellent ministry. In health she became Mrs. Mather's delight, and still more so when the infirmities of the good old lady required delicate attentions. Like the glorious Una of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, the kind eyes of this beautiful Italian, even amidst affliction, "made a light in a shady place."

Frederick Hume forgot not his promise to wait upon Signora Romelli, and inform her, that his minstrel-patient was quite well on the morning after the day when he was ill in her house. At the same time, he presented a card from Mrs. Mather, requesting a mutual acquaintanceship. A friendly intercourse grew up accordingly, and, ere the fall of the season, Signor Romelli and his daughter were at least once every week at Greenwells Cottage, to the huge dismay of Miss Pearce, but the delight of our young surgeon, who began most deeply to love the beautiful Julia Romelli. She was taller and fairer than the maid Cardo: her locks were nut-brown: her eye was a rich compromise betwixt the raven and the blue dove, a deep violet,

> ———"like Pandora's eye,
> When first it darken'd with immortal life."

She was quick, capricious, and proud; bold in her pouting displeasure, which was like a glancing day of sunshine and stormy showers: but then she was ardent in her friendships, and very benevolent; ready, withal, nay in haste, to confess her faults, in which case her *amende honorable*, and her prayer for pardon, were perfectly irresistible. A heart of her ambition, and so difficult to be won, insensibly exalted her in the eyes of the dashing and manly Frederick; who, without any ostensible calculation of selfish vanity, loved her the more deeply, that she was a conquest worthy of boldest youth. Notwithstanding her superior qualifications, and the ardour of his suit, we infer that the fair Julia kept shy and aloof, and at the same time that her lover was only the more deeply determined to make her his, from the circumstance that, in a few months, he had condescended to calculate how he stood in her father's affections, and was studious to accommodate himself to the manner of the signor, who was grave in his deportment, and almost saturnine, seldom moved to smiles, and never to laughter; and who, though he could talk fluently, and with eloquence, seemed, in general, to wear some severe constraint upon his spirit.

Chapter II.

Things were in this state when the winter session came round, which called Frederick to Edinburgh, to prosecute his studies. The summer following he continued in town studying botany; and after making a tour through the Highlands, it was about the middle of autumn ere he returned to Greenwells Cottage.

He found Charlotte Cardo improved in beauty and accomplishments, and advanced in favour with every one who knew her; even Miss Pearce herself condescended to patronize her publicly and privately. But what pleased him most of all, was to find that Julia Romelli was still a frequent visitor at the cottage. The season of

harvest, too, had given a vacation to Mr. Baillie's scholars, and Antonio Cardo was now at home beside his sister; and the harp and the song of the Italian twins were not forgotten when the sweet gloaming came on. Deeply occupied in spirit as Hume was with thoughts of his fair and shy signora, he was yet constrained to attend to the abrupt and strange manifestation of Antonio's character, which broke forth, from time to time, mocking the grave tenor of his ordinary behaviour. According to his reverend tutor's statement, he had been a very diligent scholar; and he testified it thus far, that he talked English with great force and propriety. With the boys of his own age he had consorted little, and seemed to take no delight in conversing with any one, though now and then he would talk a few minutes to the old men of the village, and sometimes to the children. He was now equally taciturn at Mrs. Mather's; but occasionally he broke forth, expressing himself in rapid and earnest eloquence, and showing a wonderful power of illustrating any point. From his manner altogether towards Miss Romelli, his devoted attentions at one time, and at another his proud shyness—and from his dignified refusal, often, to play on the harp when Hume wished to dance with that lady—Frederick could not but guess that he was a rival candidate for Julia's love. But the most striking and unaccountable demonstration of the boy's character, was the visible paleness which came over his face, the current—the restless flow—of his small features, and the impatience of his attitudes, now shrinking, now swelling into bold and almost threatening pantomime, whenever Signor Romelli came near him. Visibly, too, he was often seen to start when he heard his countryman's deep voice: he spoke to Romelli always with an eloquent *empressement* in his tone, as if his thoughts were crowding with his crowding blood: he looked him eagerly in the face: he often went round about him like an anxious dog.

One night Romelli, more open and talkative than usual, had told two or three stories of the sea, when Antonio, who had listened, with a sharp face, and his whole spirit peering from his eyes, came forward, and sitting down on the carpet before his countryman, looked up in his face, and said, "I will now tell you a legend of the sea, Captain Romelli."

CARDO'S LEGEND.

"A rude captain in the South Seas had murdered his mate, an excellent youth, for pretended disobedience of orders; and for this crime God sent the black-winged overtaking tempest, which beat his ship to pieces, and he was cast alone upon a desert island. It was night when he recovered from his drenched dream, and sat down on a green bank above the sea-marge, to reflect on his situation. The storm-racks had fled away: the moon came peering round above the world of seas, and up through the cold clear wilderness of heaven: the dark tree-tops of the forest, which grew down to the very sands, waved in the silver night. But neither this beauty after the tempest, which should have touched his heart with grateful hope, nor the sense of his deliverance, nor yet the subduing influence of hunger, could soften that mariner's soul; but he sat till morning, unrepentant of his murder, fortifying himself in injustice, hardening his heart, kicking against the pricks. About sunrise he climbed up into a high tree, to look around him. The island, so far as he could see on all sides, seemed one wild and fenceless forest; but there was a high hill, swathed in golden sunlight, perhaps three or four miles inland, which, if he could reach and climb it, would give him a wide prospect, and perhaps show him some inhabited district. To make for this hill, he descended from the tree, and struck into the woods, studious to pursue the straight line of route which he laid down for himself, in order to reach the mountain.

"The forest was full of enormous trees, of old prodigious growth, bursting into wild gums, and rough all over with parasitical plants and fungi of every colour, like monstrous livers; whilst up and down the trunks ran strange painted birds, pecking into the bark with their hard bills, and dotting the still air with their multitudinous little blows. Deeper from the engulfed navel of the wood came the solitary cries of more sequestered birds. Onward went the wicked captain, slowly, and with little caution, because he never doubted that he should easily find the mountain; but rough and impervious thickets turned him so oft, and so far aside, that gradually he forgot his proposed track, and became quite bewildered. In this perplexity, he again climbed a high tree, to discover the bearing of the hill; but it was no longer to be seen. Nothing was before him and around him but a boundless expanse of tree-tops, which, under a sky now darkened to a twilight, began to moan and surge like a sea. Descending in haste, he tried to retrace his steps; but this it was out of his power distinctly to do; and he only went deeper into the wood, which began to slope downwards perceptibly. Darkness, in the meantime, thickened among the trees, which were seen standing far *ben*,

as in a dream, crooked in their trunks, like the bodies of old men, and altogether unlike the trees of an upper world. Everything was ominously still, till all at once the millions of leaves were shaken, as if with small eddying bubbles of wind. Forthwith came the tempest. The jagged lightning lanced the forest-gulfs with its swift and perilous beauty; whilst overhead the thunder was crushed and jammed through the broken heavens, making the living beams of the forest to quiver like reeds. Whether real or imaginary, the wicked captain thought that he heard, at the same time, the roar of wild beasts, and saw the darkness spotted with their fiery eyes; and to save himself from them, he climbed up into a tree, and sat in its mossy clefts. As the storm above and beneath ranged away, and again drew nearer and nearer, with awful alternations, the heart of the wicked captain began to whirl within him, tugged at by immediate horrors, and the sense of ultimate consequences, from his helpless situation. In his agony, he twisted himself from branch to branch, like a monkey, braiding his legs, and making rings with his arms; at the same time crying out about his crime, and babbling a sort of delirious repentance. In a moment the tempest was overblown, and everything hushed, as if the heavens wished to listen to his contrition. But it was no contrition: nothing but an intoxicated incontinence,—a jumble of fear and blasphemy: such a babbling as a man might make if he were drunk with the devil's tears, gathered, as they came glittering like mineral drops down the murky rocks of damnation, in bottles made of the tough hearts of old vindictive queens.—Holy Mother! Do you hear me, Signor Romelli? By the Holy Mother of Grace! you and I, signor, think he ought to have repented sincerely, do we not?—Well, what next? God does not despise any working of the sinner's heart, when allied, even most remotely, to repentance: and because the wicked captain had felt the first tearings of remorseful fear, God sent to him, from the white land of sinless children, the young little Cherub of Pity. And when the wicked captain lifted up his eyes and looked into the forest, he saw far off, as at the end of a long vista, the radiant child coming on in naked light; and, drawing near, the young Being whispered to him, that he would lead him from the forest, and bring a ship for him, if he would go home, and on his knees confess his crime to the aged parents of the youth whom he had murdered, and be to them as a son, for the only son whom they had lost. The wicked captain readily vowed to perform these conditions, and so the Babe of Pity led him from the forest, and, taking him to a high promontory above the sea-shore, bade him look to the sea:—and the promised ship was seen hanging like a patch of sunshine on the far blue rim of the waters. As she came on and came near, the heart of the wicked captain was again hardened within him, and he determined not to perform his vow.

"'Your heart has again waxed obdurate,' said the figure, who still lived before him like a little white dial in the sun; 'and I shall now turn the ship away, for I have her helm in my hand. Look now, and tell me what thou seest in the sea.' The wicked captain looked for the ship, but she had melted away from off the waters; and when he turned, in his blind fury, to lay hold on the White Babe, it was vanished too.

"'Come back to me, thou imp,' cried the hungry blasphemer, whilst his face waxed grim with wild passions, 'or I will hurl this dagger at the face of the Almighty.' So saying, he drew a sharp clear dagger from his side, and pointing it upwards, threw it with all his might against the sky. It was now the calm and breathless noontide, and when this impious dagger was thrown up, not a breeze was stirring in the forest skirts or on beaked promontory; but ere it fell, a whirling spiral blast of wind came down from the mid-sky, and, catching the dagger, took it away glittering up into the blue bosom of heaven. Struck with a new horror, despite of his hardened heart, the wicked captain stood looking up to heaven after his dagger, when there fell upon his face five great drops of blood, as if from the five wounds of Christ. And in the same minute, as he was trying to wipe away this Baptism of Wrath, he reeled and fell from the lofty promontory where he stood into the sea, into the arms of the youth whom he had murdered and thrown overboard, and whose corpse had been brought hither by the tides and the wandering winds. So the wicked Captain sunk for ever in the waters."

"Now, Signor Romelli," said the boy Antonio, after a brief pause, "what do you think of my legend?"

Ere an answer could be returned, a broad sheet of lightning flashed in at the window (for the sky all day had been thunderous and warm), and instantly it was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, which doubly startled the whole company sitting in the twilight room.

"Get up, foolish boy," said Romelli, his deep voice a little tremulous, whilst at the same time he struck Antonio gently with his foot. Not more quickly did the disguised Prince of Evil, as represented by Milton, start up into his proper shape at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, than did the young Italian spring up at the touch of Romelli's foot. His very stature seemed dilated, and his pantomime was angry and threatening, as for a moment he bent towards the signor; but its dangerous outline was softened by the darkness, so that it was not distinctly observed; and next moment the youth drew back with this remark—"By Jove, captain, there was a flash from the very South Sea island in question! what a coincidence! what a demonstration was there! and oh! what a glorious mirror-plate might be cut from that sheet of fire, for the murderer to see himself in. Thank God, none of us have been in the South Seas, like the wicked captain in the legend."

There was no further reply to this, and Signor Romelli was silent and unusually pale during the remainder of the evening. After waiting one hour, during which there followed no more thunder and lightning, and then a second hour till the moon was up, he arose with his daughter and went home.

Chapter III.

Again the season came round which called Frederick Hume to town for another session, to finish his medical studies, and get his degree as a physician; and once more he prepared to take a tender leave of his Julia, whom he loved more than fame or life. Overcome by his deep passion, he confessed it all to the maiden; and when he caught her trembling at his declaration, how could she explain her emotion otherwise than by confessing, despite of her pride, that their love was mutual? or answer for it better than by pledging her troth for ever, in return for his vow of constancy?

About Christmas, Antonio Cardo came from Mr. Baillie's to spend a few holidays at Greenwells Cottage. One night Signora Romelli gravely assumed the character of a prophetic improvisatrice, and told the future fortunes of Mrs. Mather's household. "And now," said she to Antonio, "come forward, young harper; you look there for all the world as if you were about to be set down for a murderer." The boy started and went out, but in a few minutes he returned, and, flinging himself on his knees before Miss Romelli, he prayed her, for the love of Heaven, to reserve her ungentle prophecy. "Up, foolish boy," said Julia, "why, you look indeed as if your conscience were fairly measured; as if the red cap fitted you. Well, Antonio, you are either waggish or simple to an uncommon stretch." The boy rose with a groan, and Julia's father entering the room at this moment, he took up a small knife from the table, and shaking it at the Signor Captain, said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Your foolish daughter, sir, says that I am to be a murderer." On no answer being returned, he bit the handle of the knife for a moment, and then laid it down.

Next evening, a party being assembled at the cottage, and Julia Romelli being there, she was of course an object of general attention and the most assiduous gallantry. During a dance, Antonio, who had refused to play on the harp, sat moodily in a corner, watching the graceful signora, and louring against the smiles of her partner; heedless at the same time of his sister, who, when she stopped near him in the dance, gently chid him one while, and then, smiling in her happy mood with a tearful glance, which asked him to share her joy, patted him below the chin, and bid him rise and dance merrily. Miss Romelli saw the sisterly love of Charlotte, and, in her good nature, a little while after, she made up to the youth, and, speaking to him as if he were merely a shy and timid schoolboy, insisted upon his taking part in the dance. "Prithee, do not think me quite a boy," said he in return. Signora, as the best rejoinder, repeated her invitation, upon which he started up, and flinging his arms with mad violence around her neck, saluted her before the whole company. Julia disengaged herself, blushing. There was bridling on the part of the ladies; hearty laughter and cheers from old bachelors; and some of the young gallants looked very high, and ready to call the offender to account. Signor Romelli looked grave and moody after the strange salutation; and poor Charlotte hung down her head, and gradually withdrew from the room. As for the culprit himself, he walked haughtily out, and was followed by Mrs. Mather, who took him to task in another apartment. The amiable Miss Pearce had likewise followed to approve her former prophecy of trouble from such guests; but her patroness was not in the vein for tolerating officious wisdom, and forestalling that virgin's charitable purpose, she turned her to the right-about in a moment.

"And now, mad boy," demanded the old

lady, "what meant this outrageous solecism? For my sake, what did you mean, Antonio Cardo?" "Kind and gracious lady," he replied, "do not question me just now. But if you would have me saved from perdition, bind me hand and foot, and send me far away over seas and lands." "If this is all you have to say for yourself," returned Mrs. Mather, "it is certainly a very pretty speech; though it is far above my comprehension. No—no; the thing was a breach of good manners: but I don't exactly see that your precious soul's endangered, or that you are entitled to be sent to Botany Bay for stealing a bit kiss—doubtless your first offence." "Well, my excellent apologist," said Antonio, "if you will use a little address, and bring Signora Julia hither, I will ask her forgiveness perhaps." "You are a very foolish young man indeed," returned the old lady, who was one of those persons whose humour it is, without abating from their real good nature, to rise in their demands or reproaches when anything like concession has been made. "I say it—a very foolish boy; and I have a great mind to let the young lady be angry at you for ever; and so I don't think I shall either bring her or send her."

Cardo knew very well that these words of his hostess, as she left the apartment, implied anything but a decisive negative; and he sat still waiting the entrance of Julia, who, after a few minutes, made her appearance accordingly, with Mrs. Mather. "Now, my most gracious hostess," said the youth, rising and turning to the latter, "you must give us leave for a brief while, for I have something particular to say to this young lady." Mrs. Mather looked to signora. "O yes, by all means," said Julia, "do according to his request, and let me hear this wonderful secret."

When Mrs. Mather had retired, the boy Cardo advanced, and said to Julia in a voice trembling with emotion, "Will you judge me, fair Italian, and condemn me by cold-hearted rules? If you do, I ask ten thousand pardons for my rudeness to-night." "And, pray, what right have I, sir, to give dispensations beyond the laws of wise and prudent society?" "O, let me vary my question then, beautiful woman," said the passionate boy, flinging himself on his knees before her,—"Can you forgive my deep soul then for loving you to madness, Julia Romelli?" "Now, shall I laugh at you for a very foolish boy, or shall I bid you rise at once, if you would not have me leave the apartment as quickly? Now, sir, that you are up (for you seem to dread the imputation of boyhood), let me tell you, that when I spoke of the rights of society I gave no liberty to suppose that my own maidenly feeling would be more liberal than such a law. The truth is, sir, I have nothing farther to add or hear, unless you sent for me to ask pardon for your breach of good manners, in which case, I readily allow, that I mistook you so much as heedlessly to give you some provocation. As for the offence itself, really you seem so very foolish that I know not whether I do right in saying (with a smile), that it was not by any means very grievous." "Is that all?—is that all?" said the Italian boy. "No—no; you must let my heart love you, and you must love me in return. O, if you value your father's life, and your own peace; and if you would save me from perdition, you must become my wife, lady!" "Why, sir, I do think it were charity to believe that you have lost your reason. You are most foolish else. I will not stay flippantly to debate your boyish proposal; but, young sir, Antonio Cardo I think is your name, can you—" "Mother in Heaven!" interrupted Cardo. "Do you *think* so? only *think* so? Why, my sister's name is Charlotte Cardo, and by Heaven I think she is a lady. You will say, Are we not dependent? Yes, to that: for a certain overwhelming reason I have allowed it for a little while; but soon the whole shall be accounted for." "Condescend not for me, sir," said Julia, "to vindicate your dignity or pride: I have no right, nor am I disposed, to offend either." "Perhaps not, young lady. But be wise and wary as you list, cold and cruel, I shall only love you the more; or plague you with my demon: there are but two alternatives; and I must be miserable in either, I am afraid." "Sir," said Julia angrily, and walking away, "I will pay the only compliment which I can reasonably bestow upon you, by telling you that your conduct obliges me to discontinue my visits in future at this house." "One moment—stay then, signora," cried Antonio, stepping between her and the door, "Listen to me this once. Mrs. Mather loves you dearly, and so does Frederick Hume, and so does Charlotte Cardo, and so does ——. Well, so do you also love to visit at this house; and never for me shall you forego that delight, never for me shall the three excellent persons above named forego your delightful presence. I shall leave this house for ever to-morrow morning, nor plague you more." "I must now do you justice, sir," said the fair Italian, "and though you certainly speak like a foolish boy, I will not urge this, but address you as a frank, open-minded, honourable man, and tell you at once that my affections are already

engaged, and my vow of constancy made to another." "Enough said, Signora Romelli: I can guess who that highly favoured youth is; and I will say there is not a nobler heart than his in all the earth. Forgive me, young lady, and let me not detain you longer. Be assured too, my impertinent solicitations are ended for ever."

The lady withdrew, and Antonio, locking the door, paced hurriedly up and down the apartment. Signor Romelli in the meantime had retired from the house. The yellow moon was swimming through the streams, but not in unison with the lovely night was the heart of this Italian captain as he walked forth along the bank. "By Heaven," said he to himself, "this boy, Cardo, knows it all! whether from prophetic divination, or whether the sea hath given up her dead to declare against me. I will as soon believe that those hot seething brains of his could produce the literal dagger which his hand seems always in the act of clutching, as that they could frame that celebrated sea-legend, without some horrid collusion. Well, 'tis passing strange: but the imp seems daily ripening for some disclosure, or for some act of vengeance, and I must forestall him in both. How shall it be done? Stay now, let me see—he is nearly mad; that must be allowed by all—well, then, can I not get a professional verdict to that effect? Stay now, is not Stewart, the principal physician of the lunatic asylum in the neighbouring town, a suitor of my daughter? I can easily see that he is bold and unprincipled, and the other consulting physicians are old women. Well, may I not possess Stewart with the belief that my daughter loves this Antonio Cardo, and get him to warrant the removal of the boy to the mad-house, in virtue of his late strange behaviour, which, to common observation, will amply justify a charge of lunacy? Stewart, I think, will do it in the faith that my daughter will never give herself to one that has been in bedlam; and I, for my share, will gain the security, that whatever he may hint or declare in future, relative to what I think he knows of me, will be easily ascribed to a taint of remaining madness. Any period, however short, in that redoubted place, will serve Stewart's motives and mine; but if the horrid sympathy of the house make a convert of his soul to the propriety of his chains, so much the better. Now, Stewart is at present in the cottage, and why may not the thing be carried into effect this very night? By his authority, we shall get constables from the village without a moment's delay."

Romelli lost no time in making his representations to Stewart, who, hearing the signor's professions in his favour relative to Julia's love, if Cardo could be morally black-balled, gave in without hesitation to the wicked scheme. Mrs. Mather, overcome by the explanations of the doctor, and by the dread of having a madman in her house, was constrained also to accede, and charitably undertook to detain Charlotte in a remote part of the house, till her brother should be seized and carried off, which was to be done as quietly as possible. The door, however, of the room in which he had locked himself had to be forced, as he could not be prevailed upon to open it; and ere the constables could do this, and overcome the resistance which he offered to their attempts to seize him, the whole house had been alarmed, and crowded to see what was the matter. Charlotte, when she saw him in custody, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell in a swoon to the ground; some of the ladies retired with her; others, with compassion, drew around the hapless boy, while Stewart, who was a bold and callous tactician, would not attend the unhappy sister till he had enforced the necessity of sending the brother to the madhouse.

"Ha!" cried poor Antonio, at mention of this horrid destination; and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame. He turned a rueful glance on Julia Romelli, whilst at the same time he trembled as if his slight body would have been shaken to pieces. "So, you ruffians," he said, at length, "you have crushed my poor sister down to the earth, and all for what? Where is my broken flower? well,—she is better hence. Lead on:—and, gentlemen, I am not very mad perhaps. Look to Charlotte, and tell her I have escaped—anything but"——Lead him out then. He bowed to the company with a kind of wild, unsteadfast energy; and was led away manacled.

Much, indeed, was Frederick Hume surprised and shocked to hear from Mrs. Mather's next letter, of Antonio's fate, and he determined to visit the country as soon as possible, for the express purpose of seeing the poor Italian boy. A few weeks after this, he was sitting in his apartment one evening with two or three of his college chums, when his landlady announced to him that a young lady was in another apartment waiting to see him. "Why, this is something," said Frederick, rising and following the mistress of the house—"who can it possibly be?" "Ah, you are a lucky dog, Hume," observed one of his companions. "Some very fond, faithful, or despairing shepherdess!" said a second.

Little did these gay chaps know the cause of such a visit, for it was poor Charlotte Cardo herself; and no sooner did she see Frederick, than, grasping his proffered hand, she fell on her knees, and looking him wistfully in the face, cried, "Oh, my poor brother, have mercy on me, good sir, and help him." "Poor child!" said Hume, raising her, "I am afraid I can do little for him; but I shall lose no time now in seeing him. Can I do anything for him in the meantime?" "I do not know, sir," said Charlotte, confusedly; aware, probably for the first time, that she had undertaken a foolish journey. "And have you come all this way, Charlotte, for my poor help?" "O, speak not, Mr. Hume, of miles, or hundreds of miles, in such a case, if you can do anything for us. I am told there are great physicians in this city. Perhaps you know them, and perhaps"—— She stopped short. "Well, my good girl," said Frederick, clapping her on the shoulder, "for your sisterly love, everything shall be done for your brother that man can do. I shall see him first myself, and that ere long; and then I shall consult on his case with one or two eminent doctors, friends of mine." "God bless you, sir, all the days of your life!" said the Italian girl, sobbing almost hysterically from her full and grateful heart. "I have no other friend on earth that I can seriously trust; they are all hollow, or foolish in their kindness." "Does Mrs. Mather know of this pious journey of yours, Charlotte?" asked Frederick. "Forgive me, sir—she tried very much to dissuade me, and bade me write if I chose—but, pardon me, sir, I thought it better——" "To see me personally, you would say? Well, Charlotte, you argue fairly that letters are but second-rate advocates, though, to do myself justice, I think, in such a case as this of your brother's illness, the mere representation of the thing was enough to make me do my very utmost. Now, Charlotte, that you may not be ultimately disappointed, let me warn you——" The maiden here looked so piteously, that he was fain to add, "Well, I have good hopes that he may soon recover." To this Charlotte answered nothing; for in the natural sophistry of the heart under an overwhelming wish, she durst not appear confident, lest she should again provoke the doubts of her medical Aristarch, as if the evil were not, when she had not heard it literally expressed by another. Yet still, when Frederick tried to change the conversation, by asking indifferent questions, she brought it back to the subject which engrossed her heart, by citing instances of some who had been confined as lunatics, though they were not, and of others who had gradually recovered their reason.

Resigning Charlotte to his landlady's care for the night, Frederick in the morning provided for her a seat in the mail, and took leave of her, with the promise, that he would make a point of being at Greenwells in little more than a week.

In less than ten days he visited Antonio in his cell, and found the poor boy lying lowly in his straw, and chained, because, as the keeper explained, he had made the most desperate efforts to get out. He arose, as Hume entered, and, with a suspicious look, demanded, "Are you also come to spy out the nakedness of the land?" "Do you not know me, Antonio?" asked Frederick, kindly. "I think I do," answered the boy, with a faint smile: "but do you know me under this sad change of affairs?" "You have not been very well, I understand?" said Hume. "No doubt you were given to understand so," was the answer; "but if you will request that official gentleman to retire for a little, I shall undeceive you."

Frederick did so; and the keeper, having withdrawn accordingly, the poor patient, with a tear in his eye, looked eagerly at Hume, and said, "Are you too, sir, against me? Holy Virgin! will you also leave me here, and go and tell the world I am truly mad?" "Well, my good boy," said Frederick, "you must be very quiet, and you will soon give the lie to the charge; I am glad to see you as you are." "God in heaven! to be sure, sir. As you say, very quiet I must be, and reason good; and all that. Let me tell you, Dr. Hume, you have not a good method with madmen. Nothing manages them so well as grave banter, half-angry and half-yielding; or stern and unmitigated awe, which overrules them as the lower range of the creation is controlled by the 'human face divine.' You may try these methods with me, if you think me *bona fide* insane. But, oh, rather hear me, sir, this once, and give me justice: take for granted that I am in my right mind: affect neither kindness nor menace in your words; but speak with me as man to man, and then you shall not lose perhaps the only opportunity of saving my body and my spirit from this unhallowed coercion, for I may soon be ill enough." "Whatever you have to state," returned Hume, "I shall in the first place hear you without interruption." "I readily grant, sir," said the supposed maniac, "that you have good reason to believe me insane, and that it is a very difficult thing for you to be satisfied of the contrary. On the

other hand, it is no easy matter for me, chafed and tortured as I have been by my horrid confinement, to refrain from the 'winged words' of an indignant spirit. But I shall try to be calm and consistent; and you must try to be unprejudiced and discriminating. You see, sir, I go to work scarcely like a lunatic, since I have sense and reason to provide allowance for preliminary difficulties." "Very well; tell me what you wish, good Antonio; what can I do for you?" "Either you have little tact, Dr. Hume, or you still think me mad, since you speak in that particular tone of voice—I know it well. The God of heaven help me in my words at this time, that I may not speak from my full and burning heart, and you misinterpret me!"

"My dear fellow, Antonio Cardo," said Frederick, with kind earnestness, "for your own sake, and for your sister Charlotte's sake, I will not leave this part of the country, till I have thoroughly sifted the cause and reasonableness of your confinement; yet you must allow me to do the thing with prudence. I may not be able to get you released to-night; but, as I said before, I am disposed this very moment to hear and judge what you have to propose or state. I think you ought not now to be suspicious of me!"

"Ave Maria!" said Antonio—"Holy Virgin of Grace, you have sent one wise and honourable man to my wretched cell; and I think my hour of deliverance must now be at hand. What shall I say to you, Dr. Hume? What argument shall I try, to lay fast a foundation on which your faith in my sanity may be built? For, O! assuredly beneath the gracious eye of Heaven, there cannot be a fitter temple for Charity to dwell in. The truth is, Frederick Hume, I may at times in my life have felt the madness of whirling and intense passion; and I have a horrid fear that my days shall close in darkness, in pits which I dare not name, in dreams, the dark alienation of the mind. I am thus candid, the better to assure you that my soul at present is self-possessed and compact, of firm and wholesome service. Think, too, that I have leapt against my cage till my heart has been well-nigh breaking; that my spirit, from feverish irritability, has been a furnace seven times heated, in the next alteration of feelings, to be overwhelmed by a suffocating calmness. Remember that I have lived for months amidst those horrid cries which thicken the air of this place: and, above all, that I know well I should not be here. Such things may make me mad at times; but say, sir, am not I tolerably well, every drawback considered?" "Good God!" answered Hume, "what then could be their purpose or meaning in this confinement of yours!" "My heart, Dr. Hume, is ready to cast out corresponding flames with your indignant speech and question; but I shall be calm, and not commit myself, because I still think God hath brought round a gracious hour and a just man. What shall I say to you again, Dr. Hume? Try me by any process of logic. Shall it be an *argumentum ad hominem*, as my kind old tutor styles it? Shall I reason on my present situation, and tell you that things are not well managed in this place? The treatment is too uniform, and general, and unmodified; whereas, by a proper scale, the patient should be led from one degree of liberty to another, according to his good behaviour, that so he might calculate, that so he might exercise and strengthen his reason, that so he might respect himself, and gradually improve. Now, sir, judge me aright. Nature, in dread apprehension, sets me far above vanity; and I will ask you have I not uttered deep wisdom? You have not detected aught like the disjointed fervour of lunacy in my speech! My thoughts are not abrupt and whirling, but well attempered, and softly shaded, as the coming on of sleep." "By my soul, Cardo," said Frederick, "I think you have been most grossly abused." "Have I not, have I not?" "Whose doing was this? and can you guess why it was?" asked Hume. "I owe it to Romelli and Stewart," answered Antonio. "The wherefore I know not, unless it be that I have loved too ardently, and shall never cease to love, Signora Romelli. Go away, sir, and be like the rest of the world: leave me here to perish; for you, too, love the maiden, and may be offended at my passion." "It is my business, in the first instance," answered Hume, "to follow common humanity and justice. I shall instantly overhaul this damnable oppression, and call the above men to task. You must be quiet in the meantime." "O, let it not be long, then!—let it not be long!—let it not be long!—If you knew how my good angel, young Charlotte Cardo, has made me hope for your coming! If you knew how I have counted the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes, for you! How my heart has beat loudly at every sound for you, from morning, till night darkened above my rustling straw, and all for your coming! And in the tedious night-watches too! when my soul longed in vain to rest for a little while beyond the double gates of horn and ivory, in the weary land of Morpheus! Merciful sleep!—Merciful sleep! How many worn and ghost-like spirits yearn and cry to be within the

dreamy girdle of thy enchanted land. Let them in, O God! The body's fever and the mind's fever, calentures of the brain and careerings of the pulse, revenge, and apprehension, and trembling, fears of death that visit me in the night when I lie here, terror to be alone lest indeed I lose my reason—and oh! hope deferred—and then outwardly, around me day and night, beleaguering the issues of my soul, and making me mad by the mere dint of habit, wild laughter unfathomed by reason, sharp cries, 'as fast as mill-wheels strike,' shrieking groans as from the hurt mandrake, muddy blasphemies, enough to turn the sweet red blood of the hearer into black infatuation and despair; add all these precious ingredients to the boiling heart of pride within, and what have you got? O, something worse than a witch's cauldron, boiling 'thick and slab' with the most damned physical parcels, and casting up the smeared scums of hell! And such, sir, has been my lot here, and therefore I pray that God may put swift gracious thought for me into your heart! O, let it not be long, for the knowledge of hope will make me only the more irritable, and it will be very dangerous for me if that hope be deferred. I will amuse myself counting off bundles of straw till you visit me again, if you do not die, as I am afraid you may, ere you can free me." "Now then, I must take my leave of you, Antonio, as it is needless for me to say anything farther at this time." "For the love of the sweet Virgin Mother, Frederick Hume," said the Italian boy, throwing himself down among his straw with a violence which made his chains rattle, "speak comfort to my sister, who has pitched her tent and set down her soul's rest within the shadow of one unhappy boy's heart. I shall sleep none to-night. Farewell, sir, and think upon me!" He nestled with his head in the straw, and Frederick Hume left the unhappy place.

Chapter IV.

The keeper of the asylum had either been convinced of Cardo's lunacy, or had been bribed to make his reports to that effect; and Hume, when he entered the poor boy's cell, had no doubt whatever that the thing was as represented: but now he was fully convinced of the contrary, and proceeded without delay loudly to challenge the wicked or foolish affair. Had the first movers of it thought that he was to be in the country so soon, they would probably have taken care not to let him visit Antonio privately; and they were not a little startled when Hume entered his strong remonstrance, and declared that the boy had been most unjustifiably confined. As for Romelli, his ends were already in a great measure served, and he cared not much farther about the thing. Stewart, who was jealous of Hume's professional character and his present interference, made a show as if he would gainsay Frederick's opinion to the very utmost. The other consulting physicians, nettled, no doubt, that their grave wisdom should be impugned by a stripling, were in a disposition sooner to fortify themselves in injustice, than to see and acknowledge the truth, were it made as plain to them as day. When they heard, however, that Hume was determined to make a representation of the case to the magistrates of the place, and to visit the asylum again ere long, with one or two of the principal Edinburgh physicians, they were a little alarmed; and Stewart, particularly, from his consciousness of the truth of what Frederick had stated, determined that Cardo should have an opportunity of making his escape, which would save himself the shame of being publicly obliged to yield to Hume's interference.

About a week after the above interview betwixt Antonio and our young doctor, Miss Pearce, Signor Romelli, and his daughter (for the signor had excused himself pretty well to Frederick), and two or three more, were sitting one evening in Mrs. Mather's parlour. The candles had just been lighted. Immediately the door opened, and admitted a young man, bareheaded, and in worn attire. As he came slowly forward, he waved his hand mournfully, and attempted to speak, but seemed, from emotion, unable for the task. He was now seen to be Antonio Cardo, though he had grown so tall of late, and was so very pale, that he was not so easily recognized. There was a tear in his eye, a slight dilatation of his nostril, and a quivering all round his mouth, like one whose honour has been doubted, and who has just come from trial and danger, and indignant victory. Were an idiot to gain reason and high intellect, and to be seen walking stately with wise men, who would not weep at the sublime sight? Nor is it without awful interest that we behold a man composed and serene, after coming out of a dark dream of insanity, the fine light of reason exhaling from the unsettled chaos of his eye, and a tear there, the last witness of the unaccountable struggle. Some of the young ladies who now saw Antonio Cardo lately recovered, as they had heard, from such a fit, had been talking of him a little before, and styling him "poor unhappy creature;" but no sooner did he

appear before them, redeemed, as they thought him to be, graceful and beautifully pale as he was, than he gained the yearning respect of all, and was a prouder object to every heart than a bridegroom from his chamber. He advanced slowly without speaking, and sat down on a sofa like a wayfaring man wearied out with his journey. Charlotte entered the room. "There he is at last!" cried she, when she saw him, and throwing herself upon his neck, she swooned away, overcome by a thrill of joy. Kindly for a while did God hold her spirit entranced, that she might not be agonized at her brother's sudden and strange departure. For Antonio at this moment observing Signor Romelli, whom his weak and dazzled eyes had not till now seen, laid his sister, like an indifferent thing, upon the sofa, started forward, and pointing with his finger to Romelli, whispered deeply, "Have I found you, mine enemy? Take care of that man, good people, or my soul shall tear him to pieces."

Like an unreclaimed savage, the boy grinded his teeth as he hung for a moment in his threatening attitude; but he was seen to be working under some strong restraint, till all at once he rushed out of the house, and was lost in the dark night. Days, weeks, and months passed, and still he came not, nor had his friends heard anything of him. During the summer every young beggar lad that came to Greenwells Cottage was keenly scrutinized by poor Charlotte Cardo; and every day she went to the top of a green hill in the neighbourhood, to look for travellers along the road, or coming over the open moor. But all her anxiety was in vain; Antonio came not, and she began to droop. In the house she walked softly, with downcast eyes; she was silent and kind, and very shy, though every one loved her. Amidst gay company she scarcely seemed to know where she was, sitting motionless on her chair, or obligingly playing to the dance without ever seeming to be wearied. To every one that kindly requested her to take part in the amusement she answered by a shake of the head and a faint smile.

Besides sorrow for her brother's unaccountable absence, another passion, which no one suspected, was beginning to prey upon the heart of this Italian maiden; and no sooner did she hear Frederick Hume, about the beginning of autumn, propose to go in a few weeks to Paris, there to remain during the winter, than she declined so fast in her health, that in a few days she could scarcely walk about the house. Observing with infinite regret her increasing feebleness, Frederick humanely resolved to defer his journey till he should see the issue of her illness; and, in the meantime, he procured for her the best medical attendance, determined to do everything which human skill could do for the beautiful alien. By the advice of his medical friends, in accordance with his own view of the case, he would have sent her to her native Italy; but this she overruled, declaring she would be buried in Mrs. Mather's own aisle.

"Can none of you tell me," said she one day to Frederick, who was alone with her in the room, as she sat upon the sofa, "what has become of my poor harper?" "To be sure, Charlotte," he answered, "I know very well where he is. He is off to Italy for a while, and will take care of himself, for your sake, you may be assured." "You are a kind gentleman, sir," returned the maiden; "but it will not do. Yet what boots such a life as mine? Let me die. You will be happy with the beautiful Signora Romelli when I am gone, and then she will be assured that I cannot envy her."

As she said this, she covered her face with one hand, whilst she extended the other. It was pale as a lily bleached with rains; and well could Frederick see that the narrow blue rings of Death, her bridegroom, were on the attenuated fingers. He took the hand and gently kissed it, bidding her take courage, and saying that she must take care of her life for her brother's sake. At this the maiden, not without a little irritable violence, hastily withdrew her hand, and used it to assist in hiding the tears which began to burst through between the fingers of the other. Trembling succeeded, and a violent heaving of heart, such as threatened to rend her beautiful body to pieces. At this delicate moment Mrs. Mather entered the room, and hastened to her assistance.

One afternoon, about a week after this, an eminent doctor from the neighbouring town, who generally attended the maiden, took Frederick Hume aside, and in answer to his inquiries regarding her appearance that day, said, "There is but one possible way, Hume, of saving that girl's life." "For God's sake, name it, sir," returned Frederick. "You will be surprised, perhaps shocked, Dr. Hume," continued the other physician; "but it is my duty to tell it to you. Well, then, that Italian girl is dying of love for you." "Whom do you mean, sir? Not Charlotte Cardo?" said Frederick, afraid of the conviction which had flashed upon him. "I cannot be wrong, Frederick," replied the other; "Mrs. Mather hinted the thing to me some time ago. I have

seen it from the manner of the girl, and her emotion in your presence, compared with her manner when I visited her without your being with me. To-day she spoke of you under a slight degree of delirium, and when she recovered, I made her confess the whole to me." "You have at least done well to tell me," said Hume, anxiously. "But what must be done?" "Why, sir, as the mere physician in this case, my opinion generally, and without any reference to other circumstances, is, that you must formally make the girl your bride this very night, if you would give her a chance for life. To remove her preying suspense, and dread of losing you, may calm her spirit, and lead to ultimate recovery." "You are an honest, but severe, counsellor," said Frederick, shaking his medical friend by the hand with desperate energy; "but, for God's sake, sir, go not away till you tell me again what must be done. Were myself merely the sacrifice, I should not hesitate one moment—nor perhaps think it a sacrifice. But, good God! I stand pledged to another lady—to Miss Romelli. And now, how can I act? Can there not be at least a little delay—say for a week?" "I think not, sir. No, assuredly. But——" "Sir?" demanded Frederick, eagerly, interrupting him; "speak to me, sir, and propose something. I have entire confidence in your wisdom." "I was merely about to remark," continued the uncompromising physician, "that it is indeed a puzzling case." "The worst of it is," said Hume, "that Miss Romelli is at least fifty miles hence, with her father, at bathing-quarters; and I ought, by all means, to see her and be ruled by her in this matter. Such is certainly my duty." "Much may be said on both sides," briefly remarked the physician, who, most abstractly conscientious in his professional character, would not advise against the means of saving his patient's life. "I will bear the blame, then," said Hume, after a short but intense pause. "I cannot see that orphan-child perish without my attempting to save her. Miss Romelli, I trust, will either be proud or magnanimous, and so——the sooner, sir, the ceremony is performed the better."

The next point was to break the proposal to Mrs. Mather; but besides her wish to see Miss Romelli become the wife of Frederick, she was scandalized at the idea of his marrying a girl whom, despite of her affection for Charlotte, she hesitated not at this time to style a wandering gipsy. "Prithee, madam," said Frederick, bitterly, "do not so speak of my wife that is to be, but go prepare for this strange wedding." "Never, never," replied the old lady; "it is all vile art in the huzzy to inveigle you into a snare; I can see that." "Nevertheless, the thing shall be done," returned Hume, firmly. "And I must tell you, madam, without any reference to my interest in her, that you are doing gross injustice to the poor girl, and mocking a bruised heart." "It may be so, sir," said the lady, haughtily; "and, moreover, you may do as you list, but you shall not have my countenance at least."

Accordingly, the old lady left the cottage without delay, and took refuge at the house of a friend, about six miles off, determined there to stay till bridegroom and bride should leave her own dwelling. Meanwhile, Frederick was not disconcerted; but with almost unnatural decision, summoned Miss Pearce, and one or two maids from the neighbouring village, to prepare his bride, and attend her at the strange nuptials. He was too manly and magnanimous to fulfil the letter without regarding the fine spirit of his sacrifice, and, accordingly, he took every precaution not to hurt or challenge Charlotte's delicacy of feeling; and, particularly, he strictly enjoined every one of the above attendants not to mention that Mrs. Mather had left the house, because the thing was utterly against her wish, but that she was kept by indisposition from being present at the ceremony, which, on the contrary, it was to be stated, was all to her mind. Miss Pearce, when she learned the flight of her patroness, began to remonstrate against taking any part in the transaction; but Hume drew her aside, and spoke to her emphatically as follows:—"Why, Miss Pearce, what means this? You know you have been a very obliging madam for a score of years or so, d—— d obliging indeed, never wanting for a moment with your excellent suppliance, a most discreet time-server. You know, too, very well, what reason I have to dislike you. I shall soon control Mrs. Mather. By my soul, then, you shall now do as I bid you, or be cashiered for ever. Moreover, a word to the wise: you are getting very sharp in the elbows now, you know, and ought to be very thankful for one chance more. So you shall be bride's-maid this evening, and if you enact the thing discreetly, and catch every little prophetic omen or rite by the forelock, why then you know your turn may be next. Think of the late luck of your next neighbour, that great, fat, overwhelming sexagenarian, like the national debt, and do not despair. I am peremptory, Miss Pearce, if you please."

The poor creature had not spirit to resist the determined manner of Hume, which she easily

recognized through his moody and (but that he knew her to be Miss Pearce) insolent address. She prepared to obey him, yet making, like a stanch Jesuit, her mental reservations, and storing up his obnoxious language to be avenged should an opportunity ever occur.

And now the small company of bridal guests were assembled in the lighted hall. Frederick Hume stood by his bride Charlotte Cardo, and took her by the trembling hand. The words of mutual obligation were said by a neighbouring gentleman, a justice of the peace, because, owing to hasty preparation, the ceremony could not be performed according to the forms prescribed by the church, and therefore could not be engaged in by a clergyman. During the brief repeating of the marriage obligations there was death and fire mingled in the bride's eye; her heart was heard by all present beating

"Even as a madman beats upon a drum;"

and no sooner was the marriage fully declared than she sprung forward, threw her arms around the neck of Frederick, kissed him with wild energy, and exclaimed, "O my own husband!" There was a faint and fluttering sound, like the echo of her passionate exclamation, as she sunk back upon the sofa, before which she had stood; the lord of life came reeling down from the bright round throne of the eye; her eyelid flickered for a moment; her lips moved, but nothing was heard;—yet it was easily interpreted to be a wordless blessing for her beloved one before her by the smile which floated and lay upon her placid upturned face, like sunshine upon marble. Thus died Charlotte Cardo, and Frederick Hume was a husband and a widower in the same moment of time.

Chapter V.

With manly and decent composure Frederick ordered the preparations for the funeral of his short-lived spouse; and Mrs. Mather, having returned home truly affected at the fate of Charlotte, repentant for her own last harshness to the dying maid, and touched with a sense of Frederick's noble behaviour, gave ample permission to the youth to lay the body of his Italian wife in their family aisle, which was done accordingly, three days after her death. Frederick laid her head in the grave, and continued in deep mourning for her.

According to a decent formula, Dr. Hume would willingly enough have abstained for some time from treating with Signora Romelli about their former mutual vow; but, according to the spirit of his pledge, and his true affection for that lady, which had been virtually unaltered even when he most openly compromised it, he wrote to Julia a few days after the funeral, stating the whole circumstances, asking her pardon if he had wronged her, declaring his inalienable affection for her, yet modestly alleging that he had first broken his vow, and that he was at her mercy whether or not she would still be bound to him by hers. Such was Frederick's letter to Julia, which, had it been in time, she would have kissed with tears, a moment angry, yet soon honouring her lover the more for the difficult and humane part which he had acted; but the devil of petty malignity and mean rivalry had been beforehand with him in tempting, from without, his lady's heart; and ere his letter reached its destination Julia Romelli was lost to him for ever. Dr. Stewart, who, as already stated, was a rival of Hume's, had been mean enough to engage Miss Pearce in his interest, to do everything she could by remote hint and open statement to advance his suit with Signora Romelli; and we can easily suppose that this intermediate party, from her dislike to Frederick, and her jealousy of Julia's favour with Mrs. Mather, was not idle in her new office. On the very evening of Charlotte Cardo's marriage and death she sought an interview with Stewart, reminded him of Miss Romelli's proud heart, advised him, without losing a moment, to wait upon that lady and urge his own respectful claims in contrast with Hume's ill usage; and to make all these particulars effective, *the* Pearce tendered a letter, already written, for Stewart to carry with him to Julia, in which, under the character of a friend, jealous of Miss Romelli's honour, she stated the fact of Hume's having married Charlotte Cardo without mentioning the qualifying circumstances, or stating that the rival bride was already dead. Stewart was mean enough to follow this crooked policy to the utmost. The she-devil, Pearce, had calculated too justly on poor Julia's proud heart. He pressed his suit; was accepted by the Italian maid in her fit of indignation against Frederick; and they were married privately in great haste.

The first symptom of this unhappy change of affairs which occurred to Hume was the return of the letter which he had sent to Julia, and which came back to him unopened. About a week afterwards he heard the stunning news of his own love's marriage with another, to feel that he was cut off for ever from the hopes of

his young life:—for he had loved passionately, and with his whole being.

Days, weeks passed over him, and his existence was one continuous dream of thoughts, by turns fierce and gentle, now wild as the impaled breast of a suicide, now soft as breathings of pity from the little warm heart of a young maid. One while he cursed the pride and cruelty of Julia (for he knew not the part which Miss Pearce had acted), and he made a vow in his soul, for his own peace of mind, never again to see her in this mortal life. Then he was disposed to curse the memory of Charlotte Cardo; but his heart was too magnanimous to let him long give way to this feeling. On the contrary, to keep down such thoughts, and to be strictly and severely just, he got Mrs. Mather's consent to let a table-stone be placed in her aisle, with this inscription:—"Charlotte Cardo, wife to Dr. Frederick Hume."

One day the youth went alone to the churchyard to see the above tablet for the first time after its erection. As he bent over it, filled with a multitude of hurrying thoughts, a burst of solemn music rolled upon his ear, and, on looking up, there was Antonio Cardo within the door of the aisle playing upon an organ. He was bareheaded, and tears glittered in his eyes, which were upturned with a wild pathos, as, in accompaniment with the rolling organ, he chanted the following song or dirge:—

The stars that shine o'er day's decline may tell the hour of love,
The balmy whisper in the leaves the golden moon above;
But vain the hour of softest power: the noon is dark to thee,
My sister and my faithful one!—And oh! her death to me!

In sickness, aye, I cried for her—her beauty and her kiss:
For her my soul was loath to leave so fair a world as this:
And glad was I when day's soft gold again upon me fell,
And the sweetest voice in all the earth said, "Brother, art thou well?"

She led me where the voice of streams the leafy forest fills:
She led me where the white sheep go o'er the shining turfy hills:
And when the gloom upon me fell, O, she, the fairest beam,
Led forth, with silver leading-strings, my soul from darksome dream!

Now, sailing by, the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
To tell the prime of summer-time the glory of the year;
But ne'er for her:—to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach her in the grave to clear them from the dust.

But in the skies her pearly eyes the Mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipp'd her sainted foot in the sunshine of the bless'd.
Eternal peace her ashes keep who loved me through the past!
And may good Christ my spirit take to be with hers at last!

With a softened heart Frederick listened to the strain; but after it had ceased, and Antonio had kissed his sister's name upon the stone, he could not refrain, in an alternation of sterner feeling, from saying, "By Heaven! most unhappy wanderer, the thing is all your own doing: your folly hath ruined us all."

The Italian answered not, save by throwing himself down on the ground and kissing Frederick's feet.

"Rise up, sir," said Hume, angrily; "I like not your savage philosophy: I like nothing beyond common sense and feeling. As for yourself, I know you not, sir: I do not know what character you are of, or anything about your family." "By the Holy Mother! you shall soon know me then," said the boy, springing proudly up. "Promise to meet me here on Saturday night at twelve o'clock, and you shall see me then no longer the weak boy that you have spurned, but one that can be strong and do justice. Do you promise to meet me?" "How am I interested in your scheme of justice?" demanded Frederick. "You do not fear me, sir?" asked the Italian in return. "Surely the man that so honoured Charlotte Cardo as you have done need not fear me." "Why, sir," said Frederick, "to tell you a circumstance which you have no right to know, in these late days I do not hold my life of more value than a box of grasshoppers." "You can have no scruple then to meet me," said Cardo. "And you may have some wish to hear me explain a few circumstances relative to our family, my own character, and the cause of my late absence. You shall also learn something about Signor Romelli. Have I your sure promise to meet me then at this place?" "I care not though I do," answered Hume, "since I am weary of everything common under the sun, and especially since it is a very pretty hour for a man to speculate a little in." "You are too careless by half for my purpose," said the Italian. "Faith, not so," returned Frederick. "Nay, my good friend, I will on my

knees on this stone swear to meet you. Well, did you say on Saturday?" "This is mere moody trifling all, Dr. Hume; but no matter, I will ere then give you a memento to mind Saturday night: hour—twelve o'clock." "You go home with me in the interim, I presume?" said Frederick. "You have played the truant from school too long." "Farewell, sir, and remember your promise," answered Antonio. "I do not go with you at present." He accordingly hasted away from Frederick, without answering his farther inquiries.

On the forenoon of the following Saturday Hume received a note from Cardo reminding him of his engagement at twelve o'clock that night, which, to do Frederick justice, he had not forgotten, and which he had resolved to fulfil, chiefly from the excellent motive of seeing the poor Italian lad again, and offering to put him in some other respectable situation in life if he did not choose farther to pursue his classical studies. A considerable while before the appointed hour our doctor took the way to the churchyard, which was about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Mather's house. The belated moon was rising in the east, in an inflamed sphere, as of spilt wine and blood; and the light of her red-barred face tinged the dark tops of the yews, which stood bristling like angry feathers around the churchyard, at the gate of which Hume was now arrived. The owl came sailing by his head on muffled wing, and flew about musing over the graves. The next minute Frederick was startled at hearing the reports of two pistols, one a little after the other; and making his way towards the quarter whence the sounds had come, he was led to his own aisle. On looking through its grated door,—Heavens of Mercy! what saw he within? There was Signor Romelli on his knees before the tombstone, and Antonio Cardo holding him fast by the neck. To the surprise of Hume, there seemed to be some new inscription on the stone. To this, Cardo, whilst he held Romelli with one hand, was pointing with the other; and at the same time a dark lantern had been so placed upon the tablet, that its light fell directly upon the letters of the inscription.

"Read aloud, sir, for the behoof of all, or you die this moment," cried Cardo sternly, and flourishing a sort of dagger-knife above the bare head of his prostrate countryman. Romelli stared upon the writing, but sat silent. "You cannot see them plainly, perhaps," said the vindictive Antonio. "There is dust on the stone and in the letters, but we shall cleanse them for you." So saying, he drew a white napkin from his pocket, dipped it in the blood that was flowing profusely from Romelli's throat, and wiped with it the stone. "Read!" was again the stern mandate. Romelli looked ghastly, kept his eyes fixed upon the stone, but said nothing. And there was a dogged determination in his look, which told that he would die like a fox, without murmur or word. "I will read for you, then," said Cardo:—"In memory of Hugo Marli, who perished in the South Seas."—"Now, tell me, red-handed hell-fiend, how perished the youth?" A very slight groan, and a harder breathing, was all the answer from the prostrate Italian. "Well then, I am Antonio Marli,—the last of my race—the brother of thy victim,—his avenger, —thy—prove the title there—and find hell." The last vengeful words gurgled in his throat; but his hand was nothing paralyzed, for, lifting high the dagger, he struck it, crashing and glutting itself, down through the skull and brains of the prostrate wretch, to the very hilt. The handle of the dagger, which was shaped like a cross, gave a grotesque tufted appearance to the head, and consorted well with the horrid expression of the features, which were first gathered up into one welked knot of ugly writhen delirium, and then slowly fell back into their proper places, and were gradually settled into the rigidity of death. The body inclined forward against the stone, upon the edge of which stuck the chin, unnaturally raised; and the face, half lighted by the lamp, and adorned by the handle-cross towering above it, looked over the tablet towards the door,—a ghastly picture.

Antonio Marli (let him now wear the name, thus horribly authenticated), with a red smile, as if his countenance shone from the mouth of a furnace, turned to Hume, who, loudly deprecating the above violence, had made desperate efforts at the same time to break into the aisle, and thus grimly spoke to him: "So, thou art there, thou glorious faithful one! Thou shalt live in the kingdom-to-come with the Marlis. Come in, bird, into the house," continued he, curving his fore-finger, and beckoning to Frederick with it; "advance and join the committee." A change came over his face in a moment; he unlocked the door; threw it open; dragged out the body of Romelli with awful violence; then turning to Hume, tried to speak, but could not, from violent emotion. He continued for a minute merely pointing to the body, but at length he said, "So, there it is out: I would not have its blood mingle with my sister's ashes."

"Most murderous wretch," cried Frederick,

grappling with him; "how didst thou dare call me to witness this?" "Sir, I thought your good opinion of some value, and I called you to see me approve myself a man of justice." "A wild beast thou! say a fiend rather; but thou shalt answer for it." "Ha!" cried Marli, with desperate energy, casting himself free from Hume's hold; "hear me, sir, now my brother: Go, weep for the little wren that dies in a tussle with the blue cuckoo, but give not your sympathy to that carrion, for he was a wretch, whose heart-strings might, unscathed, have tied up the forked bundles of lightning, so callous were they, so wicked, so callous. For your wife's sake, my sister, do not. Moreover, you must leave this country instantly; and for your kindness to my sister I shall go with you wherever you go, and be your slave till death, because in that I shall be honouring her." "A discreet travelling companion, forsooth!" returned Hume. "Hark ye, sir: like fire and water I can be a good servant; but my mastery, if your negative to my proposal put it upon me, may be equally dangerous." "Granted—in the matters of Italian assassination," said Frederick. "But suppose, sir, that this very moment I dispute your mastery. Suppose I tell you that even now my eye is upon you, and that I do not mean to let you leave the churchyard without a desperate effort on my part to secure your person." "I shall not stay at present," said Cardo, "to show you how easily I can defy you, armed as I am. Let us come to the point. You love Signora Romelli, and she loves you. Well: but you shall never marry her for her vile father's sake. She shall never sit a bride on the throne of your heart, which my sister Charlotte could not gain. Nay, she shall never wear for you the comely garment of marriage which my sister Charlotte gained. She shall never be happy as a wife where my sister Charlotte could not be happy as a wife. I will flee this instant, and you will be suspected of Romelli's murder. I have put things in such a train that suspicion must naturally fall upon you. No one, save yourself, and another whom I can trust, has seen me in this visit to your neighbourhood. The deed has been done with your own pistol and dagger, with which, besides the key to open the aisle door, my knowledge of Mrs. Mather's premises enabled me secretly to provide myself a few nights ago. If you think it could serve you aught in the court of justice to produce my card of to-day inviting you hither, look at it again, and see that it is not signed. Moreover, on a more careful glance, you will find it a fair imitation of your own handwriting, so that it would instantly be declared an *ex post facto* forgery—a poorly-conceived contrivance. That dead dog was honoured likewise with a note of invitation, but I took care to put such dangerous hints in it that he would not fail to burn it as soon as read. Moreover, on your way hither, you met two villagers, who, by a shrewd contrivance of mine, which it is needless at present to explain, were drawn to the road, notwithstanding the late hour, and who could not fail to recognize you, though they might not speak. Now, sir, do you see how you are beleaguered? You can hardly escape a condemning verdict; and even were it 'Not proven,' still the lurking suspicion against you, which such a niggardly acquittal implies, would for ever prevent the fine-souled Julia Romelli from becoming your wife. Now for your alternative of choice:—Shall I leave you—and will you stay—to be confounded in this country? or will you not rather flee with me instantly, where both of us shall be safe, and where, because you so honoured and tried to save the twin-sister of my being, my beloved one, I shall tame my safety, and my pride, and my powers, to be with you day and night as your companion and friend? Remember, either alternative will equally well serve my ends." "I have listened to you well, you must allow," said Hume; "and I have come to the conclusion that your ingenuity and finesse are admirable; but what a pity it is that they should all go for nothing! To show you, sir, what an overweening fool you are, I will constrain myself to tell you that Julia Romelli is already married to Dr. Stewart, in consequence of my choosing a bride elsewhere. Now, sir, seeing what my connection with your family has already gained for me, can you still urge it upon me, as a very important acquisition, to secure your devoted and worshipful attendance? Faugh! your hand smells rankly, and I will not taste that bread which you have touched."

At this announcement of Miss Romelli's marriage Marli gave a sort of involuntary scream. With trembling earnestness he then drew forth his bloody handkerchief, tied one end round his neck, and proffered the other to Dr. Hume, with the following words: "Is it so, sir? is Julia lost to you? I knew not of this: and now I do not rejoice. But take the napkin, sir, and lead me away to justice: take it, sir, if you wish any triumph over our family. By the souls of all my race, I shall follow you quietly as a lamb, for you have suffered too much already from the Marlis. Not one hair of your noble head shall for this murder come

into danger. Not one suspicion shall attach to your cloudless name. Had the law seized you, by my soul's being I would not have let you die, though I wished you never to get Julia Romelli for your wife. As it now is, you shall not for a moment be impeached. Lead me away."

Hume was puzzled what step now to take. He could have no wish to see Marli perish on the scaffold, even though he was a murderer; besides, that he would himself indirectly share the ignominy, from having been so allied to the family. But then, on the other hand, though life might now be of little value to him, he would not have his honour called in question, nor his name linked with the suspicions of his having had anything to do with such a vile deed of murder, which might assuredly happen to him were the real murderer to escape. He was, besides, though of a very ardent temperament, a man of a wise and well-constituted heart, and could not but think that Marli should be directly responsible to the laws of a wise country for his outrageous act. In something like a compromise betwixt these feelings, he said, "I shall endeavour, sir, to keep the blame from myself, and fix it upon the proper culprit:—Should you make your escape, I shall defend myself as well as possible."

"So the die is cast against me," said Marli, who, notwithstanding the sincere spirit of his surrender, had perhaps clung to the hope, that Hume might yet be disposed to save him, by leaving the country with him for ever. "But I shall abide it—take me now in tow, for I am impatient to grapple with my fate."

"Not at all," said Frederick, refusing the handkerchief, caring not for the outrageous effect of which the wild spirit of Marli seemed studious, in proposing the use of this bloody leading-string. He went close, however, by the side of the Italian, determined now to lay hold on him should he offer to escape. This, however, Antonio did not attempt; but, going quietly with Hume to the village, he himself roused the constables, stated to them his crime, and put himself under their care, to convey him to the jail of the neighbouring town, which was done without delay.

Chapter VI.

Marli was found guilty of Romelli's murder; and condemned to be executed in the churchyard where the murder was committed—a place of execution certainly new and remarkable. Frederick Hume, according to a solemn promise which he had made to Marli when one day he visited him in jail before his trial, again waited on the prisoner in his cell a few days before the appointed time of execution. The Italian boy was sitting on his low palletbed, apparently in deep abstraction, and he sat for a minute after Frederick entered. His face was calm and clearly pale, as if it had come out of the refiner's furnace; but his dark hair was raised a little above one of his temples, as if disordered by the wind; and there was an awful shadow and a trouble in the inner rooms of his eye. So soon as Hume named him, he arose, and, advancing, kissed his visitor on the cheek, exclaiming earnestly, "My brother! My brother!"

"Well, then, my poor Antonio Marli," said Hume, much moved, "I trust you repent of your crime?"

"Why? and wherefore?" answered the prisoner, with a gesture of impatience. "But you shall hear me: When you were last in the jail with me I was not in the vein for explanations, but now you shall hear and judge of Romelli's deserts. I would make you a prince, sir, if I could, but I have no other way of giving you honour, than by unfolding myself a little to you, which I would do were the confession to show my heart one molten hell.—My father, who, as you have already heard, was a clergyman in the north of Italy, was one stormy night returning home through a small village, about a mile from our house, when he heard a poor sailor begging at a door for a lodging during the night, which was refused him. My good old father, remembering that he himself had a son a sailor, who might come to equal want, brought home with him the rejected seaman, gave him food and dry raiment, and made him sit with us by the parlour fire. The man was of a talkative disposition, and being, moreover, cheered by the wine which was plentifully given him, began voluntarily to tell us of his having been lately shipwrecked. 'And how could it be otherwise?' continued the mariner; 'how could that ship thrive? You will hear why she could not; for I know the whole story. Well, before sailing from Genoa, on our last voyage, our captain, who was a widower, had fallen in love with a young lady. Now, it so happened, that his mate, a nice young chap, liked the same damsel; and she, in return, preferred him to the sulky captain, who, in consequence, was mightily huffed, and took every opportunity, after we had sailed from port, of venting his spleen against his rival. One day, being becalmed in the South Seas, near a beautiful green island abounding in wild game, the captain with a

small party went on shore to have some sport in shooting kangaroos. To the surprise of every one the young mate was allowed to go with us, and glad he was, for he was a lad of fine mettle and delighted in all sorts of amusement. But no sooner had we landed than the captain turned to him and said, peremptorily, 'Now, sir, you must watch the boat till we return.' Poor fellow, he knew his duty, though he felt the mean revenge, and folding his arms, he turned quickly round with his face from us, which was burning with anger, and began to hum a tune. After we had pursued our sport for some hours in the woods, we returned to the boat, and were surprised to find that the mate was not beside it. We saw him, however, about a hundred yards off (for he had probably been allured from his charge by seeing some game not far off), hasting towards us. The captain, trembling with malignant eagerness, ordered us all into the boat in a moment, and made us pull away as fast as possible from the poor young fellow, who, loudly demanding not to be left in such a wild place, dashed into the sea and swam after us. Be sure all of us used our oars with as little effect as possible to let him make his leeway. This he soon did and took hold of the edge of the boat; when the cruel captain drew his hanger and cut through his fingers, leaving him again to fall back into the sea. 'You disobeyed my orders, sir, in not staying beside the boat,' cried the heartless savage, whom every soul of us would gladly have tossed overboard, though the instinct of discipline kept us quiet. As for the poor mate, he cast a bitter and reproachful glance at the boat, folded his arms, and diving down into the sea, was never more seen. How could the ship, that bore us with the monster, be blessed after such doings? She was beat to pieces on the coast of Sicily, and the captain and I alone escaped. He used me very scurvily thereafter, and I am not ashamed to tell his misdeeds. But it was a pity for the good ship, the *Arrow*.' 'O, God! hold fast my head!' exclaimed my father, on hearing the name of the vessel—'If—if—but tell me the captain's name.' 'Romelli.' 'And the mate's?' 'Hugo Marli; —a blythe sailor!' 'My Hugo!—my own boy!' cried my father; and the old man's head sunk down upon his breast. Never shall I forget the wild, strange manner in which our sailor-guest at this caught hold of the liquor that was standing on the table, drunk it all out of the bottle, and then fled from the house, leaving me alone, a little boy, to raise and comfort my father's heart. In a few days the old man died of a broken heart, and I was left alone with my twin sister Charlotte. Day and night I thought of Hugo, the gay and gallant sailor boy that all the maids of Italy loved, the pride and stay of my father's heart, who brought presents for Charlotte from far lands, and taught me to fish for minnows in the brook, and to pipe upon the jointed stems of the green wheat:—And all this was at an end for ever; and my father's heart was broken. Therefore the desire of revenge grew up and widened with my soul from day to day. I found a medium through which I traced all Romelli's movements, and when I learned distinctly that he was a prisoner in this country, I determined to pay him a visit. My father had left a small sum of money, but now it was nearly expended, having supported Charlotte and myself scarcely a year in the house of our maternal uncle, and we were likely soon to be entirely dependent upon him. On expressing my determination to go to England with my sister, I saw that he was very willing to get quit of us: and the better to insure our removal, he bought me a harp and paid our passage to this country."

"Allow me to ask," interrupted Hume—"Did Charlotte know this wild purpose of yours?"

"No; she was staying with our aunt for a while when the above scene with the sailor took place, and my father was dead ere she knew of his illness. The thoughts of revenge which had already occurred to me made me conceal the true cause of my father's death; or, perhaps, to speak more strictly, although it was well known that his having heard of his son Hugo's death struck the old man to the grave, yet I took care not to reveal through what channel the news had come, or the cruel mode of my brother's death. Had Charlotte known what was within me, she would have tried incessantly to break my purpose; but she could not possibly know it, and as my will was her law in indifferent matters, she readily followed me to this country. No sooner had we landed than I made her vow never to reveal our true name or distinct place of abode till I gave her leave: and, in the meantime, we assumed the name of Cardo. After wandering about in England till we learned to speak the language fluently, which we attained the more easily that our father had taught it to us grammatically, I led the way to Scotland, gradually drawing near my victim, whose place of stay I had taken care to ascertain in Italy, through the same means by which I had hitherto watched his movements. To make my soundings, I got into Romelli's house under a feigned

sickness. When you saw me first, I had in truth no complaint save that the nearness of my victim and purpose had made my heart so deeply palpitate, that a degree of irritable fever had come over me. The fair Julia was too kind and tender: I fell madly in love with her;—I almost forgot my stern duty of revenge. You cannot guess the choking struggles between my two master passions. Yielding so far to the former, I compromised my pride in another point, and consented to be a dependant of Mrs. Mather's. By Heaven! I was not born with a soul to wait at palace doors—I would have rejoiced, under other circumstances, to live with my sister, free as the pretty little finches that hunt the bearded seeds of autumn; but love and revenge, mingled or separately, imposed it upon me to accede to your charity and Mrs. Mather's, that I might be near the two Romellis. In her playful mood, perhaps, Julia one evening prophesied that I should become a murderer. You cannot conceive the impression which this made upon me. I had begun to flag in my first great purpose, but now again I thought myself decreed to be an avenger; and to avoid stabbing Romelli that very night in your house, I had to keep myself literally away from him. Now, judge me, my friend. Was it not by him that I was shut up in a mad-house? Yet for your sake, and Mrs. Mather's, and Charlotte's, and Julia's, and perhaps mine own (for I have been too weak), again I refrained from slaying him in your house—nay, I left the place and neighbourhood altogether, and went to London. I engaged to sing and play in an opera-house, and made enough of money. My heart again grew up dangerous and revengeful. I returned to Scotland to pay Mrs. Mather for having kept us, to send Charlotte to a seaport town, whence a ship was to sail for the Continent on a given day, then to call Romelli to account, and thereafter to join my sister a few hours before the vessel sailed. On my arrival again in your neighbourhood to make preliminary inquiries, I called at the house of a young woman, who was Mrs. Mather's servant when I first came to the cottage; but who, about a year afterwards, went home to take care of her mother, an old blind woman. So, then, Charlotte was dead! My sister Charlotte!—My young Charlotte Marli!—and all in my most damnable absence! I heard it all, and your own noble generosity: but nothing of Julia's marriage with Stewart, which my informant, in her remote dwelling, had doubtless not yet heard. All this might change my line of politics. In the first place, I imposed secrecy as to my arrival on my young hostess, who readily promised to observe it, in virtue of having loved me for my music. I had now to concert not only how best to strike Romelli, but, at the same time, how to prevent for ever your marriage with Julia. You know my double scheme in one. The brother of my hostess had, in former years, been an organist, and one day I took his instrument, which the affectionate lass had carefully kept for his sake, and went to the remote churchyard to play a dirge over Charlotte's grave. You were there, and I found it an excellent opportunity of forwarding my scheme, by making you promise to meet me afterwards in the aisle; which you did, when Signor Romelli happened to be there. Ha! ha! how came he there, the foolish man? Before naming to you the precise night of our threefold meeting, I had been prudent enough to find out that the excellent signor had just come home from some jaunt, and in all probability would not again, for at least a few days, leave his house. To make sure, however, I instantly forwarded to him my letter of invitation. How expressed? how signed? I remember well (for nothing of that dreadful night will easily pass from my mind) the sailor's name whose story broke my father's heart. So, under his name, I scrawled a letter to Romelli, stating, that if the signor would know the immediate danger in which he stood in consequence of certain things which once happened in a boat in the South Seas, when he was captain of the *Arrow*, and if he would not have these points now brought publicly to light, he must meet the writer alone, at the door of the given aisle, on Saturday night, precisely at eleven o'clock. I was much afraid that he would guess the true writer of the letter, and so would not come. However, about ten o'clock on the appointed night I crouched me down, with a dark-lantern in my pocket, beneath Charlotte's tombstone, upon which, I may here mention, I had got a mason from the village, for a large bribe, to put a slight inscription relative to my brother, which he secretly executed between Friday evening and the dawn of Saturday. Almost contrary to my expectations, Romelli came; but I think somewhat after the hour appointed, with a dark-lantern in his hand; and, finding the door of the aisle open, he advanced into the interior, and began, I suppose, to read the inscription, which, to heighten the effect of my revenge, as above stated, I had caused to be written the preceding night. In a moment I started up, and ordered him to fall down on his knees and confess his crimes; but instead of obeying me, no sooner did he see who I was than he drew

a pistol and shot at me, missing me, however. My turn was next, and I missed not him. He fell: I locked the aisle-door that you might see through the grating, but not interfere. I had him now beneath my will and power. You know the rest! Hugo Marli is avenged: and I am willing to die."

Such were the prisoner Marli's explanations, partly won by the cross-examinations of Hume, but in general given continuously, and of his own accord.

"And now, Frederick Hume," continued the prisoner, after a long pause of mutual silence, "you alone, of all the human race, are dear to me; will you promise to lay my head in the grave, despite of the ill which Charlotte and I have done you?" "Bethink you of some other reasonable request and I shall do it for you to the utmost," answered Frederick; "you know the above is impossible." "No, no," cried Marli, impatiently; "you shall lay me beside her in your own aisle." "Antonio Marli," returned Frederick solemnly, "must I remind you of your sad sentence?" "O ho! you mean the dissection? The precious carnival for Dr. Pry and his pupils?" said the Italian, laughing grimly. "But if I can accomplish the half—If I can get quit of the claim of the law in that respect, would you so bury me, my brother?" "Talk not of this any more," said Hume, not comprehending what the prisoner meant; "but cry for the purifying mercy of Heaven ere you die." "You are from the point, sir," replied Antonio; "but hear me:—I will leave one request in a letter to you after my death, if you will promise, and swear—nay, merely promise (for I know your honour in all things) to fulfil the same." "Let me hear it, and judge," said Hume. "I will not," said the Italian; "but yet my request shall be simple and your accomplishment of it very easy. Moreover it shall be offensive neither to your country's laws nor to your own wise mind. Give me this one promise, and I die in peace." "Be it so then," said Frederick; "I will do your request if I find it as you negatively characterize it." "Then leave me—leave me for ever!" cried Marli. "But if my heart, and body, and all my soul, could be fashioned into one blessing, they would descend upon thy head and thy heart, and all thy outgoings, thou young man among a million.—Oh! my last brother on earth!" So saying, Marli sprung upon Frederick's neck and sobbed aloud like a little child; and so overcome was Frederick by the sense of his own unhappiness, but chiefly by pity for the fate of the poor Italian boy, in whose heart generosity was strongly mingled with worse passions, that he gave way to the infectious sorrow; and for many minutes the two young men mingled their tears as if they had been the children of one mother. At length Marli tore himself away, and flung himself violently down with his face upon his low bed.

Chapter VII.

The very next day word was brought to Frederick Hume that the Italian had killed himself in prison by striking his skull against the walls of his cell, and at the same time the following letter was put into Hume's hands:—

"I claim your promise—I forbore distinctly stating to you my purpose last night, because I knew you would have teased me with warnings and exhortations, which, despite of my respect for your wisdom, could no more have stayed me in my antique appropriation of myself, than you could make a rain-proof garment from the torn wings of beautiful butterflies. Did you think my soul could afford to give such a spectacle to gaping boors? Well, we must be buried in the first instance (for the law and the surgeon have lost our limbs) among nettles, in unconsecrated ground, at a respectful distance from Christian bones, in the churchyard of this town. But now for my request, and your vow to fulfil it. I demand that you raise my body by night, and take it to your aisle, and bury it beside Charlotte Marli's beautiful body. This request, I think, implies nothing contrary to the laws of your country, or which can startle a wise heart free from paltry superstitions about the last rites of suicides. Moreover, you can do the thing with great secrecy. Then shall I rest in peace beside her whom my soul loved; and we shall rise together at the last day: and you shall be blessed for ever, for her sake and for my sake. Farewell, my brother. "Antonio Marli."

Hume prepared without delay to obey this letter, and providing himself with six men from the village of Holydean, on whose secrecy he could well depend, he caused three of them by night to dig up the body of Marli from the graveyard where it had been buried, whilst the other three, in the meanwhile, prepared another grave for it in Mrs. Mather's aisle, as near as possible to his sister Charlotte's. The complexion of the night suited well this strange work, darkening earth and heaven with piled lofts of blackness. Frederick himself superintended the work of exhumation, which was happily accomplished without interruption.

Leaving two of his men to fill up carefully the empty grave, with the third he then accompanied the cart in which, wrapped in a sheet, the body of Marli was transferred to Holydean churchyard. There it was interred anew beside his sister's remains, and the grave being filled up level with the surface, the remains of the earth were carefully disposed of, so that without a very nice inspection, it could not be known, from the appearance of the ground, that this new burial had taken place in the aisle. Thus was Antonio Marli's singular request faithfully accomplished.

Next morning Hume visited the aisle, to see that all was right. The history of the Marlis, and their late living existence, and his own share in their strange destinies, all seemed to him a dream; yet their palpable tombs were before him, and prostrate in heart from recurring recollections of their fate and his own so deeply intertwisted, he remained one last bitter hour beside the graves of these wild and passionate children of the South.

Julia Romelli heard, too late, how she had been imposed upon, in reference to Hume's supposed inconstancy of affection, but, for their mutual peace of mind, she determined never to see him more, and never to exchange explanations with him. As for Frederick, he too had resolved steadfastly to observe the same forbearance. But though Julia could be so self-denied, she was not the less inwardly racked, as she reflected on her own unhappy rashness. Her father's murder was a dreadful aggravation to her distress, which was still farther heightened by the harsh treatment of her husband Stewart, who was conscious probably that his wife had never loved him. The loss of her first-born boy, who was unhappily drowned in a well, brought the terrible consummation. Poor Julia went mad, and night after night (for her brutal husband cared little for her) she might be seen, when the image of the full moon was shining down in the bottom of the well, sitting on its bank and inviting passengers to come and see her little white boy swimming in the water. From week to week she grew more violent in her insanity, and after many years of woful alienation, she ended her days in that very cell where Antonio Marli had once lain.

A few days after the second burial of Antonio Marli, Frederick Hume went to London. There he found means of being present at a ball to see the great Nelson, who was that year in this country. It was most glorious to see the swan-like necks and the deep bosoms of England's proudest beauties bending towards him, round about, when he entered—that man with his thin weather-worn aspect. And never did England's beauties look so proudly, as when thus hanging like jewels of his triumph around their manly and chivalrous sailor, who had given his best blood to the green sea for his country. He, too, felt his fame, for the pale lines of his face, as if charged with electricity, were up and trembling, as in the day of his enthusiastic battle.

At sight of this unparalleled man, Frederick was struck to the heart. He bethought him how much more noble it was, since his life was now of little value to him, to lose it for his country, than waste it away in selfish unhappiness. Accordingly, our doctor gave up his more peaceful profession, and with the consent and by the assistance of his patroness, Mrs. Mather, he entered the navy. In his very first engagement he found the death which he did all but court, and his body went down into the deep sea for a grave.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blythe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from mine eye,
  To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harnessed to the law!

My kite,—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
  My flights soon find a fall;

My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro,—
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school.—
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh,—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat,—ne'er deem'd an ill,—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke,—and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come,—
The prize of merit, won for home,—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,—
For fame—a deal of empty praise
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach,—
The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams."

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind,—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

THOMAS HOOD.

TO BLOSSOMS.

[Robert Herrick, born in London, 1591; died at Dean Prior, October, 1674. The author of the *Hesperides* was the son of a goldsmith in Cheapside. He was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. He was ejected from his living during the Commonwealth, and replaced after the Restoration.]

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay here yet a while,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth was a wonderful princess for wisdom, learning, magnificence, and grandeur of soul. All this was fine,—but she was as envious as a decayed beauty—jealous and cruel—and that spoiled all. However, be her defects what they may, her fame had pierced even to the depths of Germany, whence the Enchanter Faustus set off for her court, that great magician wishing to ascertain by his own wits, whether Elizabeth was as gifted with good qualities as she was with bad. No one could judge this for him so well as himself—who read the stars like his A, B, C, and whom Satan obeyed like his dog—yet, withal, who was not above a thousand pleasant tricks, that make people laugh, and hurt no one. Such, for instance, as turning an old lord into an old lady, to elope with his cook-maid —exchanging a handsome wife for an ugly one, &c. &c.

The queen, charmed with the pretty things which she heard of him, wished much to see him—and from the moment that she did, became quite fascinated. On his side, he found her better than he had expected, not but that he perceived she thought a great deal too much of her wit—though she had a tolerable share of it, and still more of her beauty—of which she had rather less.

One day that she was dressed with extraordinary splendour, to give audience to some ambassadors, she retired into her cabinet at the close of the ceremony, and sent for the doctor. After having gazed at herself in all the mirrors in the room, and seeming very well pleased with their reflection,—for her roses and lilies were as good as gold could buy—her petticoat high enough to show her ankle, and her frill low to expose her bosom,—she sat down *en attitude*, in her great chair. It was thus the Enchanter Faustus found her. He was the most adroit courtier that you could find, though you searched the world over. For though there are good reasons why a courtier may not be a conjuror, there are none why a conjuror may not be a courtier; and Faustus, both in one—knowing the queen's foible as to her imaginary beauty—took care not to let slip so fine an opportunity of paying his court. He was wonderstruck, thunderstruck, at such a blaze of perfection. Elizabeth knew how to appreciate the moment of surprise. She drew a magnificent ruby from her finger, which the doctor, without making difficulties about it, drew on his.

"You find me then passable for a queen," said she, smiling. On this he wished himself at the devil (his old resting-place), if, not alone that he had ever seen, but if anybody else had ever seen, either queen or subject to equal her.

"Oh Faustus, my friend," replied she, "could the beauties of antiquity return, we should soon see what a flatterer you are!"

"I dare the proof," returned the doctor. "If your majesty will it—but speak and they are here."

Faustus, of course, never expected to be taken at his word; but whether Elizabeth wished to see if magic could perform the miracle, or to satisfy a curiosity that had often tormented her, she expressed herself amazingly pleased at the idea, and begged it might be immediately realized.

Faustus then requested her majesty to pass into a little gallery near the apartment, while he went for his book, his ring, and his large black mantle.

All this was done nearly as soon as said. There was a door at each end of the gallery, and it was decided that the beauties should come in at one, and go out at the other, so that the queen might have a fair view of them. Only two of the courtiers were admitted to this exhibition; these were the Earl of Essex and Sir Philip Sidney.

Her majesty was seated in the middle of the gallery, with the earl and the knight standing to the right and left of her chair. The enchanter did not forget to trace round them and their mistress certain mysterious circles, with all the grimaces and contortions of the time. He then drew another opposite to it, within which he took his own station, leaving a space between for the actors.

When this was finished, he begged the queen not to speak a word while they should be on the stage; and above all, not to appear frightened, let her see what she might.

The latter precaution was needless; for the good queen feared neither angel nor devil. And now the doctor inquired what *belle* of antiquity she would first see.

"To follow the order of time," she answered, "they should commence with HELEN."

The magician, with a changing countenance, now exclaimed, "Sit still!"

Sidney's heart beat quick. The brave Essex turned pale. As to the queen, not the slightest emotion was perceptible.

Faustus soon commenced some muttered

incantations and strange evolutions, such as were the fashion of the day for conjurors. Anon the gallery shook, so did the two courtiers, and the doctor, in a voice of anger, called out,

"Daughter of fair Leda, hear!
From thy far Elysian sphere;
Lovely as when, for his fee,
To Paris Venus promised thee.
Appear—appear—appear!"

Accustomed to command, rather than to be commanded, the fair Helen lingered to the last possible moment; but when the last moment came, so did she, and so suddenly, that no one knew how she got there. She was habited *a la Grecque*,—her hair ornamented with pearls and a superb aigrette. The figure passed slowly onwards — stopped for an instant directly opposite the queen as if to gratify her curiosity, took leave of her with a malicious smile, and vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when her majesty exclaimed—"What! that the fair Helen! I don't pique myself on beauty, but may I die if I would change faces with her!"

"I told your majesty how it would be," remarked the enchanter; "and yet there she is, as she was in her best days."

"She has, however, very fine eyes," observed Essex.

"Yes," said Sidney, "they are large, dark, and brilliant—but after all, what do they say?" added he, correcting himself.

"Nothing," replied the favourite.

The queen, who was this day extravagantly rouged, asked if they did not think Helen's tint too *China-white*.

"China!" cried the earl; "Delf rather."

"Perhaps," continued the queen, "it was the fashion of her time, but you must confess that such turned-in toes would have been endured in no other woman. I don't dislike her style of dress, however, and probably I may bring it round again, in place of these troublesome hoops, which have their inconveniences."

"O, as to the dress," chimed in the favourite —"let it pass, it is well enough, which is more than can be said for the wearer."

A conclusion in which Sidney heartily joined, rhapsodying—

"O Paris, fatal was the hour,
When, victim to the blind god's power,
Within your native walks you bore
That firebrand from a foreign shore;
Who—ah so little worth the strife!—
Was fit for nothing, but a wife."

"Od's my life now," said her majesty,—"but I think she looks fitter for anything else, Sidney!—My lord of Essex, how think you?"

"As your majesty does," returned he;—"there is a meaning in that eye."

"And a minute past they said there was none," thought Faustus.

This liberal critique on the fair Helen being concluded, the queen desired to see the beautiful and hopeless Mariamne.

The enchanter did not wait to be twice asked; but he did not choose to invoke a princess who had worshipped at holy altars in the same manner as he had summoned the fair Pagan. It was then, by way of ceremony, that turning four times to the east, three to the south, two to the west, and only once to the north, he uttered, with great suavity, in Hebrew—

"Lovely Mariamne, come!
Though thou sleepest far away,
Regal spirit! leave thy tomb!
Let the splendours round thee play,
Silken robe and diamond stone,
Such as, on thy bridal-day,
Flash'd from proud Judea's throne."

Scarcely had he concluded, when the spouse of Herod made her appearance, and gravely advanced into the centre of the gallery, where she halted, as her predecessor had done. She was robed nearly like the high-priest of the Jews, except that instead of the tiara, a veil, descending from the crown of the head, and slightly attached to the cincture, fell far behind her. Those graceful and flowing draperies threw over the whole figure of the lovely Hebrew an air of indescribable dignity. After having stopped for several minutes before the company, she pursued her way—but without paying the slightest parting compliment to the haughty Elizabeth.

"Is it possible," said the queen, before she had well disappeared,—"is it possible that Mariamne was such a figure as that?—such a tall, pale, meagre, melancholy-looking affair, to have passed for a beauty through so many centuries!"

"By my honour," quoth Essex, "had I been in Herod's place, I should never have been angry at her keeping her distance."

"Yet I perceived," said Sidney, "a certain touching languor in the countenance—an air of dignified simplicity."

Her majesty looked grave.

"Fye, fye," returned Essex, "it was haughtiness—her manner is full of presumption,—aye, and even her height."

The queen having approved of Essex's decision—on her own part, condemned the princess for her aversion to her spouse, which, though the world alleged to have been caused by his being the cut-throat of her family, she saw nothing to justify, whatever a husband might be. A wife was a wife; and Herod had done quite right in cutting off the heads of the offenders.

Faustus, who affected universal knowledge, assured her majesty that all the historians were in error on that point; for he had had it himself from a living witness, that the true cause of Herod's vengeance was his spiteful old-maid of a sister—Salome's overhearing Mariamne—one day at prayers—beg of Heaven to rid her of her worthless husband.

After a moment of thought, the queen, with the same indifference with which she would have called for her waiting-maid—desired to see Cleopatra; for the Egyptian queen not having been quite as *comme il faut* as the British, the latter treated her accordingly. The beautiful Cleopatra quickly made her appearance at the extremity of the gallery,—and Elizabeth expected that this apparition would fully make up for the disappointment which the others had occasioned. Scarcely had she entered when the air was loaded with the rich perfumes of Arabia.

Her bosom, that had been melting as charity, was open as day,—a loop of diamonds and rubies gathered the drapery as much above the left knee, as it might as well have been below it,—and a woven wind of transparent gauze, softened the figure which it did not conceal.

In this gay and gallant costume, the mistress of Antony glided through the gallery, making a similar pause as the others. No sooner was her back turned, than the courtiers began to tear her person and frippery to pieces,—the queen calling out, like one possessed, for paper to burn under her nose, to drive away the vapours occasioned by the gums with which the mummy was filled,—declared her insupportable in every sense, and far beneath even the wife of Herod, or the daughter of Leda,—shocked at her Diana drapery, to exhibit the most villanous leg in the world,—and protested that a thicker robe would have much better become her.

Whatever the two courtiers might have thought, they were forced to join in these sarcasms, which the frail Egyptian excited in peculiar severity.

"Such a cocked nose!" said the queen.

"Such impertinent eyes!" said Essex.

Sidney, in addition to her other defects, found out that she had too much stomach and too little back.

"Say of her as you please," returned Faustus—"one she is, however, who led the master of the world in her chains. But, madam," added he, turning to the queen, "as these far-famed foreign beauties are not to your taste, why go beyond your own kingdom, England, which has always produced the models of female perfection—as we may even at this moment perceive—will furnish an object perhaps worthy of your attention in the fair Rosamond." Now Faustus had heard that the queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," observed the doctor, craftily; "for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge—let us judge," replied the queen, hastily; "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sidney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress; and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendours of day, at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if aware of the command the queen had given, she turned especially towards Sidney, looking at him with an expressive smile. But she must go at last. And when she was gone, "My lord," said the queen, "what a pretty creature! I never saw anything so charming in my life. What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you?" My lord thought, Would to Heaven you did; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, "Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest ——— of your three kingdoms."

During all this flattery with which the fa-

vourite charmed the ears of the good queen, the poet Sidney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light, we think it but justice to the celebrated author not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not, which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond. The enchanter, still of opinion that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury—who gave rise to the institution of the Garter. The idea was approved of by the queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the *cause* were worthy of the effect—*i.e.* the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration—the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it the more the queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last, to submit, but with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was; and the two courtiers were now a little reassured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions—neither pretty nor polite—he flung his book into the middle of the gallery, went three times round it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells—what that was must remain for ever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning, with a sonorous voice, "Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!" At the last of these magic cries the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the queen, who thought her fair visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, "My dear likeness!" No sooner was the word out than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapour filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpentined to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar—his cap here, his wig there; in short, by no means an object of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear*, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sidney lost the left moustachio; her majesty's head-dress smelt villanously of the sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching, that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honour to come, against curiosity.

COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCHLOMOND.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks; this household lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That hold in shelter thy abode;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers,
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:

For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful!
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea: and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl, from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

WORDSWORTH.

THE POET'S DREAM.[1]

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Milton's L'Allegro.

It was the minstrel's merry month of June;
Silent and sultry glowed the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing,
Broke through the green leaves with the quivering beam,
Sung from the grove, and sparkled on the stream:
When—where yon beech-tree broke the summer ray—
Wrapped in rich dreams of light—young MILTON lay.
For him the earth beneath, the heaven above,
Teemed with the earliest spring of joyous youth;
Sunshine and flowers—and vague and virgin Love,
Kindling his tenderest visions into truth,
While Poesy's sweet voice sung over all,
Making the common air most musical.

Alone he lay, and to the laughing beams
His long locks glittered in their golden streams;
Calm on his brow sate wisdom—yet the while
His lips wore love, and parted with a smile;
And beauty reigned along each faultless limb—
The lavish beauty of the olden day,
Ere with harsh toil our mortal mould grew dim—
When gods who sought for true-love met him here,
And the veiled Dian lost her lonely sphere—
And her proud name of chaste, for him whose sleep
Drank in Elysium on the Latmos steep.
Nor without solemn dream, or vision bright,
The bard for whom Urania left the shore—
The viewless shore where never sleeps the light,
Or falls the voice of music; and bequeathed
Such flowers as ne'er by Thracian well were wreathed—
And song more high than e'er on Chian Rock was breathed.

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[1] Painter and poet have united in preserving a pretty anecdote of Milton's youth. A lady with her attendant walking in the forest found the poet asleep under a tree, and she was so charmed by his beauty that she pencilled a few admiring lines and placed the paper beside him. There are different versions of the incident, and by some it is said to have occurred during Milton's travels in Italy; but it is quite as likely to have happened during his residence at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he spent the first five years after leaving Cambridge. At that period he was in the prime of youth, and was, according to all accounts, very handsome. His stature did not exceed the middle size, and was formed with perfect symmetry. Manso, Marquis of Villa and the patron of Tasso, received Milton at Naples with much enthusiasm, and has left an epigram in praise of the poet, which has been thus translated:—

"So perfect thou, in mind, in form, and face,
Thou'rt not of English but Angelic race."

The poem given above is from one of Lord Lytton's early productions entitled *Milton*.

Dreams he of Nymph half hid in sparry cave,
Or Naiad rising from her moonèd wave,
Or imaged idol earth has never known,
Shrined in his heart, and there adored alone;
Or such, perchance, as all divinely stole,
In later times, along his charmèd soul;
When from his spirit's fire, and years beguiled
Away in hoarded passion—and the wild
Yet holy dreams of angel-visitings,
Mixed with the mortal's burning thoughts which leave
Ev'n heaven's purę shapes with all the woman warm;
When from such bright and blest imaginings
The inspiring seraph bade him mould the form,
And show the world the wonder—of his Eve?

Has this dull earth a being to compare
With those which genius kindles?—Can thè sun
Show his young bard a living shape as fair
As those which haunt his sleep?—Yea, there is one
Brighter than aught which fancy forms most dear—
Brighter than love's wild dream; and lo! behold her
here!
She was a stranger from the southern sky,
And wandering from the friends with whom she roved
Along those classic gardens—chanced to stray
By the green beech-tree where the minstrel lay.

Silent—in wonder's speechless trance—she stood,
With lifted hand, and lips apart—and eye
Gazing away the rich heart, as she viewed;
Darker than night her locks fell clustering
O'er her smooth brow, and the sweet Air just moved
Their vine-like beauty with his gentle wing;
The earliest bloom of youth's Idalian rose
Blushed through the Tuscan olive of her cheek—
(So through the lightest clouds does morning break)—
And there shone forth that hallowing soul which glows
Round beauty, like the circling light on high,
Which decks and makes the glory of the sky.
Breathless and motionless she stood awhile,
And drank deep draughts of passion—then a smile
Played on her lip—and, bending down, her hand
Traced on her tablet the wild thoughts which stole,
Like angel-strangers, o'er her raptured soul;
For she was of the poet's golden land,
Where thought finds happiest voice, and glides along
Into the silver rivers of sweet song.

O'er him she leant enamoured, and her sigh
Breathed near and nearer to his silent mouth,
Rich with the hoarded odours of the south.
So in her spiritual divinity
Young Psyche stood the sleeping Eros by;—
What time she to the couch had, daring, trod;
And—by the glad light—saw her bridegroom God!
—Did her locks touch his cheek? or did he feel
Her breath like music o'er his spirit steal?
I know not—but the spell of sleep was broke;
He started—faintly murmured—and awoke!
He woke as Moslems wake from death, to see
The Houris of their heaven; and reverently
He looked the transport of his soul's amaze:
And their eyes met!—The deep—deep love supprest
For years, and treasured in each secret breast,
Wakened, and glowed, and centred in their gaze.
And their eyes met—one moment and no more!
Nursed in bright dreams of old romantic lore,
Of Eastern fairies gliding on the beam,
Or Grecian goddess haunting minstrel's dream;
He rose—and though no faintest voice might stir
His lips—he knelt adoringly to her,
And gazed his worship; but the spell was past,
And the boy's gesture broke the breathless charm,
And maiden shame, and woman's swift alarm,
Burningly o'er the Italian's soul was rushing;
And her lip trembled, and her pulse beat fast,
And with a thousand new-born feelings blushing—
She turned away—and with a step of air
She fled, and left him mute and spell-bound there.

BULWER.

ON THE MORAL QUALITIES OF MILTON.

The moral character of Milton was as strongly marked as his intellectual, and it may be expressed in one word, *magnanimity*. It was in harmony with his poetry. He had a passionate love of the higher, more commanding, and majestic virtues, and fed his youthful mind with meditations on the perfection of a human being. In a letter written to an Italian friend before his thirtieth year, and translated by Hayley, we have this vivid picture of his aspirations after virtue.

"As to other points, what God may have determined for me, I know not; but this I know, that if he ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry, than I day and night the idea of perfection. Hence, wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom, through every age, has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny, that by no exertion or labours of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honour, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those, who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

His *Comus* was written in his twenty-sixth year, and on reading this exquisite work, our admiration is awakened, not so much by ob-

serving how the whole spirit of poetry had descended on him at that early age, as by witnessing how his whole youthful soul was penetrated, awed, and lifted up by the austere charms, "the radiant light," the invincible power, the celestial peace of saintly virtue. He reverenced moral purity and elevation, not only for its own sake, but as the inspirer of intellect, and especially of the higher efforts of poetry. In his usual noble style, he says,

"I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

We learn from his works, that he used his multifarious reading, to build up within himself this reverence for virtue. Ancient history, the sublime musings of Plato, and the heroic self-abandonment of chivalry, joined their influences with prophets and apostles, in binding him "everlastingly in willing homage" to the great, the honourable, and the lovely in character. A remarkable passage to this effect, we quote from his account of his youth.

"I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn;" . . . "So that even these books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue."

All Milton's habits were expressive of a refined and self-denying character. When charged by his unprincipled slanderers with licentious habits, he thus gives an account of his morning hours.

"Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour, or to devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught: then with usual and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations, rather than to see the ruin of our protestation, and the enforcement of a slavish life."

We have enlarged on the strictness and loftiness of Milton's virtue, not only from our interest in the subject, but that we may put to shame and silence those men who make genius an apology for vice, and take the sacred fire, kindled by God within them, to inflame men's passions, and to minister to a vile sensuality.

We see Milton's greatness of mind, in his fervent and constant attachment to liberty. Freedom in all its forms and branches was dear to him, but especially freedom of thought and speech, of conscience and worship, freedom to seek, profess, and propagate truth. The liberty of ordinary politicians, which protects men's outward rights, and removes restraints to the pursuit of property and outward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived and was ready to die. The tyranny which he hated most was that which broke the intellectual and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed, was, that they fettered the mind. He felt within himself, that the human mind had a principle of perpetual growth, that it was essentially diffusive and made for progress, and he wished every chain broken, that it might run the race of truth and virtue with increasing ardour and success. This attachment to a spiritual and refined freedom, which never forsook him in the hottest controversies, contributed greatly to protect his genius, imagination, taste, and sensibility, from the withering and polluting influences of public station, and of the rage of parties. It threw a hue of poetry over politics, and gave a sublime reference to his service of the commonwealth. The fact that Milton, in that stormy day, and amidst the trials of public office, kept his high faculties undepraved, was a proof of no common greatness. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious, and inventive, within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal truth, paralyze sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue, which lies at the foundation of philanthropy and generous sacrifices, and

end in cold and prudent selfishness. Milton passed through a revolution which, in its last stages and issue, was peculiarly fitted to damp enthusiasm, to scatter the visions of hope, and to infuse doubts of the reality of virtuous principle; and yet the ardour, and moral feeling, and enthusiasm of his youth came forth unhurt, and even exalted, from the trial.

Before quitting the subject of Milton's devotion to liberty, it ought to be recorded, that he wrote his celebrated *Defence of the People of England*, after being distinctly forewarned by his physicians that the effect of this exertion would be the utter loss of sight. His reference to this part of his history, in a short poetical effusion, is too characteristic to be withheld. It is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner, the friend to whom he appears to have confided his lately discovered *Treatise on Christian Doctrine.*"

> Cyriac, this three-years-day, these eyes, though clear
> To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
> Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
> Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
> Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
> Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defence, my noble task,
> Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
> This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
> Content, though blind, had I no better guide.
>
> *Sonnet* xxii.

We see Milton's magnanimity in the circumstances under which *Paradise Lost* was written. It was not in prosperity, in honour, and amidst triumphs, but in disappointment, desertion, and in what the world calls disgrace, that he composed that work. The cause with which he had identified himself had failed. His friends were scattered; liberty was trodden under foot; and her devoted champion was a by-word among the triumphant royalists. But it is the prerogative of true greatness, to glorify itself in adversity, and to meditate and execute vast enterprises in defeat. Milton, fallen in outward condition, afflicted with blindness, disappointed in his best hopes, applied himself with characteristic energy to the sublimest achievement of intellect, solacing himself with great thoughts, with splendid creations, and with a prophetic confidence, that however neglected in his own age, he was framing in his works a bond of union and fellowship with the illustrious spirits of a brighter day. We delight to contemplate him in his retreat and last years. To the passing spectator, he seemed fallen and forsaken, and his blindness was reproached as a judgment from God. But though sightless, he lived in light. His inward eye ranged through universal nature, and his imagination shed on it brighter beams than the sun. Heaven, and hell, and paradise were open to him. He visited past ages, and gathered round him ancient sages and heroes, prophets and apostles, brave knights and gifted bards. As he looked forward, ages of liberty dawned and rose to his view, and he felt that he was about to bequeath to them an inheritance of genius "which would not fade away," and was to live in the memory, reverence, and love of remotest generations.

We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The envious mists, which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name, are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the manes of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names, to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendour on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not and could not appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively "of the earth;" whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary in the day of Johnson's glory to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity,

and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either, never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence, a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. "Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was a fire in his aged breast. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton! The comparison, which we have instituted, has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects. But we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life and his references to his own history, command our willing admiration. That he wanted enthusiasm, and creative imagination, and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton. We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect; for they were results, to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously strong prejudices, and of all his *Lives*, we hold that of Milton to be the most apocryphal.

DR. CHANNING.

SONG.

FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

[**Lord Francis Leveson Gower**, afterwards Lord Francis Egerton, born 1800, died October, 1857. He was the second son of the first Duke of Sutherland. Possessed of much literary ability, he obtained considerable reputation by his translation of "Faust."]

My peace is vanish'd,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
And never more!

Where *he* is not
Is like a tomb;
And the sunniest spot
Is turned to gloom.

My aching head
Will burst with pain—
And the sense has fled
My wilder'd brain.

I look through the glass
Till my eyes are dim;
The threshold I pass
Alone for *him*.

His lofty step,
And his forehead high,
His winning smile,
And his beaming eye!

His fond caress,
So rich in bliss!
His hand to press—
And ah! his kiss!—

My peace is vanish'd,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
And never more!

ON IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

I have always been of opinion, that the complaints against Providence have been ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and pretty numerous ones too; but few in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity; nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem; which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprise and undertaking; besides the satisfaction that immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily, attached to virtue and merit; and adversity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I must, however, confess that this rule admits of an exemption with regard to one moral quality, and that modesty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as impudence displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the bulk of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for; and admit his overbearing airs as a proof of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it; as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which, in outward appearance, so nearly resembles it.

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effects upon a man's fortune as if it were a virtue; so we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man, being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter; but it is observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true, genuine, natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits, and is sensible of, he is so much nearer his end, but, when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of it will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him; after which, every blush is a cause for new blushes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If anything can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it; and supply its place, in a great measure, when it is absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves with large possessions give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations; or rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine everything with the greatest accuracy; as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose, in the practice of the world, that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence is as difficult as to reconcile vice to modesty.

DAVID HUME.

STANZAS.

[Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, born in London, 9th July, 1764; died 7th February, 1823. A very popular romance writer. Of her many works, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is most prominent.]

On the bright margin of Italia's shore,
Beneath the glance of summer-noon, we stray,
And, indolently happy, ask no more
Than cooling airs that o'er the ocean play.

And watch the bark that on the busy strand
Wash'd by the sparkling tide awaits the gale,
Till, high among the shrouds, the sailor band
Gallantly shout, and raise the swelling sail.

On the broad deck a various group recline,
Touch'd with the moonlight, yet half hid in shade;

Who, silent, watch the bark the coast resign,
The pharos lessen, and the mountains fade.

We, indolently happy, watch alone
The wandering airs that o'er the ocean stray,
To bring some sad Venetian sonnet's tone
From that lone vessel floating far away.

HUMAN LIFE.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin,
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine.
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping's heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life;—so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

ROGERS.

THE GRAY HAIR.

[Alaric Alexander Watts, born in London, 1795; died 5th April, 1864. As the poet of domestic life he is widely known and appreciated. His first collection of poems appeared in 1822, and from that date he became busily occupied in journalism, first as editor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, next of the *Manchester Courier*, and subsequently as the projector of the *United Service Gazette*, which he edited for ten years. In 1851 a complete collection of his poetical works was issued under the title of *Lyrics of the Heart*. In 1853 government provided him with a pension of £100 a year.]

Come, let me pluck that silver hair
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see:
The withering type of time or care
Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

Years have not yet impair'd the grace
That charmed me once, that chains me now;
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brighten'd them when first we met;
No!—rays of softest light illume
Thy unambitious beauty yet!

And if the passing clouds of care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace.

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness all its own,
Methinks I never mark'd before!

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—
If bliss indeed may here be won—
In spite of all that Care can do;
In spite of all that Time hath done;

Is yon white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given?
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;
Of beauty hastening to the tomb;
Of hopes that cannot fade away;
Of joys that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark glossy locks entwined,
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow
To emblem thy maturer mind!

It does—it does:—then let it stay;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now;
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from beauty's brow?

OUT WITH THE HERRING FISHERS.

BY HUGH MILLER.

[**Hugh Miller**, born in Cromarty, 12th October, 1802; died in Edinburgh, 24th December, 1856. He was for some time a stone-mason, and it was whilst working in this capacity that he obtained the impressions and experiences of the science of geology, which afterwards yielded such great results. Next he became clerk in the bank of his native town, and about this time he published a small volume of poems. He became a frequent contributor to the *Inverness Courier*, and in that journal his important "Letters on the Herring Fishery" were first published. From these letters we quote the following sketch of a night's adventures with the herring fishers. At the period of the Disruption, when the Free Church party established the *Witness*, a semi-weekly newspaper, Mr. Miller was appointed its editor, and continued to hold that post until the date of his melancholy death. Whilst performing all the duties of his editorial post he wrote numerous essays, sketches, and tales; and also produced the works by which his name will be best known to posterity—*The Old Red Sandstone*, *Footprints of the Creator*, and *The Testimony of the Rocks*. Sir David Brewster says of him, "With the exception of Burns, the uneducated genius which has done honour to Scotland during the last century has never displayed that mental refinement and classical taste and intellectual energy which mark all the writings of our author." An exhaustive biography of Mr. Miller, by Peter Bayne, has been recently published; and an excellent complete edition of his works has been issued by W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.]

In the latter end of August, 1819, I went out to the fishing then prosecuted on Guilliam in a Cromarty boat. The evening was remarkably pleasant. A low breeze from the west scarcely ruffled the surface of the frith, which was varied in every direction by unequal stripes and patches of a dead calmness. The bay of Cromarty, burnished by the rays of the declining sun until it glowed like a sheet of molten fire, lay behind, winding in all its beauty beneath purple hills and jutting headlands; while before stretched the wide extent of the Moray Frith, speckled with fleets of boats which had lately left their several ports, and were now all sailing in one direction. The point to which they were bound was the bank of Guilliam, which, seen from betwixt the Sutors, seemed to verge on the faint blue line of the horizon; and the fleets which had already arrived on it had, to the naked eye, the appearance of a little rough-edged cloud resting on the water. As we advanced, this cloud of boats grew larger and darker; and soon after sunset, when the bank was scarcely a mile distant, it assumed the appearance of a thick leafless wood covering a low brown island.

The tide, before we left the shore, had risen high on the beach, and was now beginning to recede. Aware of this, we lowered sail several hundred yards to the south of the fishing ground; and after determining the point from whence the course of the current would drift us direct over the bank, we took down the mast, cleared the hinder part of the boat, and began to cast out the nets. Before the Inlaw appeared in the line of the Gaelic chapel (the landmark by which the southernmost extremity of Guilliam is ascertained), the whole drift was thrown overboard and made fast to the swing. Night came on. The sky assumed a dead and leaden hue. A low dull mist roughened the outline of the distant hills, and in some places blotted them out from the landscape. The faint breeze that had hitherto scarcely been felt now roughened the water, which was of a dark blue colour, approaching to black. The sounds which predominated were in unison with the scene. The almost measured dash of the waves against the sides of the boat and the faint rustle of the breeze were incessant; while the low dull moan of the surf breaking on the distant beach, and the short sudden cry of an aquatic fowl of the diving species, occasionally mingled with the sweet though rather monotonous notes of a Gaelic song. "It's ane o' the Gairloch fishermen," said our skipper; "puir folk, they're aye singin' an' thinkin' o' the Hielands."

Our boat, as the tides were not powerful, drifted slowly over the bank. The buoys stretched out from the bows in an unbroken line. There was no sign of fish, and the boatmen, after spreading the sail over the beams, laid themselves down on it. The scene was at the time so new to me, and, though of a somewhat melancholy cast, so pleasing, that I stayed up. A singular appearance attracted my notice. "How," said I to one of the boatmen, who a moment before had made me an offer of his greatcoat,—"how do you account for that calm silvery spot on the water, which moves at such a rate in the line of our drift?" He started up. A moment after he called on the others to rise, and then replied: "That moving speck of calm water covers a shoal of herrings. If it advances a hundred yards farther in that direction, we shall have some employment for you." This piece of information made me regard the little patch, which, from the light it caught, and the blackness of the surrounding water, seemed a bright opening in a dark sky, with considerable interest. It moved onward with increased velocity. It came in contact with the line of the drift, and

three of the buoys immediately sunk. A few minutes were suffered to elapse, and we then commenced hauling. The two strongest of the crew, as is usual, were stationed at the cork, the two others at the ground baulk. My assistance, which I readily tendered, was pronounced unnecessary, so I hung over the gunwale watching the nets as they approached the side of the boat. The three first, from the phosphoric light of the water, appeared as if bursting into flames of a pale green colour. The fourth was still brighter, and glittered through the waves while it was yet several fathoms away, reminding me of an intensely bright sheet of the aurora borealis. As it approached the side, the pale green of the phosphoric matter appeared as if mingled with large flakes of snow. It contained a body of fish. "A white horse! a white horse!" exclaimed one of the men at the cork baulk; "lend us a haul." I immediately sprung aft, laid hold on the rope, and commenced hauling. In somewhat less than half an hour we had all the nets on board, and rather more than twelve barrels of herrings.

The night had now become so dark, that we could scarcely discern the boats which lay within gunshot of our own; and we had no means of ascertaining the position of the bank except by sounding. The lead was cast, and soon after the nets shot a second time. The skipper's bottle was next produced, and a dram of whisky sent round in a tin measure containing nearly a gill. We then folded down the sail, which had been rolled up to make way for the herrings, and were soon fast asleep.

Ten years have elapsed since I laid myself down on this couch, and I was not then so accustomed to a rough bed as I am now, when I can look back on my wanderings as a journeyman mason over a considerable part of both the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland. About midnight I awoke quite chill, and all over sore with the hard beams and sharp rivets of the boat. Well, thought I, this is the tax I pay for my curiosity. I rose and crept softly over the sail to the bows, where I stood, and where, in the singular beauty of the scene, which was of a character as different from that I had lately witnessed as is possible to conceive, I soon lost all sense of every feeling that was not pleasure. The breeze had died into a perfect calm. The heavens were glowing with stars, and the sea, from the smoothness of the surface, appeared a second sky, as bright and starry as the other, but with this difference, that all its stars appeared comets. There seemed no line of division at the horizon, which rendered the illusion more striking. The distant hills appeared a chain of dark thundery clouds sleeping in the heavens. In short, the scene was one of the strangest I ever witnessed; and the thoughts and imaginations which it suggested were of a character as singular. I looked at the boat as it appeared in the dim light of midnight, a dark irregularly-shaped mass; I gazed on the sky of stars above, and the sky of comets below, and imagined myself in the centre of space, far removed from the earth and every other world,—the solitary inhabitant of a planetary fragment. This allusion, too romantic to be lasting, was dissipated by an incident which convinced me that I had not yet left the world. A crew of south-shore fishermen, either by accident or design, had shot their nets right across those of another boat, and, in disentangling them, a quarrel ensued. Our boat lay more than half a mile from the scene of contention, but I could hear without being particularly attentive that on the one side there were terrible threats of violence immediate and bloody, and on the other, threats of the still more terrible pains and penalties of the law. In a few minutes, however, the entangled nets were freed, and the roar of altercation gradually sunk into a silence as dead as that which had preceded it.

An hour before sunrise, I was somewhat disheartened to find the view on every side bounded by a dense low bank of fog, which hung over the water, while the central firmament remained blue and cloudless. The neighbouring boats appeared through the mist huge misshapen things, manned by giants. We commenced hauling, and found in one of the nets a small rock-cod and a half-starved whiting, which proved the whole of our draught. I was informed by the fishermen, that even when the shoal is thickest on the Guilliam, so close does it keep by the bank, that not a solitary herring is to be caught a gunshot from the edge on either side.

We rowed up to the other boats, few of whom had been more successful in their last haul than ourselves, and none equally so in their first. The mist prevented us from ascertaining, by known landmarks, the position of the bank, which we at length discovered in a manner that displayed much of the peculiar art of the fisherman. The depth of the water, and the nature of the bottom, showed us that it lay to the south. A faint tremulous heave of the sea, which was still calm, was the only remaining vestige of the gale which had blown from the west in the early part of the night, and this heave, together with the current, which at this stage of the flood runs in a south-western direc-

tion, served as our compass. We next premised how far our boat had drifted down the frith with the ebb-tide, and how far she had been carried back again by the flood. We then turned her bows in the line of the current, and in rather less than half an hour were, as the lead informed us, on the eastern extremity of Guilliam, where we shot our nets for the third time.

Soon after sunrise the mist began to dissipate, and the surface of the water to appear for miles around roughened as if by a smart breeze, though there was not the slightest breath of wind at the time. "How do you account for that appearance?" said I to one of the fishermen. "Ah! lad, that is by no means so favourable a token as the one you asked me to explain last night. I had as lief see the *Bhodry-more.*" "Why, what does it betoken? and what is the *Bhodry-more?*" "It betokens that the shoal have spawned, and will shortly leave the frith; for when the fish are sick and weighty they never rise to the surface in that way;—but have you never heard of the *Bhodry-more?*" I replied in the negative. "Well, but you shall." "Nay," said another of the crew, "leave that for our return; do you not see the herrings playing by thousands round our nets, and not one of the buoys sinking in the water? There is not a single fish swimming so low as the upper baulks of our drift. Shall we not shorten the buoy-ropes, and take off the sinkers?" This did not meet the approbation of the others, one of whom took up a stone, and flung it in the middle of the shoal. The fish immediately disappeared from the surface, for several fathoms round. "Ah! there they go," he exclaimed, "if they go but low enough;—four years ago I startled thirty barrels of light fish into my drift just by throwing a stone among them."

The whole frith at this time, so far as the eye could reach, appeared crowded with herrings; and its surface was so broken by them as to remind one of the pool of a waterfall. They leaped by millions a few inches into the air, and sunk with a hollow plumping noise, somewhat resembling the dull rippling sound of a sudden breeze; while to the eye there was a continual twinkling, which, while it mocked every effort that attempted to examine in detail, showed to the less curious glance like a blue robe sprinkled with silver. But it is not by such comparisons that so singular a scene is to be described so as to be felt. It was one of those which, through the living myriads of creation, testify of the infinite Creator.

About noon we hauled for the third and last time, and found nearly eight barrels of fish. I observed when hauling that the natural heat of the herring is scarcely less than that of quadrupeds or birds; that when alive its sides are shaded by a beautiful crimson colour which it loses when dead; and that when newly brought out of the water, it utters a sharp faint cry somewhat resembling that of a mouse. We had now twenty barrels on board. The *easterly har*, a sea-breeze so called by fishermen, which in the Moray Frith, during the summer months and first month of autumn, commonly comes on after ten o'clock A.M., and fails at four o'clock P.M., had now set in. We hoisted our mast and sail, and were soon scudding right before it.

The story of the *Bhodry-more*, which I demanded of the skipper as soon as we had trimmed our sail, proved interesting in no common degree, and was linked with a great many others. The *Bhodry-more*[1] is an active, mischievous fish of the whale species, which has been known to attack and even founder boats. About eight years ago, a very large one passed the town of Cromarty through the middle of the bay, and was seen by many of the townsfolks leaping out of the water in the manner of a salmon, fully to the height of a boat's mast. It appeared about thirty feet in length. This animal may almost be regarded as the mermaid of modern times: for the fishermen deem it to have fully as much of the demon as of the fish. There have been instances of its pursuing a boat under sail for many miles, and even of its leaping over it from side to side. It appears, however, that its habits and appetites are unlike those of the shark; and that the annoyance which it gives the fisherman is out of no desire of making him its prey, but from its predilection for amusement. It seldom meddles with a boat when at anchor, but pursues one under sail, as a kitten would a rolling ball of yarn. The large physalus whale is comparatively a dull, sluggish animal; occasionally, however, it evinces a partiality for the amusements of the *Bhodry-more*. Our skipper said, that when on the Caithness coast, a few years before, an enormous fish of the species kept direct in the wake of his boat for more than a mile, frequently rising so near the stern as to be within reach of the boat-hook. He described the expression of its large goggle eyes as at once frightful and amusing; and so graphic was his narrative that I could almost paint the animal stretching out for more than sixty feet behind the boat, with his black marble-looking skin and cliff-like fins. He at

[1] Properly, perhaps, the musculous whale.

length grew tired of its gambols, and with a sharp fragment of rock struck it between the eyes. It sunk with a sudden plunge, and did not rise for ten minutes after, when it appeared a full mile astern. This narrative was but the first of I know not how many, of a similar cast, which presented to my imagination the *Bhodrymore* whale and hun-fish in every possible point of view. The latter, a voracious formidable animal of the shark species, frequently makes great havoc among the tackle with which cod and haddock are caught. Like the shark, it throws itself on its back when in the act of seizing its prey. The fishermen frequently see it lying motionless, its white belly glittering through the water, a few fathoms from the boat's side, employed in stripping off every fish from their hooks as the line is drawn over it. This formidable animal is from six to ten feet in length, and formed like the common shark.

One of the boatmen's stories, though somewhat in the Munchausen style, I shall take the liberty of relating. Two Cromarty men, many years ago, were employed on a fine calm day in angling for coal-fish and rock-cod, with rods and hand-lines. Their little skiff rode to a large oblong stone, which served for an anchor, nearly opposite a rocky spire termed the Chapel, three miles south of Shandwick. Suddenly the stone was raised from the bottom with a jerk, and the boat began to move. "What can this mean," exclaimed the elder of the men, pulling in his rod, "we have surely broken loose, but who could have thought that there ran such a current here!" The other, a young daring fellow, John Clark by name, remarked in reply, that the apparent course of the skiff was directly contrary to that of the current. The motion, which was at first gentle, increased to a frightful velocity; the rope ahead was straightened until the very stem cracked; and the sea rose upon either bows into a furrow that nearly overtopped the gunwale. "Old man," said the young fellow, "didst thou ever see the like o' that!" "Guid save us, boy," said the other, "cut, cut the swing." "Na, na, bide a wee first, I manna skaith the rape: didst thou ever see the like o' that!" In a few minutes, according to the story, they were dragged in this manner nearly two miles, when the motion ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the skiff rode to the swing as before.

The scenes exhibited on the shores of Cromarty, during the busy season of the fishing, afford nearly as much scope for description, though of a different character, as those in which the occupations of the fisherman mingle with the sublime scenes of the Moray Frith. But this description I will not attempt. Your readers must have already anticipated it. If not, let them picture to themselves the shores of a seaport town crowded with human figures, and its harbour with boats and vessels of trade. Let them imagine the bustle of the workshop combining with the confusion of the crowded fair! You, Mr. Editor, who have seen Holbein's "Dance of Death," would perhaps not question the soundness of the imagination that would body forth so busy a scene as the dance of commerce. Sailors, fishermen, curers, mechanics, all engaged, lead up the ball amid heaps of fish that glitter to the sun, tiers of casks and pyramids of salt. Hark to the music! It is a wild combination of irregular sounds,—the hammering of mechanics, the rolling of casks, the rattling of carts, and the confused hum of a thousand voices.

HAIDEE.[1]

Juan and Haidee gazed upon each other
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mixed all feelings—friend, child, lover, brother,
All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,
And love too much, and yet cannot love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born with them, in them, so intense
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

[1] The first two cantos of *Don Juan* appeared in 1819; neither author's nor publisher's name was given on the title-page. But the authorship was at once divined and proclaimed by the critics. The work was roundly abused for its immorality, but all acknowledged its marvellous power, and the brilliant gems of poetry which thickly studded the production throughout—they were the stars which gave their light to good and bad impartially. Byron complained often, and with reason, that his personality was always identified with the heroes of his imagination. Of the purpose of *Don Juan*, he said, it was "to remove the cloak which the manners and maxims of society throw over their secret sins, and show them to the world as they really are." Notwithstanding, it is only selected portions, such as the above, that may be safely read by those whose judgment has not obtained complete control of passion.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care:
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidee and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep:
And Haidee's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made;
And something rolled before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasped,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

The dream changed; in a cave she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk;
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and murk
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as it fell - she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless, at her feet,
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
Which she essay'd in vain to clear (how sweet
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quenched heart; and the sea dirges low
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or alter'd into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace:
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
'Tis—'tis her father's fix'd upon the pair!

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
The ocean-buried, risen from death to be
Perchance the death of one she loved too well:
Dear as her father had been to Haidee,
It was a moment of that awful kind—
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

Up Juan sprang to Haidee's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
Then Lambro, who till now forebore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call
A thousand scimitars await the word;
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

And Haidee clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt shall mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more said:
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free!"
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head!"
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidee threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire, "On me," she cried, "let death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith;
I love him—I will die with him; I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow;
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
How like they look'd! the expression was the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she too was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame;
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years;
Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Would show what passions are in their full growth.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
"Not *I*," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill;
Not *I* have made this desolation: few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He raised his whistle as the word he said,
And blew; another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word—"Arrest or slay the Frank."

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress'd within his grasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew—
In vain she struggled in her father's clasp,
His arms were like a serpent's coil; then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in—so well, ere you could look
His man was floor'd and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the apartment; with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

I leave Don Juan, for the present—safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidee's bosom bounded!
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because surrounded;
Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth;
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds, all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold—nor death destroy!

Days lay she in that state, unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all-eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length—but not as sleepers wake—
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what:
She saw them watch her, without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not: not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served—she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd—she turn'd her eyes away—
She recognized no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory she lay:
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes—irregular and sharp—
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart resent;
And he began a long low island song,
Of ancient days—ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so, being: in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace!—vain relief!—thought came too quick,
And whirled her brain to madness: she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close:
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her—in the hope to save.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Avail'd for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd;
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

She died—but not alone; she held within
A second principle of life—which might
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight;
In vain the dews of heaven descend above
The bleeding flower, and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away,
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair—
No stone is there to show—no tongue to say
What was; no dirge, except the hollow seas,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LORD BYRON

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Julian, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock which, now crowned with the *Alcazar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the dean to a retired apartment, where Don Julian was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Julian to the dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, sir, will show you the room which has been prepared for you; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board." The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate. "No, no," said Don Julian, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, "no business, please your reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life." The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas-eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window looking upon the river. "Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship." "Good sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loath to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain." "Nay, nay," exclaimed the dean, "but I know myself, if *you* do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you), doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours." "My hearty thanks for all, worthy sir," said Don Julian. "But let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases.

Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river. "Here, then," said Don Julian, offering a chair to the dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume." The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. "This," said Don Julian, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus——" The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Julian; "it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me." Saying thus he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says from his lordship's dictation. But here is another letter from the archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds. Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the electors, according to the archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour." "Well," said Don Julian, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the meantime I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence in case of an election will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see by the unanimous vote of the chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new archbishop's hand. "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the university of Paris; for I flatter myself your lordship will give him the deanery which is vacant by your promotion." "My worthy friend, Don Julian," replied the archbishop elect, "my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese; I will not, for all the mitres in Christendom, forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years: he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me." "Just as you please, my lord," said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by a universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations, "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end." Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his

eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my lord," he said; "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your eminence. My son——" "No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the cardinal. "Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door; you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: "Holy father, in pity to these gray hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son——" "By St. Peter!" ejaculated his holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—*you* my friend? A magician the friend of heaven's vicegerent! Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, holy father," said he: "trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey." "Away, I say," answered the pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes." "But, father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome." "Heaven forbid," said the pope, "that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the prince of darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard." "Well, then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the pope with a boldness which began to throw his holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the pope. The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. "I desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."

From the Spanish.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side;
The one was Memory's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"O love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Memory's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "O Love! whate'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!"

THOMAS MOORE.

MASTER AND MAN.

[Thomas Crofton Croker, born at Cork, 15th January, 1798; died at Brompton, London, 8th August, 1854. His *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, the first edition of which appeared in 1825, remains the standard work on the fairy lore of the author's country. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Demonology* and in a note to *Rob Roy*, speaks of it in terms of the highest admiration. Mr. Croker's fame was established and maintained by this book, although he wrote and edited several other works, and was a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's* and *Fraser's Magazines*. He was the author of the popular story of *Daniel O'Rourke*. In an interesting memoir written by his son, Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, and prefaced to his gossiping *Walk from London to Fulham*, it is mentioned that the tales of *Barney Mahoney* and *My Village versus Our Village*, which are usually attributed to Mr. Croker, were in reality written by his wife. His writings are full of humour and imagery.]

Billy Mac Daniel was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a pattern, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh; fearing for nothing but the want of drink, caring for nothing but who should pay for it, and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it: drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or ending a dispute. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company; for surely the *good people* (the fairies) are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened that Billy was going home one very clear frosty night, not long after Christmas. The moon was round and bright: but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people;* "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly, no matter who pays for the drink:" and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom without ever taking a second to it.

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others; out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy; "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid; so make ready to follow me."

When Bil'y heard this he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake, without any rest.

When morning began to dawn the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to-night; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long-run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and wearied enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man: and he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly. "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up, Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honour?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but a while ago out of the bog there is a horse."

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry, "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which in English means to become great), and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now, Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him, "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snowballs, as soon as the words, "Borram! Borram! Borram!" had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there; sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for maybe we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county of Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?

"Don't say these words again," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin for ever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so, too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look, "I did not bring you here with me to ask questions;" and without holding further argument, he began saying the queer words which had the power of passing

him through the key-hole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward; and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters, with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers, all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs. Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoys, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start, but not a soul said, "God bless us!" All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought, if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which, unfortunately, was pre-occupied with pig's head and greens. And after a moment's pause the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying, "God bless us!"

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!" Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take that for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony: but when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

THE KNITTER.

(*From Servian Popular Poetry.*)

The maiden sat upon the hill,
Upon the hill and far away,
Her fingers wove a silken cord,
And thus I heard the maiden say:
"O, with what joy, what ready will,
If some fond youth, some youth adored,
Might wear thee, should I weave thee now!
The finest gold I'd interblend,
The richest pearls as white as snow.
But if I knew, my silken friend,
That an old man should wear thee, I
The coarsest worsted would inweave,
Thy finest silk for dog-grass leave,
And all thy knots with nettles tie!"

BOWRING.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,

JOHN DRYDEN,

OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

[John Dryden, born in Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, 1631; died in London, 1st May, 1700. His first poem of any importance was written on the occasion of Cromwell's death, and appeared in 1658. He wrote a number of plays, *The Wild Gallant* being the first. His *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* contained the first acknowledgment, after the Restoration, of Shakspeare's supremacy. He was sometime laureate, but was dispossessed of that office at the Revolution, and Shadwell, whom he had bitterly satirized, was appointed in his stead. He wrote a great deal of prose and verse, original and translated. Of his works the most widely known in modern times are *Absalom and Achitophel*, a political and controversial poem, first published in 1681; *The Hind and the Panther*, a controversial poem in defence of the Romish Church, 1687; and *Alexander's Feast*, which is regarded as one of the grandest compositions in lyric poetry.]

How bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age;
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be loved himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come
From your award, to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save the expense of long litigious laws;
Where suits are traversed; and so little won
That he who conquers, is but last undone;
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.

Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in paradise, were cursed.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made:
So, farther from the fount, the stream at random stray'd.

How could he stand, when put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet, if *some* be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.

No porter guards the passage of your door;
To admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son, a blessing brought;
The first-begotten had his father's share;
But you, like *Jacob*, are *Rebecca's* heir.

So may your stores, and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you blessed, who live to bless.
As *Ceres* sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As Heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew,
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own *Israel*-host.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champaign sports, or sylvan chase:
With well-breathed beagles you surround the wood;
Even then, industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chased even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
This fiery game, your active youth maintain'd:
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd;
You season still with sports your serious hours;
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare, in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.

Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were placed:
And chasing sigh to think themselves are chased.

So lived our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs, the weekly bill,
The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know;)
To which, if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounced by God, were vain.
In vain the Leech would interpose delay:
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have!
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But *Maurus* sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use
Than when he robb'd and murder'd *Maro's* muse.
Wouldst thou be soon despatch'd, and perish whole?
Trust *Maurus* with thy life, and *M—lb—rn* with thy soul.

By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in *Eden* placed,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste;
O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now, both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find:
The apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files, a random-*recipe* they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood,
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their superiors, kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill:
He 'scapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health, for your own private use;
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urged, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your loved retreat,
And sends to senates, charged with common care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better bear.
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a spritely wit!
Were these both wanting, (as they both abound)
Where could so firm integrity be found?

Well-born, and wealthy; wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court;
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Even *Canaan's* happy land, when worn with toil,
Required a Sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators, (and such as you,) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But, on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to last:
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war, in every annual course;
What has been done, was done with *British* force.
Namur subdued, is *England's* palm alone;
The rest besieged; but we constrain'd the town:
We saw the event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace:
Obliged, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for *Europe* has our *Albion* fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the *Persian* king was put to flight,
The weary *Macedons* refused to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of *Jove* to quarrel for the rest.

Even victors are by victories undone;
Thus *Hannibal*, with foreign laurels won,
To *Carthage* was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success,
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.

A patriot, both the king and country serves;
Prerogative, and privilege preserves:
Of each, our laws the certain limit show,
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those that water'd once the paradise of God.

Some overpoise of sway, by turns they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the *Gauls* came, one sole dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force; but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws.
And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retained his birthright liberty,
And shamed oppression, till it set him free.

O true descendant of a patriot line,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them thine,
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good as it resembles thee:
The beauties to the original I owe;
Which, when I miss, my own defects I show.
Nor think the kindred-muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house, few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embraced;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
For even when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heaven, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SORROW.

[D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, of Cumberland parentage and connections, born April, 1829, on the river Derwent in Tasmania; graduated at Cambridge, 1852, elected in the same year to a classical mastership in the Edinburgh Academy, and nominated in 1864 to the professorship of Greek in the Galway College of the Queen's University, Ireland. He has successfully employed his pen in prose and verse, and his writings present us with profound thought in simple and attractive language. He is the author of *Nursery Nonsense, or Rhymes without Reason; Fun and Earnest, or Rhymes with Reason; ancient Leaves, or Renderings of Greek and Latin Authors in English Verse; Day-dreams of a Schoolmaster*—a delightful book, full of suggestive thought; *Sales Attici, or the Wit and Wisdom of Athenian Drama; Wayside Thoughts, A Collection of Lectures;* and *Scalæ Novæ, or a Ladder to Latin.* He has also contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine;* and for the interesting series of miscellaneous sketches published by Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh, under the title of *Odds and Ends*, he wrote the *Wayside Thoughts of an Asophophilosopher*, from which we take the following essayette.]

For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories about everything,
And see which one amongst us shall weep first;
And from the tangled skein of circumstance
Let's weave a web of dreariest argument,
And make us comfortably miserable.

Listen! how the rain is pattering against the window-panes! and how the rain drives down the smoke!—and this is spring weather; the season belauded by our old poets, in phrases borrowed from southern singers and suited only to southern climes. I wish we had one of the old conventional fellows here; with permission to treat him as we thought fit. It would be a pleasure to stick him in the water-butt, and watch him from behind the window-blinds.

But, after all, this weather is better than what an east wind brings; the wind as cold and cutting as ill-natured wit; the wind that blows with such a penetrative cheerlessness, that, while your sunny-side is baking, your shady-side is down at zero. You are, beneath its influence, a walking allegory of French toast: you have your nose equatorially at home, and your nadir in a Siberian exile. So it is: no blessings come unmixed: from the cup of enjoyment we never drink pleasure neat. The sweet, delicious wind that blows from the warm west, too often deluges us and our new hats with rain; and, if the sun shine brightly overhead, it is too often through the icy wind-medium, that comes surcharged with rheumatism and bad temper from the uncomfortable east.

But what does it matter to be kept indoors? Could we walk abroad, should we in an afternoon's ramble cast eyes upon a single happy face? Let us take a long retrospect of our own lives, and try to recall a week of uninterrupted happiness. If he is to be pitied that has no such green oasis to look back upon, how much more pitiable the wretch that looks back upon the pleasant spot and knows it may never be revisited!

Let the rain fall. 'Tis a good thing to be kept indoors. Let us be idle for a day, and hold aloof from the busy, restless world. Let us strip off our work-a-day clothes, and bare us to the skin, and wallow in luxurious laziness. Let the rain fall. We are thrown upon an unquiet age of competitive rivalry: we keep the bow eternally on the stretch: we are in a continuous state of training: we have ceased to perspire, from the lack of superfluous flesh and comfortable fat. We are eliminating all lymphatic temperaments from out the population: ere long there will not be a man among us to weigh fifteen stone. Plethora and apoplexy are waxing rare: not a bad thing of itself: but in their stead have come heart-disease and a spectral troop of shadowy nervous maladies. We begin life as our fathers ended it. We start our house-keeping with the luxuries that to them were the well-won rewards of half a century's unambitious toil. We are uncontentable hangangerels. We are uneasy dogs, for ever on the wrong side of the door.

But wherefore all this discontent, and hurry, and pressing forward? Were it not a pleasure to pause awhile; to stand at ease; to lie upon our oars, and hear the rippling of the water; to spin, like a top, in a dizzy, quasi-motionless, sound sleep? were it not sweet to leave behind us the busy factory, the humming town, the many-languaged harbour; and to loll at ease upon one's solitary sofa; or, better still, on the green grass of beautiful Dalmeny; and to listen —with ear and soul to listen? And to what? Why, to the birds, or to anything. Heaven knows what music we should hear!

The school-boy longs for the holidays; the maiden for her bridal morn; the student for his fellowship; the father for the manhood of his boys. To reach a distant bourn, we are ever ready to leap the interval; forgetting that the interval may be a momentous fraction in our little life-total. It may be, indeed, that all intervals of life are not equally valuable. What infinitesimal price should we set upon a year of hobbydyhoyhood? What imagination could appraise an hour spent rapturously in speaking and listening to love-nonsense?

It is also possible that the speed as well as

the value of time is only relative; and that clocks, with all their humdrum regularity, are but respectable delusions. There are times with us all, when in a concave mirror we see a minute distorted into long hours; and, again, in the convex glass the long hours dwindle to a point. When summoned by peremptory duty from a warm bed upon a keen, frosty morning, how precious are the last five minutes of snoozledom! You live introspectively all through them: you chew the cud of your own cosiness. Then comes the wrench: in a moment you are in the cold tub, careless and forgetful of repose, So, when the hour is come for rising after our long life-sleep, we beg another hour in vain. A minute yet remains: only one. Each second is an epoch; divided into distinct and awful intervals. The senses are preternaturally quickened, as under the first influence of ether, and you hear the beating and the pulsing of some great inner-world machinery; the terrible ticking of some eternal timepiece. The hour strikes, and in a moment we are up to our necks in water; in the water of a cold, deep river: in a moment we have forgotten all the past, even the friends that now are weeping at the bed-side: in a few more moments they will have forgotten us, to be themselves in due turn forgotten.

The pebble on the beach neither lives nor dies; and we can but imperfectly describe the conditions of its actuality by negational terms. The trees of the forest lead an unconscious life through leafy ages: they toil not, neither do they spin: in the pleasant spring-tide they don gradually their green robes: in the rich and sad autumn they pass slowly into beautiful decay; slowly and noiselessly, like dreams. The lower type of animals most probably have no anticipatory fears of death, but may pass almost painlessly into inanimate matter out of semi-vegetable life.

I passed yesterday, in the neighbourhood of Leith, a public slaughter-house. A flock of sheep were going one by one up an inclined gangway into an upper room of unpremeditated death. They were pushing each other upwards, to the yelping music of two collie-dogs, in apparent eagerness to follow their leader. As each in turn would stand upon the gangway's upper ledge, too soon he would solve the secret of the horrible charnel-house. Too soon; and too late. For *Ba-ba* is the cry behind; which interpreted would mean: "Move on, and let us see what's to be seen." They would see it soon enough, poor bleating simpletons; and then there would be the last *Ba-ba* and the babbling o' green fields.

The higher animals, and especially such as have been highly educated by companionship with man, have unquestionably some dim idea of the last change. Man alone is prescient of all its horrible concomitants; can predict with a fearful accuracy the gradations of the humbling analysis. In the face of these terrible considerations, may we not expect some comfort to be derived from reflections upon our spiritual nature?

Comfort?—comfort there might have been, but for our suicidal propensity of turning blessings into curses. We may safely premise that, in respect of philanthropy, any one sect of Christians is in advance of any body whatsoever of other religionists. Yet there is not a single sect of Christians, but that peoples its particular hell with by far the greater portion of the outer-lying world, and no inconsiderable portion of its own adherents. So covetous are we of pain; so greedy of sorrow; so dissatisfied with the diseases and mischances of life, and the death that inevitably crowns all, that in our most serious and meditative moods we revel in prefigurements of eternal, unutterable, and all but universal misery. From our little noisy pulpits we wag wise pows, and condole in an exhilarating way with our credulous congregations on the steady approach of our common doom. We build in air a world-wide, spiritual scaffold, and erect thereon innumerable gibbets, and comfort one another with detailed speculations on the phases of the never-ending strangulation. We stand upon our little platforms of life and time, and over the edge peer curiously and shudderingly into the dark, outer void; and through the magnifying lenses of fear and imagination descry therein, or seem to descry, ghastly and hideous forms of physical and spiritual decomposition.

And it were not so very sad that we should do all this, if the doing so made us in the least sad. But the unspeakable sadness of it all is, that the process gives a general though undefined thrill of pleasurable satisfaction.

In the days when men would stand together in the shade and argue a dog's tail off, it was a favourite occupation of the old philosophers to define, chronologically, geographically, and circumstantially, the conditions of perfect happiness. We have no time now-a-days for such idle speculations. We are pulling down our old barns and building greater ones: we are grovelling on the ground before a golden image, like that set up of old in the plain of Babylon: we are searching for a vulgar and ignoble philosopher's stone. But supposing we could give the time and pains required for the considera-

tion of the old question, should we find the problem an easy one?

Childhood cannot be esteemed happy, as being an age that, apart from the troubles of teething, is a continued lamentation and a cry. Educational traditions sit as a nightmare on the elastic spirits of boyhood. Youth and early manhood bring heat of blood and immature judgment to cope with the perilous temptations of the unknown world. Over professional life in manhood broods an universal Grundyism; and commercial life is crenellated by a corroding covetousness. We might look to religion for consolation, were it not that the usually received doctrines represent divinity as sterner than the sternest of all human judges, and mankind as a set of hopeless and incorrigible scoundrels. We are sailing in a shut-up ark over a wide sea, fathomless and shoreless. Send out Hope like a dove, and it will come back with no green leaf in its bill. Let us open the narrow door-way, the one window, and end our misery by a plunge into the deep sea. Nay: we are so numerous and disorderly a crew, that we should only trample each other to death in the effort to get out. Let us sit still in the cabin and wait the end. What? are we to go drifting on and on, until we are starved or suffocated; until our melancholy bark, with its ghastly crew of sitting skeletons, is picked up and opened by mariners of the new order; mariners to whom are reserved the new heavens and the new earth, after the subsidence of our troubled waters? Heaven forbid! sit still, and wait in hope. One day or other we shall come bump upon Mount Ararat. Yea, surely; one day or other.

We are, indeed, weak creatures, moving ever onwards beneath some irresistible pressure towards an inevitable gulf. From time to time we catch a fleeting glimpse of happiness; but misfortunes cling to us like burrs; and sorrow clothes us with a Nessus-shirt of pain. In the morning we are green and grow up: in the evening we are cut down, dried up, and withered. But is there no balm in Gilead? Hath philosophy no anodyne, and religion no herb of healing?

Let us cease complaining; and consider awhile the dignity, and majesty, and sublimity of our human nature. Let us draw comfort, as in a bucket, from the well of tears. For our weakness is our strength, and our shame our glory. It is the unspeakable sadness of our common lot that gives that lot whate'er of sweetness and of beauty it can call its own. The angels in heaven, amid their monotone of grand, eternal praise, must look, not with pity, but with an almost envying wonderment at the spectacle of a son weeping beside his dead mother, or of a father staring down into the new grave of his dead son.

Good men have told us that the Infinite made himself finite, and that the Omnipotent divested himself of power, to save a ruined world. They have only given us half the reason. If a world could not be saved by less than such a sacrifice, by only such a sacrifice could Divinity win love. The Hand that guides the stars and wields the thunderbolt might enforce obedience and strike terror; but Omnipotence is not omnipotent in respect of love. Nay, even goodness is not lovable; but admirable only, unless it be crowned with sorrow and girdled round about with infirmity.

Divinity was not perfect until when the Lord wept: there was a culmination of Godhead when the Man-Christ was agonized in the garden; when his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. There went a shudder of awful joy throughout the universe, when the dying lips said,—"It is finished—."

So grand a thing is human sorrow: so grand, and terrible, and sublime, and holy.

THE COMFORTER.

Oh! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone;

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too;

Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
One peace-branch from above.

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

PEGGY NOWLAN.

[John Banim, born 1800, died 1st August, 1842. A native of Ireland, he successfully illustrated the character and history of his countrymen in a number of powerful novels. In conjunction with his elder brother, Michael, he produced the *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, which became very popular. His principal novels are: *Croppy, a Tale of 1798; The Bit o' Writin'; Boyne Water; John Doe;* and *The Mayor of Wind-Gap*. He also wrote the tragedy of *Damon and Pythias*. His writings deal with turbulent passions and incidents, but they are always interesting and elicit the sympathy of the reader. The following is from the *O'Hara Tales*, second series.]

Late in the second morning of her journey, the coach upset within about a stage of Dublin, and Peggy Nowlan was violently thrown off, and deprived of sense by the shock. When she recovered, she found herself in a smoky-looking room, dimly lighted by a single dipped candle of the smallest size. The walls were partly covered with decayed paper, that hung off, here and there, in tatters. There were a few broken chairs standing in different places, and in the middle of the apartment a table, that had once been of decent mould, but that now bore the appearance of long and hard service, supporting on its drooping leaves a number of drinking glasses, some broken and others capsized, while their slops of liquor remained fresh around them. Peggy was seated with her back to the wall; she felt her head supported by some one who occasionally bathed her temples with a liquid which, by the odour it sent forth, could be no other than whisky; and if she had been an amateur, Peggy might have recognized it as pottheen. "My God, where am I?" looking confusedly around, was her first exclamation. "You're in safe hands, Peggy Nowlan," she was answered in the tones of a woman's voice: "an' I'm glad to hear you spake at last."

Turning her head, she observed the person who had been attending her. The woman was tall and finely-featured, about fifty, and dressed pretty much in character with the room and its furniture; that is, having none of the homely attire of the country upon her, but wearing gay flaunting costume, or rather the remains of such; and there was about her air and manner a bold confidence, accompanied by an authoritative look from her large black eyes, that told a character in which the mild timidity of woman existed not. Yet she smiled on Peggy, and her smile was beautiful and fascinating. "How do you know me, good woman?" again questioned our heroine, for we believe she is such. "Oh, jist by chance, afther a manner, miss; onct, when I went down to your counthry to see a gossip o' my own, the neighbours pointed you out to me as the comeliest colleen to be seen far an' wide; an' so, Miss Peggy, fear nothing;" for Peggy, as she looked about her, and at the woman, did show some terror; "an' I'm glad in the heart to see any one from your part, where there's some kind people, friends o' mine; an' for their sakes, an' the sake o' the ould black hills you cum from, show me the man that daares look crooked at you."

This speech was accompanied by such softness of manner, that Peggy's nervousness lessened. She gained confidence from the presence of one of her own sex looking so kindly on her, and though years had been busy with her fine features, looking so handsome too. Her next question was, naturally, a request to be informed how she came into her present situation. "You were brought here jist to save your life," answered the woman; "a son o' mine coming along the road from Dublin, saw the coach tumble down; he waited to give it a helping hand up again; and when it druv away—" "And has it gone off, and left me behind?" interrupted Peggy, in great distress. "Of a thruth, ay has it, my dear." "What then am I to do?—" "Why, you must only stay where you are, wid me, until the day, and you're welcome to the cover o' th' ould roof, an' whatever comfort I can give you; and when the day comes we'll look out for you, Miss Peggy, a-roon. But, as I was saying, when the coach dhrew off again, my son was for hurrying home, when he heard some one moaning inside o' the ditch; an' he went into the field, an' there was a man lying, jist coming to his senses, an' you near him, widout any sense at all; an' when the man got better, my son knew him for an old acquaintance; and then they minded you, and tuck you up between them; an' sure here you are to the fore." "It is absolutely necessary I should continue my journey to-night," said Peggy. "If you're for Dublin, child, you can hardly go; it's a thing a friend can't hear of." Peggy reflected for a moment. Her usual caution now told her, what her first suspicions had suggested, that, in some way or other, the house was an improper one, and perhaps that good-nature had not been the only motive in conveying her to it. The woman's last words seemed to show a particular determination that she should remain. It would be imprudent, then, to express a design to go away: she might be detained by force. Nor would she suffer herself to become affected

by her fears, lest she might incapacitate herself for escaping by stealth. Prompted by growing suspicion, she stole her hand to her bosom to search for her purse; it was gone: and Peggy became confirmed in her calculations, though not more apparently shaken by her fears. "I had a small hand-basket," she said, "containing a few little articles, and my money for the road; it's lost, of course, and I am left penniless; if I go to the spot where the coach fell, maybe I could find it." "We can go together," said the woman, "if you are able to walk so far." Peggy had made the proposal, not in hopes of recovering anything, but that she might be afforded a chance of walking away; if, indeed, the story of the coach having driven on proved to be true. Now, however, she was, in consistency, obliged to accept the attention of her officious protector; and the woman and she walked to the road along a narrow, wild lane, on each side of which a few old decayed trees and bushes shook their leafless branches in the wintry wind, while the footing was broken and miry, and overgrown by weeds and long grass. It seemed to have been a winding avenue to the house she had left, once planted with rows of trees, when the mansion was better tenanted and in better repair, but which had disappeared from time to time beneath the axe or the saw of the marauder.

Arrived at the spot required, she commenced a seemingly careful search; but, finding nothing, returned at the continued urgency of the woman, who linked her closely, to the house they had quitted. Ere Peggy re-entered she took a survey of the fabric: it was, like everything around it and within it, a ruin. She could see that it had been a good slated house, two stories high, but that in different places the slates were now wanting; indeed she trod, near the threshold, upon their fragments, mixed with other rubbish. Some of the windows were bricked up, some stuffed through their shattered panes with wisps of straw and old rags; and of the lower ones, the shutters, which were, however, attached to the wall, outside strong iron bars, hung off their hinges, and flapped in the blast.

Again entering the room in which she had first found herself, two men appeared seated. Peggy, in something like the recurrence of a bad dream, thought she recognized in one of them the air and figure of the person who, on a late and fearful occasion, had stood so near her in the Foil Dhuiv. But as she did not feel herself entitled to draw any certain deductions from feature, complexion, or even dress, Peggy, after a moment's faltering pause, struggled to assure herself that this misgiving was but a weakness of her agitated mind, and firmly advanced to the chair she had before occupied. The second man was very young, his person slight, and twisted into a peculiar bend and crouch as he sat; his face pale and sharp, resembling that of the woman who called herself his mother; and in the sidelong glance of his cold jetty eye there lurked a stealth, an inquiry, and a self-possession, as, in reply to Peggy's curtsy and her look of observance, he, in turn, observed her, and gave, slowly and measuredly, his "Sarvent, miss." He and his companion sat close to the drooping table. Two of the glasses that had been capsized now stood upright, and were frequently filled from a bottle of whisky, of—as one might augur from the smell—home manufacture. The person whose first view had startled Peggy, made more free with the beverage than the other; the pale young man visibly avoiding the liquor; but often filling for his friend, and urging him to drink bumpers.

. . . . . .

"Go, Phil, my boy," resumed the old woman, addressing the pale lad, "take Ned and yourself up-stairs; an' the bottle wid you; you must have the hot wather, when it's ready, and the sugar along wid it: this young woman and myself 'll stay together."

Phil arose, taking the bottle and glasses; he was sidling out of the room before his companion, when, at a renewed signal from the woman, he hung back, allowed the other to stagger out first, and then he and she paused together, beyond the threshold of the room, in the passage, where Peggy could hear them exchange a few earnest though cautious whispers. "An' now, Peggy Nowlan," resumed the woman, coming back and reseating herself, "as you don't seem to like the whisky, you must have whatever the house can give you." "I would like some tey, ma'am." "Then, sure enough, you'll get it; we won't be long lighting the fire an' biling the wather, and we'll take our tey together."

There were some embers dimly gleaming in the blackened fireplace, to which the woman added wood and chips, that, by blowing with her mouth, as she knelt, soon blazed; and, according to her promise, a dish of tea, not badly flavoured, was manufactured, of which, with much seeming hospitality and kindness, the hostess pressed her young guest to partake. Peggy felt thankful, and strove to compel herself to feel at ease also: but, amid the smiles and blandness of her entertainer, there were

moments when her thin and bloodless, though handsome lips, compressed themselves to a line so hard and heartless,—moments when a shade of deep abstraction passed over her brow, and when her eyes dulled and sunk into an expression so disagreeable, that the destitute girl internally shivered to glance upon her. The momentary changes did not, however, seem to concern her. She argued that they rather intimated an involuntary turn of thought to some other person or subject. The woman never looked on her without a complacent smile; and it was after her getting up occasionally, and going to the door of the room, as if to catch the sound of voices from above, that her countenance wore any bad character. But, whatever might have been passing in her mind, Peggy prudently resolved not to allow her hostess to perceive that she observed these indications of it. Her glances were, therefore, so well timed, and so quick, that they could not be noticed; and her features so well mastered, as always to reflect the easy smile of her companion. Her manners, too, she divested of every trait of alarm or doubt; and even the tones of her voice were tutored by Peggy into an even, pleased cadence; and the questions she asked, and the topics she started, calculated to lull all suspicion.

As part of her plan, she would show no uneasiness to retire; and it was not until the woman herself offered to attend her to her bed, that Peggy rose from her chair. She was conducted out of the little, half-ruined parlour, or kitchen, a few paces along the passage, and then a few steps up a rent and shaking staircase, into a mean sleeping-chamber, of which the door faced the passage: the stairs continuing to wind to the right, to the upper rooms of the house. As they passed into the chamber, it was with difficulty Peggy prevented herself from drawing back, when she perceived that the patched door had bolts and a padlock on the outside, but no fastening within. Still, however, she controlled her nerves, and displayed to her attendant no symptom of the apprehension that filled her bosom. "I'm sorry the poor house doesn't afford a betther an' a handsomer lodgin' for you, Miss Peggy," said the woman, as both stumbled about the half-boarded floor of the room: "but you'll jist take the will for the deed: an' so, good-b'ye, an' a pleasant night's sleep to you." "Can't you oblige me with the candle?" asked Peggy, as her hostess was about to take it away. "I would, with a heart an' a half, if it was to spare; but I'll have nothing else to light me to bed, an' help me to set things to rights for the morning; for the matther o' that, the good moon shines so bravely through the window, and I believe through another little place in the loft here, that you'll be able to say your prayers an' go to bed by it, Miss Peggy; so *bannochth-lath;*" and she finally took the candle away, securing the door on the outside, and leaving Peggy standing in the middle of the filthy chamber.

The moon did, indeed, stream in upon the floor as well through the shattered window, as, first, through a breach in the slates of the house-roof, and then down the broken boards of the room overhead. Peggy looked round for her bed, and saw, in a corner, a miserable substitute for one, composed of straw laid on the floor, and covered with two blankets. There was no chair or table, and feeling herself weak, she cautiously picked her steps to the corner, and sat down on this cheerless couch.

The motive of her conduct hitherto had been to hide her feelings, so as to throw the people of the house off their guard, and eventually create for herself an opportunity to escape to the main road, and thence to the next cabin at hand. In furtherance of her project, she now begged of God to strengthen her heart, and keep her in a steady mind; and after her zealous aspiration, Peggy continued to think of the best part to act. At once she resolved not to stir in her chamber until the woman and the two men should seem to have retired to sleep—if, indeed, it was doomed that they were to do so without disturbing her. In case of a noise at the door, she determined to force her way through the crazy window, and trusting herself to God, jump from it to the ground, which, she argued, could not be many feet under her, as Peggy had not forgotten to count the steps while she ascended from the earthen passage to her present situation. If, after long watching, she could feel pretty sure that no evil was intended to her during the night, still she planned to steal to the window, open it with as little noise as possible, drop from it, and try to escape.

More than an hour might have passed, when she heard a noise, as if of two persons stumbling through the house; it came nearer, and two men, treading heavily and unevenly, entered a room next to hers, and only divided from her by a wooden partition, which here and there admitted the gleams of a light they bore. Without any rustling, Peggy applied her eye to one of the chinks, and gained a full view of the scene within. She saw the person she so much dreaded, led by the pale young man towards such a bed as she occupied; the one overcome by intoxication; the other, cool, col-

lected, and observant. With much grumbling, and many half-growled oaths, the drunken fellow seemed to insist on doing something that the lad would not permit, and at length Peggy heard an allusion to herself. "Go to sleep, Ned; you're fit for nothing else to-night; there's your bed, I tell you," said the young man, forcing him to it. "I say, Master Phil, stoopid, I'll have one word with that wench before I close a winker," replied Ned; "that wench, I say—hic!—what I picked up on the road; and why the devil should I bring her but to chat a bit with her? Your house isn't fit for much better, you know, Master Phil; and, —— my eyes but—" "Lie down, you foolish baste," interrupted his companion, pushing him down on the straw. "I'll stand none of that nonsense neither," continued the ruffian, scrambling about; "and it's no use talking; I'll see her, by ——; I'll see the wench as I brought to this —— house: and don't you go to tell me, now, as how it's all a hum, and that I brought no such body into it; I'm not so cut but I remember it: so fair-play, Master Phil; she must be accounted for: none of your old mother's tricks will do, now. I am not to be done, by ——; first and last, that's my word: hic! —I'll—hic!" and he lay senseless. The pale young man watched him like a lynx, until, after some moments, his growling changed into a loud snore, and there was no doubt but he slept soundly. Then he stepped softly to him, knelt on one knee, took out of his breast a large pistol, thrust it under his own arm, and finally emptied his pockets of a purse and some crumpled papers. Arising, with continued caution, he glanced over the latter close by the candle, and Peggy saw his features agitated. The next moment he stole out of the room, barred the door outside, and she heard his stealthy step, betrayed by the creaking boards, about to pass her chamber.

At this moment, however, another step,—Peggy supposed that of the woman,—met his from the lower part of the house, and both stopped just at her frail though well-secured door. "Well?" questioned the woman, in a sharp whisper: "you pumped him? and soaked him? and touched the lining of his pockets? Did we guess right?" "We did, by ——," answered the young man; "the —— rascal has peached, by the ——; his very shuffling with me showed it at once; but here's the proof: here's an answer from Mr. Long to his offer to put him on his guard against the swag at Long Hall this blessed night; and here's another letter, from Lunnon, closing with another offer of his to set the poor private for the Bow Street bull-dogs."

They had, during these words, been perhaps speaking to each other at some little distance; for their whispers, now that Peggy supposed them to have come close together, were lost on her aching ear, though she still heard the hissing sounds in which the conversation was carried on. A considerable time elapsed while they thus stood motionless outside her door: at length they moved; seemed about to part; and, at parting, a few more sentences became audible. "Go, then," said the woman, "an' let us lose no time: nothing else can be done; poor Maggy is to be saved from the treachery of the Lunnon sneak, if there was no one else consarned in the case; speed, Phil; make sure o' the horn-hafted Lamprey that you'll find on the dresser: I'll meet you at his dour with a light and a vessel. Are you sure he sleeps sound enough?" "There is only the one sleep more that can be sounder," replied Phil; and Peggy heard them going off.

In panting terror she listened for their steps again passing her door: nor had she to listen long. Slowly and stealthily, and with heavy breathings, or a suppressed curse at the creaking boards, they separately came up. In a moment after she heard them undo the fastenings of the inside room, and, fascinated to the coming horror, as the bird is to the reptile's glance, her eye was fixed to a chink, ere the light they carried afforded her a renewed view of the victim's chamber.

The woman first entered, bearing the candle in one hand and in the other a basin which held a cloth. Her face was now set in the depth of the bad expression Peggy had seen it momentarily wear below stairs; and she was paler than usual, though not shaking or trembling. The lad followed, taking long and silent strides across the floor, while his knife gleamed in his hand, and his look was ghastly. They made signs to each other. The woman laid down the candle and the basin, and tucked up the sleeves of her gown beyond her elbows. She again took up the basin, laid the cloth on the floor, stole close to the straw couch, knelt by it, and held the vessel near the wretch's head. Her companion followed her and knelt also. He unknotted and took off, with his left hand, the man's neckcloth. As it was finally snatched rather briskly away the wearer growled and moved. He never uttered a sound more.

Peggy kept her eye to the chink during the whole of this scene. She could not withdraw it. She was spell-bound; and perhaps an instinctive notion that if she made the slightest change in her first position, so as to cause the

slightest rustle, her own life must be instantly sacrificed—perhaps this tended to hold her perfectly still. She witnessed, therefore, not only the details given, but the concluding details which cannot be given. Even when the murder was done she durst not remove her eye until the woman and lad had left the chamber; so that she was compelled to observe the revolting circumstance of washing the blankets and the floor, and other things which again must not be noticed. It is certain that moral courage and presence of mind never won a greater victory over the impulses of nature than was shown in this true situation by this lonely and simple girl. Often, indeed, there arose in her bosom an almost irresistible inclination to cry out—at the moment the neck-cloth was removed, when the sleeping man muttered and turned, she was scarcely able to keep in her breath; yet she *did* remain silent. Not even a loud breathing escaped her. All was over, and she a spectatress of all, and still she mastered herself; and although, so far as regarded her, the most home cause for agitation finally occurred as the murderers were about to withdraw.

"He'll touch no blood-money now," whispered the woman; "an' we may go to our beds, Phil, for the work is done well; so come away—but stop; high-hanging to me if I ever thought of that young —— in the next room: an', for anything we know, she may be watching us all this time." "If you think so, mother, there's but one help for it," observed the lad. "A body could peep through the chinks well enough," resumed the female monster; "but, on a second thought, Phil, d'you think it's in the nature of a simple young counthry girl like her to look at what was done without givin' warning?" "May be not; come, try if she's asleep anyhow; she can't bam us there, mother." "Come," and they left the chamber. The moment they withdrew, Peggy stretched herself on her couch, threw a blanket over her person, closed her eyes, and breathed as if fast asleep. Yet it was with many doubts of her own ability to go successfully through this test that she listened for the noise of unbarring her door. The creeping steps approached, and her heart nearly failed her. A bolt was shot, and her brain swam. But again the assassins seemed to hesitate, and again she heard their whispers. "Stop," said the lad, "she must be sound asleep, as you say; it's not to be thought she could look on and stand it." "That's my own notion," replied the woman. "Then if we rouse her at this time o' night wid those marks about us," meaning the marks on their hands and clothes, "why, it'll be tellin' our own sacret, when we might hould our tongue." "Yes, an' only makin' more o' the same work for ourselves when we have done enough of it." "Besides, she'll be to the fore in the mornin', and then we can cross-hackle her on the head of it; an', if she shows any signs of knowin' more than we want her to know—why, it can be a good job still." "You spake rason; an', sure enough, she'll be to the fore; because I have a notion o' my own that we ought to keep her fast till the poor private an' Maggy sees her; they'll want to have a word wid her, may be: so, by hook or crook, she's to pass another day and night in the house." "Let us go sleep, then, mother; an' you must get me a little wather." "Yes, a-vich; but I don't think myself wants much o' the sleep for this night, anyhow."

They left Peggy's door, and she was thus saved the test her soul shrank from. In some time after their steps became silent, she lay on her straw with clasped hands and eyes turned to heaven, offering the most fervent thanks for her preservation. The winter morning broke; all seemed quiet in the house; and she ventured to sit up and think again. Her neighbourhood to the mangled body occurred to her, and delirium began to arise. She had recourse to her prayers for help and strength, and they did not fail her. Hour after hour passed away, still she kept herself employed, either by communions with her God, or by laying out her mind to meet the trials she had yet to encounter. They would watch her, they had said, in the morning; she was able to will and determine that the investigation should be vain: Peggy felt that she could defeat them. They intended to induce or force her to spend day and night where she was; against this plan she also attempted to lay a counter-plot.

It might be nine o'clock when she heard them stirring about. But, at the first sound, she lay stretched on her bed; and this proved a good precaution. One of them walked softly up the stairs; then into the next room; and afterwards, close to the partition, by her couch; and, as Peggy judged by the hard breathing through the chinks, seemed to watch if she slept. She was now able to give every appearance of sleep to the eye of the observer. After a few moments they were together in the room, and she heard their whispers, and then the noise of trailing out the body.

For about another hour they left her undisturbed. At length the door was opened and the woman entered her chamber. Peggy still

pretended to sleep, showing, however, some signs of the restlessness that attends on being disturbed from sleep without our being fully aroused. The hideous visitor stooped down and stirred her. Peggy bore the touch of that hand on her shoulder without wincing in any way. The woman stirred her again, and she seemed gradually and naturally to become awakened. "Musha, it's the good sleep that's on you, a colleen," said the woman, as she sat up. "Yes, indeed, I'm not used to be without sleep so long, and I had none before this since I left the mountains," answered Peggy. "Is it very late? but I don't care much about that, as there's no use in my starting from you till the coach comes again to night, and gives me a seat for Dublin." "We'll tell you all about that by-and-by: get up now, my woman, an' break your fast; you ought to be hungry." "And I am very hungry, and able to help myself out of anything you lay before me."

The woman led her down-stairs. A good breakfast was prepared. Peggy seemed to eat with a keen appetite; but she continued to slip the bread she had cut into her large country pockets. The young man entered: she bade him a smiling good-morrow. He hoped she had passed a good night: she answered promptly and easily. "It's an odd question I'm for axin'," he continued, "but I thought I heard strange noises in a room next to yours last night—did *you?*" With the consciousness that the eyes of both were watching her face for a change of expression, Peggy baffled the inquiry. "It's said this ould house is haunted," rejoined the woman, "an' that's the ghost's room." "My faith isn't strong in ghosts," said Peggy, smiling; "but I'm glad you did not tell of it before I went to bed, or I might be kept waking."

A pause ensued, during which she knew that her catechists were consulting each other by looks and nods.

"Why don't you ax afther your friend that helped to bring you to us last night?" pursued the lad. "I was thinking of him, but said to myself he was in bed, maybe; and as he's no kith or kin o' mine, only a stranger met on the road, I didn't believe it would be right for a young lone woman like me to be asking so closely after him." "He's not in his bed," said the lad, fixing his eye. She stood his glance. "No," resumed the woman, "but gone his road at the first light this mornin'." "Why, then, I'm sorry for his going." "How's that?" asked the lad. "Because I'm left without a farthing in the world, and I thought that, as he looked to be a dacent man, maybe he'd lend me a few shillings to take me on to Dublin; and now I don't know what to do under heaven." "Never make yourself uneasy about that," remarked the hostess: "for if you thought he looked so like a dacent body, he thought you looked like a hansome colleen, as you are; an' for a token, hearin' o' your loss by the coach, he left us the very thing you're talking about, to give you when you'd get up." "Yes, he left this wid me for you," pursued the other, handing some silver, "and just his word to take care an' have as much ready to pay him in the next place he an' you are to see ach other."

As he gave the money and spoke these words very significantly, he again fixed her eye; but Peggy allowed him no advantage. With many professions of thanks to her chance benefactor she quietly put up the supposed gift. Perhaps they became fully assured that they had nothing to fear, for they soon stopped questioning her. "I'll pay him, with hearty thanks, sure enough," she continued, recurring to the topic, "and sooner than he thinks, maybe. I have only to go to Dublin, to the Brazen-Head, where my father stops, when I'll have money enough; and after a word there, I'm to pass your door to-morrow, about the night-fall, when I'll be axin' a night's lodgin' from you again; and I can jest lave the honest man's shillings in your hands, and you'll give 'em to him the next time he calls, in Peggy Nowlan's name, and her best wishes along with 'em."

The day wore away in common topics, and she showed no anxiety to depart. She said she grew hungry for her dinner; and, when it came before her, still seemed to make a hearty meal. No living creature came to the house during the day: but she could understand that the person called Maggy, and who she concluded was her wretched cousin Maggy Nowlan, and the other person called "the private," were expected during the night; as also a number of "the customers" from Dublin.

Nothing had yet been said to deter her from proceeding to town in the night-coach, which, as usual, was to pass about three o'clock in the morning. She often alluded to its hour of passing by, and they did not make an observation. This gave her courage; and, after the night fell—for Peggy, still to avoid a shadow of suspicion, would not motion to stir in the daylight—she said, inadvertently, and yet with some natural show of anxiety to proceed in her interrupted journey—"Maybe I couldn't get a seat in it, an' what should I do then? But maybe I ought to take the road some time before ye expect it to come up, so that, when

it overtakes me, if I get the place, well and good; and if I don't, why I could be so far on my way, and sure of walking the six or seven miles more to Dublin by the morning, anyhow; for I must be there in the morning: what brings me up is to get a good lot of money from my father, that'll be wanted at home the day after to-morrow, or the next day, at farthest; and so, ye see, honest people, I'm beholding to be soon back and forward, and, as I said, sleeping in your house, on my way to the country, by to-morrow night, anyhow."

They said little in reply to this; but Peggy believed they again exchanged some glances and signs, while her head was purposely held down; and then they retired to whisper at the outward door. Fervently did she pray, although the prayer involved an uncharitable contradiction, that, influenced by the hope of plunder she had held out, their resolves not to let her depart for the night might be changed. And perhaps her plan took effect.

In a short time they rejoined her; and after a few ordinary remarks, said, by the way, that she might do well to "take a start of the road, afore the coach, just as she was a saying of it; and they wished her safe to Dublin, anyhow: and they hoped she would keep her promise, and come see them on her way home again."

Without discovering any extraordinary joy at this concession, Peggy bid them a steady and cordial good-b'ye; engaged her bed for the next night; and it was not till the very moment she was crossing the murderous threshold that she feared her face and fluttered step might have given intimation of the smothered emotions that battled in her heart.

But, again befriended by her extraordinary presence of mind, she checked her rising ecstasy, and trod with a sober and wayfaring step down the dark, tangled, and miry lane. When fairly launched on the broad road her breast experienced great relief; yet still she kept her demure pace, neither faltering, nor looking back nor about her, nor yet sure of the policy of rushing into the first cabin she might meet. Her heart whispered that the people of the abominable house might have noticed her parting struggle, and after a little reflection, would perhaps follow her and put her to another trial.

To her left, as she walked along, was some rather high ground, falling down to the road, little cultivated, and crowded with furze and briers. A straggling path ran through it, parallel to the road, but, at some distance, and, she believed, led to the lone house in the "*bosheen.*" Her eye kept watching this path every step she took. The moon shone full upon it so as to enable her to discern any near object. Peggy, her head down, and her regards not visibly occupied, soon caught a figure rapidly striding along the path, through the clumps of furze and briers. As it abruptly turned towards a gap in the road-fence, some yards before her, she could ascertain that this individual was closely muffled in the common female Irish mantle, holding, as Irishwomen often do, the ample hood gathered round the face. "That's not a woman's step," thought Peggy, as the figure issued through the gap: "and now this will be the sorest trial of all."

And, with her suspicions, well might she say so. The gigantic resolution of her heart, so long kept up, had just begun to yield to an admitted sense of relief: she had just permitted her mind to turn and sicken on the contemplation of the horrors she had witnessed and escaped; an opportunity at last seemed created for an indulgence of the revulsion and weakness of her woman's nature—and now again to call back her unexcelled philosophy; again to rally herself; again to arrest and fix the melting resolution; to steady the pulse-throb, tutor the very breath, prepare the very tones of her voice; this, indeed, was her sorest trial. But it was her greatest too; for Peggy, assisted a little by the shadows of night, came out of it still triumphant.

"God save you!" began the person in the cloak, in a female voice. Peggy gave the usual response with a calm tone. "Are you for thravellin' far, a-roon?" continued the new comer. She said she was going to Dublin. "I'm goin' there myself, an' we may's well be on the road together." "With all my heart, then," answered Peggy, and they walked on side by side. "You're not of these parts, ma-colleen, by your tongue," resumed her companion. Peggy assented. "An' how far did you walk to-day, a-chorra?" "Not far; not a step to-day; only from a house in a bosheen behind us a few minutes ago." "What house, a good girl? do you mane the slate-house that stands all alone in the middle o' the lane?" Peggy believed that was the very one. "Lord save us! what bad loock sent you there?" "None, that I know of; why?" "It has a bad name, as I hear, among the neighbours, and 'ud be the last place myself 'ud face to for the night's rest." "Well, a-roon, it's only a Christian turn to spake of people as we find 'em; I have nothing at all to say against the house; an' maybe it won't be long till I see it again." "That's bould as

well as hearty of a young girl like you. Did you come across the woman o' the house?" "Yes, and met good treatment from her; the good tey, and good dinner, everything of the best." "But what kind of a bed did you get from her, a-hager?" continued the catechist, speaking very low, sidling to Peggy, and grasping her arm. This threw her off her guard. She shrieked, and broke from her companion, who, as she ran, fast pursued her; and the person's real voice at last sounded in her ear. "Stop, Peggy Nowlan, or rue it! I know what you think of the bed you got now!"

The road suddenly turned in an angle; Peggy shot round the turn: as her pursuer gained on her she heard the noise of feet approaching in a quick tramp, and a guard of armed soldiers, headed by two men in civil dress, and followed by a post-chaise, met her eyes at a short distance; she cried out again and darted among the soldiers; one of them caught and held her from falling, and she had only time to say—"Lay hands on the murderer!" when nature at last failed, and Peggy's senses left her.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

[**Andrew Park**, born at Renfrew, 7th March, 1807; died in Glasgow, 27th December, 1863. He published twelve volumes of poems, the most popular of which was *Silent Love*. He obtained considerable celebrity as a song-writer, and several of his songs continue to be held in high estimation. A complete edition of his poetical works in one large volume was issued in 1854 by D. Bogue, London.]

How sweet to rove at summer's eve
By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
The earth with crimson beam;
When island-clouds that wander'd far
Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some gem-like star
Re-opes its sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home,
That lov'd the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
Now sing their vesper lay:
All hurry to their leafy beds
Among the rustling trees,
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
Her splendour o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barks that glide,
As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
And charm the gazer's eye,
While spreading trees with plumage gay,
Smile vernal o'er the scene,
And all is balmy as the May—
All lovely and serene.

THE SPATE.

A TALE OF THE CLYDE.

[**Thomas Atkinson**, the writer of the following tale, was a bookseller in Glasgow, and the author of a great variety of fugitive pieces in prose and verse. He died of pulmonary disease while on his passage to Barbadoes for the benefit of his health, on 10th October, 1833, in the thirty-second year of his age. "The Spate" appeared in a Glasgow periodical named *The Ant*, published 1826–27, of which the author was editor.]

It was on the — of ——, 17—, that the fearful rise in the waters of the river Clyde carried away the stone bridge which crossed it at the foot of the Saltmarket Street of Glasgow. It is a day memorable in the annals of that city, but still more so in my private history, and the records of my recollection, and—my love; for, old, and dull, and cold as I now am, I *have* loved. There is, far up on the wall of a building at a great distance from the usual channel of the stream, an indentation cut, to show the height to which its waters rose, and an inscription to tell the tale. The tablets of my heart have a more deeply engraven line—a more enduring impress and record of that day of desolation. The waves passed not the limits of the one, and they left everything beneath as it was before. From me all that preceded that tide-mark of fate is reft away, or is left shattered and broken; and still it would appear as if the gloomy waters rose above and passed beyond even that boundary—for, welling out from the fountains of a melancholy memory, the flood yet seems to sweep along the heart it left a desert, but which must dree its loneliness till the spring-tide of fate shall bear me away in its ebb to peace and—Isabella.

She was the first—the only woman I ever loved. Dark-haired, bright-eyed, and nineteen, it was little wonder she caught my affection. Yet it was her heart that secured the love her charms excited—her mind that fixed into esteem what had else been but fleeting admiration. But I cannot go on to describe her. Suffice it, that in all her girlish beauty she seems still before me: could I paint that vision it would not add to *my* pleasure, nor yet increase the interest of my story. Her father was a highly respectable tradesman,

who resided—fatally for me—in the lower part of the city. Modern improvements have swept away the last relics of a building where Cromwell resided for a time, and Prince Charles is said to have lodged for a night. Its historical associations and venerable exterior long made it an object of interest to the antiquarian and the stranger: its having been the dwelling of Isabella Oswald made me weep its fall.

We never had a cross in our love till—but let me not anticipate. My mistress was too artless and candid to seek to conceal that my passion was reciprocated, and her widowed father too indulgent to his only child to throw any obstacle in the way of her happiness. The day was fixed which was to see her mine, and the wedding-garments already waited for the wearers. A trivial circumstance had deferred my happiness and our union for a whole—*month*, as we then thought, for the corresponding day of the succeeding one was determined upon as the one fittest for the festivity, which could not be celebrated on the 16th of ——, but we could then see nothing to prevent its being so on the 16th of ——. Isabella's father was married on this day of the calendar, and he had been so peculiarly happy as a husband, that he seemed almost to think that no man could be equally so unless he was wedded on that identical day. Alas! this month was to be—*eternity* I had almost said—yet, yet surely I shall meet with my Isabella, and be again united with her in the bonds of enduring affection! It was fated to be lengthened, however, into all the weary years which have since crept along, and have yet to elapse before it is the will of the Giver of my life to resume it to himself and ask me for my compt.

The winter had been very open, and the great quantities of rain which fell around Glasgow and in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, had repeatedly swollen the river Clyde to an uncommon height. But the house in which resided Mr. Oswald was so far from its banks that the successive spates never reached, nor even nearly approached it. At length, however, the frost set in with sudden and keen severity. A temporary thaw followed in a day or two, but was speedily succeeded by a considerable fall of snow, which lay on the hills above the county town, and round Tinto, to a great depth. The frost again became intense, but was of brief duration, for, returning from a wedding-party at an early hour on the morning of Saturday, it seemed to me increasing in bitterness; but, on rising from bed after a short rest, I found torrents of rain pouring down, the wind blowing a gale from the westward, and the air unnaturally warm. In the city the thaw was instantaneous, and almost magical in its operation, sweeping the streets of their accumulated frost in a few hours. The gale increased as the day wore on, and the rain descended without intermission till evening, when the fury of both seemed to abate. About nine o'clock on the Saturday evening there was almost what the sailors call a "lull," and every one imagined the storm had altogether ceased.

Although dwelling in a quarter of the city remote from Isabella's home, many of my evenings, as might have been expected, were passed there in the delightful anticipation of the approaching time when all our hours of leisure should be spent together. The business of the week concluded, I hastened to seat myself beside my untiring betrothed, who would hardly cease to ply her needle, or lay aside her work, even when my arm, hanging over her chair and perhaps even intruding upon her waist, interfered with the swift but ever graceful motion of her hand in sewing. My request itself, that she would be idle for a time, was but half conceded. But then—it was upon preparations for her new station—household comforts for her future husband—becoming garments for a young wife—that she was occupied! And she could speak and look—oh! speak by snatches, and look in glances, as she raised her eyes from her task—when so employed—more beautifully, as it seemed to me, than any other one could, with nothing else to do, and no other object to attain but admiration.

Thus seated, we noticed not that the wind had again risen and the rain begun to pelt against the casement, until I gave my first threatening motion of departure. This, of course, preceded the actual effecting of it about an hour, but during that time it was evident that the storm had resumed all its violence. We were told, too, that the river was rising, and that those who lived near it were deserting their houses; but the thought of danger to the place where we sat never occurred. Eleven o'clock arrived, and with a reluctance I was loath to exhibit and could not then account for—but which was the sensation the very brutes feel at impending calamity—I bade my Isabella good-night and proceeded to my distant home. It was in vain that I sought by occupation to weary myself into sleepiness when I had arrived there. The tempest increased, and with it my restlessness and agitation. To bed, however, I went; but certainly not to rest—for as the watches of midnight wore on, the gale became a hurricane, and came in such

terrific gusts of violence, as at each of them to threaten the destruction of everything that opposed its fury. In the midst of that, and even louder than its voice, was heard, ever and anon, the crash of some chimney that had given way, or the rattle of slates and shingles torn up from the roofs of tenements and precipitated into the street. The scream of human voices and the yelling of dogs followed these, and added to their horror; and, Sabbath morning as it was, the rattle of the wheels of carts, hastily summoned to bear away household furniture from dwellings which the affrighted tenants deemed insecure on account of their exposure to the tempest, to places of greater strength or better sheltered, had a very peculiar effect in heightening the impression of sudden danger and well-grounded fear. It was as if another element—that of fire—had been ravaging the neighbourhood. And it occurred to almost every one, that if that were to break out, with such a wind to fan it, the consequences would be terrible beyond even apprehension. Twice or thrice the terror led to the anticipation, and the alarm was actually, but erroneously given.—It was impossible to remain in bed.

The frightful thought flashing across my brain, that the gale setting so from the westward, and the snow melting with such unprecedented rapidity—the one swelling and the other stemming the river—might bring its stormy waters even to the dwelling of my Isabella, I hastily grasped at my clothes, that I might personally ascertain whether there was a chance of her suffering inconvenience. Danger I could not dream of from the stream, and the lowness of the site of her residence, while it might expose it to the flood, protected it from the gale. I dressed and made for the door. It was impossible, however, to pass through it. Beset by an agitated mother, screaming sisters, and younger brothers, I was alternately taunted with caring for my own safety above theirs, or for that of another individual rather than my "born relations," and assured and reasoned with that there could be no possible danger elsewhere, as the Clyde had never been known to rise to the height of Mr. Oswald's dwelling-house. This I was aware of, and hope and entreaty prevailed. I returned to my pillow; but, it is needless to say, I could not sleep. After having, however, procured the promise, that, with the first light of morning, a messenger would be sent to ascertain if our friends in the lower part of the city were in safety, and hearing the wind gradually abate, and the rain cease, I fell into a slumber which continued—agitated, indeed, with dreams of alternate vague delight and dim and dreary horror, but unbroken—until far in the morning, whose rays had been religiously excluded from my pillow. Once awake, it was but the work of a moment to ascertain that no messenger had been sent, and to prepare personally to ascertain the welfare of my future wife. By this time the day was shining as unclouded and bright as if it had been a forenoon in spring, and the wind blew with no more violence than to dry up almost every vestige of last night's deluge, in the higher streets of Glasgow. The bells rung for sermon, and well-dressed crowds passed calmly along as I apparelled myself—with something like deliberation! It seemed impossible that anything could have happened to Isabella's home, since not one vestige of all the crashing havoc we had heard appeared in the broad and sunny light of day: the few chimney-tops and slates which had been overthrown with a noise so disproportionate to the real danger and destruction, having been decorously removed from the Sabbath path of the church-going crowds. I began to feel in daylight almost ashamed of my midnight apprehensions—and, however rapid my gait might be as I proceeded down the High Street, I did no more than walk. I even paused for a moment to answer an interrogatory from a passing friend—so assured was I willing to think myself that my fears had been visionary. The city cross was at length passed—but I ran as I approached that bend in the Saltmarket which, when turned, permitted me to see the building that held all I loved on earth. A crowd hid its lower part from me, but a glance told that all was secure on its roof. The throng extended, as it seemed, so far above her residence, as to block up the street at where it opens to St. Andrew's Square. I was but a moment in penetrating its outer rank—and finding myself, a few steps farther on, on the verge of a vast *body of sullen and muddy water, which stretched thus far up, and onwards beyond where had stood the opposite end of the distant bridge, that now, in vain, I looked for!* It had been swept away in the rapid and mighty current which threw its superabundant streams thus far into the city streets. All was desolation below where I stood. I was horror-struck at the sight of houses before me whose first-floor windows, from the declivity of the descent towards the river, were almost under water, and the thought that Isabella and her father might have perished in seeking to escape in terror from a flood, that, though it could not reach their own apartments, might yet endanger the safety of the whole tenement, and,

at the best, imprison them, and separate her from me until it had subsided. The inhabitants who had escaped from the shops and lower floors of the houses between where I was and the river, were all crowded in the upper flats, whose windows, crammed with a terrified population, contrasted strangely with the utter solitude nearer the street, where every opening was closed, and not a living thing visible. The carcasses of drowned domestic animals, filth, and fragments of furniture floated around; but beneath the second story of the houses, vestige of animated being there was none. Boats could not be procured from the harbour, and carts did not then ply through the stream; indeed the water was much too deep for them, even if they had had a dry spot to resort to after passing through. The wailing of women and children, driven from their houses, and the chattering inquiries of idlers asking particulars which those who knew them were too deeply affected to communicate, prevented my eager questions as to Mr. Oswald and family's safety, meeting with an answer. At length I found one who said—blessed words!—that he could assure me that they were still in their own house—and in a security their elevated position insured them. But then he also told me that it was but three or four hours since it became impossible to reach them by the increase of the flood; so that my delay—my confidence—my hope—had exiled me during her danger from my sweetheart's side! Had I hastened at an earlier hour to assure myself of her safety, I would have shared her imprisonment, and been at her side in case of peril! This was indeed a bitter thought.

After as careful a survey as my perturbation and self-reprobation would permit of the position and depth of the water, and being assured that a boat was hourly expected from some quarter, I judged that if I could procure a horse I might ride so far down as to obtain a glimpse of the windows of Mr. Oswald, and perhaps see Isabella at one of them. A proffer of about as much as the value of the brute, procured me the loan of a miserable creature from a carter, who unharnessed the animal, and on its naked back I rode into the water till it reached my knees and the girths of the hack, which then would go no farther. I however attained my purpose. The jeers of the crowd, and the awkward spluttering of the animal, unaccustomed equally to water and being rode on, attracted to the windows all who could spare a thought from their own fears. Isabella opened the casement of her room and looked out. A glance showed *me* that she was safe, and *her* that I was an object of not uncalled-for merriment to the gazers. I perceived this myself—but not till the wave of her 'kerchief told me all was well—and the arch nod of her head showed she was sufficiently at her ease to smile. I returned to the shore, as I may call it, happy—yet, shall I confess it, almost angry too.

The waters continued to rise—and, as the wind had abated, it was obvious that the melting of the snow was the cause. Of course it was impossible to guess at what hour there was a chance of them subsiding. I hesitated for a time whether to exhibit any further violence of anxiety to reach Mr. Oswald's, or wait for the expected boat which was to be employed in carrying provisions to the besieged who might need a supply. The delay of its arrival at length became intolerable as I paced to and fro upon the margin, on which the rising waters still seemed to encroach. The day wore on—the churches emptied their crowds to throng to the scene and return again to sermon with a tranquillity that I envied. At length, chafed to contempt for even the titter of a hundred gazers, or the deprecatory smile of my mistress herself, I retraced my steps to the Trongate, and pursued its westward course towards the Broomielaw, anticipating the possibility of procuring there a boat and a couple of rowers from one of the vessels in that harbour. In my anxious haste, I had forgotten that the same river which leaped over its bounds at a higher part of its course, was not likely to confine itself within them so much farther down the level of its channel. As I might have anticipated, I found the scene at the Jamaica Street bridge—which the elevation of its roadway enabled me to reach—one of wider desolation, but far more awful grandeur, than the circumscribed one I had left. Placed on its centre arch, and looking upward, it seemed as if some mighty transatlantic stream, and not an island river, rolled along in terrible depth and irresistible might, between banks whose edges were steep and abrupt indeed, for, defined only by the fronts of the far-separated lines of houses that stood many hundred feet distant from its usual channel, but close beside which it now rushed furiously by in boiling eddies of clay-coloured waves, fearful in their silent, unfoamy turbulence, which no wind stirred up—as is the angry malice of a man, for whose fury we perceive no present cause. Beneath the bridge the water roared with thundering turmoil, and all of it that could not escape through the roomy arches, curled up into yeast by the resistance of the abutments, raged noisily and fiercely through

the ornamental circular openings placed above them. Looking down the stream, if there was less turbulence, because greater room for expansion, the prospect was not less terrible and uncommon. Between the houses far remote from the breast-work of the harbour and those on the opposite shore, still more widely separated from the broad and level bank of the river, on that side, by a pasture park and road, there was but one vast channel for the sea-like stream that filled it brimmingly. The water was even seen to extend far up the streets, which on either side opened laterally from what seemed now but the stone edging of this gigantic canal, or vast basin; and the long line of vessels, secured to their usual rings and fastenings on the quay, and either riding close to its front, or over its top, as their cables gave them space, looked but a large fleet at anchor in the *middle* of the stream. At the moment I turned my face westward, a little sloop had broke from its fastenings with apparently but an old man and a boy on board, and was reeling down the eddying current in drunken-like whirls, while the ear shrunk from the screams of these helpless extremes of existence, as did the eye from their peril—a peril from which they could only escape by the miracle of their bark being speedily driven on the level shore, or running foul of some larger vessel that could stand the shock. Of yawl or pinnace there was not one in view. Everything without a mast that was not swamped had been hoisted up into snug security on the deck of the larger vessels they attended; and to my hurried, and, I fear, incoherent inquiries whether I could hire a boat and some rowers to proceed to the Saltmarket and carry me to a building insulated by the water, I only procured in answer the stare of vacant astonishment, or vulgar jesting and fresh-water sailors' slang. It soon became obvious even to myself that it was altogether hopeless to expect effecting a communication with Mr. Oswald's family by such means, and there was obviously nothing for me but patience —a sufficient punishment. I strained my eyes to watch if there was any perceptible declension in the height of the water, and almost blessed a person who assured me that he thought it had begun to ebb, although even my eagerness could not perceive its recession.

I returned again to my station in the street where Isabella lived. The waters had *not* subsided; but the wind had again risen, and at six o'clock—it was now four—the tide would be full, and, consequently, the flood greater. In my absence, I learned with regret, but without self-reproach, that the expected boat had arrived from the neighbouring canal basin; but, after carrying assistance to many sufferers, had swamped upon a bulk, hidden under water, and it was not thought worth while to cart another from such a distance. For some hours, then, even under the most favourable circumstances, it was evident that no exertion on my part could enable me to overcome the obstacles which separated me from my beloved; and, exhausted with anxiety, fatigue, cold, and hunger, I was prevailed upon by some friends who had now joined me, to retire to a neighbouring tavern for refreshment. Night was now closing in, but it was in the unclouded beauty of a rising moon, and the clear atmosphere of a returning frost, so that I was cheered with the hope, on my part, and certainty on that of others, that, ere nine o'clock, the passage to the foot of the Saltmarket would be practicable. Some of my companions even asserted that the street would be almost as soon drained as the bowl in whose brimming contents they pledged my mistress, and the wish, at the same time, that I might never suffer so much from drought as I had done from moisture. Though anxious, I became almost cheerful, but was again at my post by the time of high-water. And there, to and fro did I pace, marking and measuring the recession of the slimy flood, whose retreat had now obviously, though slowly, begun. At eight o'clock I conceived it practicable to reach the entrance to Mr. Oswald's dwelling, by driving a cart through the water. When the owner of it, however, found that it sunk beneath the trams, he refused to proceed. Another hour of feverish watchfulness was mine, and another attempt, although nearer success—because coming closer to the mark—yet did not reach it. At length, just as the first chimes of the ten o'clock bells were inducing the few uninterested stragglers who lingered upon the spot to turn homewards, a loud cry was heard to proceed from the lower part of the street, near to which we could now advance. Lights were seen at many windows; casements were hurriedly opened; and in the tenement for whose security alone I cared, a singular bustle and confusion was observed. Suddenly there ran along the line of gazers that defined the dry street and the water, the broken whisper, whence communicated I have never learned, that the foundations of the houses farthest down had been sapped and were giving way. The flags of the pavement, it was said, were starting up upon their ends, and the screams were occasioned by the inmates observing fearful rents in the walls of the

buildings, from the lower flats of which the water was now hastening with rapid and destructive suction. I *saw* nothing of this, for I waited not to look. It was enough that I had *heard*. Throwing myself into a cart, I seized the halter of the horse, and, hardly waiting for the driver, forced it onwards through the still deep, though receding flood. The water was over the flooring of the car before it reached the gateway leading to Isabella's dwelling; and was up to my breast as at one bound I leaped over the wheels, regardless of the snorting capers of the affrighted horse. In one minute I was under the archway, and in utter darkness; but I half-stepped half-floated onwards towards where I guessed was the entrance to the stair. In a moment I was over the eyes—plunged into a hole occasioned by the breaking up of the pavement—but in another, dripping at every lock, I had struggled, I hardly knew how, but instinctively, to the turnpike, and was above the water-mark on its steps. A second showed me a frightful rent in the wall of the stair; and almost with but one bound, I was by the side of Isabella. Less alarmed than I, she was, however, like all the inmates of the land, greatly terrified, and anxiously waiting the assistance for which her father was by this time making signals at the window. A word served to explain that the means of succour and escape were near at hand in the cart I had ordered to wait my return. The old man was grateful: my beloved silently but fondly submitted to be lifted up in my arms; and, followed by the servants with papers and other valuables, I proceeded down to the still half choked-up archway. As we proceeded a loud crack from the timbers of the building, and a visible widening of the rent before noticed, together with the fall of masses of plaster from the roof, increased their terror, and quickened our speed. Bearing aloft my precious charge, and exclaiming that I should lead the way, I plunged into the water, which now reached no higher than my middle. Taking care to avoid that side where I had stumbled as I entered, I cautiously advanced, pressing my dear burden to my breast with one arm, while the other served to pilot me along the walls with—I still remember—unhurrying care. The father and domestics hesitated to follow, and the lights they held in their hands threw a dazzling glare upon the dismal waters as I turned round to inquire the cause of their delay, and to encourage their advance. In one instant of time I was plunged into a dark and narrow gulf, which had yawned open for my destruction as I advanced. I felt myself sink in a moment, and graze against the sides of the chasm as I descended; and she was with me—clinging to me—locked in my arms! One dreadful scream from her—a gurgling groan from myself—and the feeling of intense pain in my temples for a moment—is all that I remember of this dreadful hour. Dim recollections I have, indeed, of flaming torches—coils of ropes and iron-spiked drags—bleeding temples, and draughts forced down my throat—oaths—exclamations—wailings and tears; but these I dare not think upon—for I *was* mad, they tell me, for a time, when, weeks after, I inquired where I stood—and for my Isabella. I then learned that it was presumed she—more severely bruised than even I had been in the descent to the cellar beneath the gateway, whose arch had fallen in—had sunk with me, while her body had not instantaneously risen to the surface of the horrid gap, with mine, and had perished—half-stricken and half-drowned—beneath this low-browed vault, and amid these slimy waters! Her father died broken-hearted. It has been my award to live so. Lunatics are mad when the moon is at the full; I am only so when again the hateful waves of the spate are in the streets of the city, and, it may be, sapping more foundations—and drowning more earthly hopes of happiness and Isabellas. It is but then only that I can speak of her name, or tell her fearful and untimely fate.

EVENING.

> The holy time is quiet as a nun,
> Breathless with adoration!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

'Tis Evening.—On Abruzzo's hill
The summer sun is lingering still,—
As though unwilling to bereave
The landscape of its softest beam,—
So fair—one can but look and grieve
To think that, like a lovely dream,
A few brief fleeting moments more
Must see its reign of beauty o'er!

'Tis Evening;—and a general hush
Prevails, save when the mountain spring
Bursts from its rock, with fitful gush,
And makes melodious murmuring;—
Or when from Corno's height of fear,
The echoes of its convent bell
Come wafted on the far-off ear
With soft and diapason swell,
But sounds so wildly sweet as they,
Ah! who would ever wish away?

Yet there are seasons when the soul,
Rapt in some dear delicious dream,
Heedless what skies may o'er it roll,
What rays of beauty round it beam,
Shuts up its inmost cell;—lest aught,
However wondrous, wild, or fair,
Shine in—and interrupt the thought,
The one deep thought that centres there!

Though with the passionate sense, so shrined
And canonized, the hues of grief
Perchance be darkly, closely twined,
The lonely bosom spurns relief;
And could the breathing scene impart
A charm to make its sadness less,
'Twould hate the balm that healed its smart,
And curse the spell of loveliness
That pierced its cloud of gloom, if so
It stirred the stream of thought below.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

TO J*** H***, FOUR YEARS OLD.

. . . . . *Pien d'amori,*
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.—FRUGONI.

Ah, little ranting Johnny!
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so,
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins had wine in;
And mouth that smiles so truly,
Heaven seems to have made it newly,
It breaks into such sweetness,
With merry-lipped completeness;—
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio,
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tattler,—
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah! Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,
A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John,
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flow'rs or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies,
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When, lo, directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue!—and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like, and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye
Exclaim "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you teaze 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving,
As easy at receiving;
And, in the midst of pleasure,
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly,
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends the thrushes:
And see what flow'rs the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you,

Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then Ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment-sign;
In the east the KING shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state;
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdom of the ransom'd just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now, in hope of HIM we trust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY.

A FAMILY SCENE.

[**Susan Edmonstone Ferrier,** born in Edinburgh, 1782; died November, 1854. She was the daughter of James Ferrier, one of the clerks of the Court of Session, Edinburgh. In 1818 she published her first novel, *Marriage*, which earned her a lasting reputation. Scott in his epilogue to the *Tales of my Landlord*, distinguishes his "sister-shadow, the author of the very lively work entitled *Marriage*," as one of those best qualified to illustrate the varieties of Scottish character which he had left untouched. Miss Ferrier's second work, *The Inheritance*, appeared in 1824; and in 1831, *Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter*, a story illustrative of Highland manners and scenery. The following amusing sketch is from the second work.]

The great use of delineating absurdities is, that we may know how far human folly can go; the account, therefore, ought, of absolute necessity, to be faithful.—JOHNSON.

The first appearance of the Holm was highly prepossessing. It was a large, handsome-looking house, situated in a well-wooded park, by the side of a broad placid river, and an air of seclusion and stillness reigned all round, which impressed the mind with images of peace and repose. The interior of the house was no less promising—there was a spacious hall and a handsome staircase, with all appliances to boot—but as they approached the drawing-room, all the luxurious indolence of thought, inspired by the tranquillity of the scenery, was quickly dispelled by the discordant sounds which issued from thence; and when the door was thrown open, the footman in vain attempted to announce the visitors. In the middle of the room all the chairs were collected to form a coach and horses for the Masters and Misses Fairbairn.—One unruly-looking urchin sat in front, cracking a long whip with all his might—another acted as guard behind, and blew a shrill trumpet with all his strength—while a third, in a night-cap and flannel lappet, who had somewhat the air of having quarrelled with the rest of the party, paraded up and down, in solitary majesty, beating a drum. On a sofa sat Mrs. Fairbairn, a soft, fair, genteel-looking woman, with a crying child of about three years old at her side, tearing paper into shreds, seemingly for the delight of littering the carpet, which was already strewed with headless dolls, tailless horses, wheelless carts, &c. As she rose to receive her visitors it began to scream.

"I'm not going away, Charlotte, love—don't be frightened," said the fond mother, with a look of ineffable pleasure.

"You no get up—you shan't get up," screamed Charlotte, seizing her mother's gown fiercely to detain her.

"My darling, you'll surely let me go to speak to uncle—good uncle, who brings you pretty things, you know;"—but, during this colloquy, uncle and the ladies had made their way to the enthralled mother, and the bustle of a meeting and introduction was got over. Chairs were obtained by the footman with some difficulty, and placed as close to the mistress of the house as possible, aware that otherwise it would not be easy to carry on even question and answer amid the tumult that reigned.

"You find us rather noisy, I am afraid," said Mrs. Fairbairn with a smile, and in a manner which evidently meant the reverse; "but this is Saturday, and the children are all in such spirits, and they won't stay away from me—Henry, my dear, don't crack your whip quite so loud—there's a good boy—that's a new whip his papa brought him from London; and he's so proud of it!—William, my darling, don't you think your drum must be tired now? —If I were you I would give it a rest.—Alexander, your trumpet makes *rather* too much noise—one of these ladies has got a headache—wait till you go out—there's my good boy, and then you'll blow it at the cows and the sheep, you know, and frighten them—Oh! how you'll frighten them with it!"

"No, I'll not blow it at the cows;—I'll blow it at the horses, because then they'll think it's the mail-coach."—And he was running off, when Henry jumped down from the coach-box.

"No, but you shan't frighten them with your trumpet, for I shall frighten them with my whip. Mamma, aren't horses best frightened with a whip?"—and a struggle ensued.

"Well, don't fight, my dears, and you shall both frighten them," cried their mamma.

"No, I'm determined he shan't frighten them; I shall do it," cried both together, as they rushed out of the room, and the drummer was preparing to follow.

"William, my darling, don't you go after these naughty boys; you know they're always very bad to you. You know they wouldn't let you into their coach with your drum."—Here William began to cry.—"Well, never mind, you shall have a coach of your own—a much finer coach than theirs; I wouldn't go into their ugly dirty coach; and you shall have——" Here something of a consolatory nature was whispered, William was comforted, and even prevailed upon to relinquish his drum for his mamma's ivory work-box, the contents of which were soon scattered on the floor.

"These boys are gone without their hats," cried Mrs. Fairbairn in a tone of distress. "Eliza, my dear, pull the bell for Sally to get the boys' hats."—Sally being despatched with the hats, something like a calm ensued, in the absence of he of the whip and the trumpet; but as it will be of short duration, it is necessary to take advantage of it in improving the introduction into an acquaintance with the Fairbairn family.

Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies, who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be anything else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life, were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother; she was the grandmamma of her dear infants, her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings, or refined taste; and although, at first, he did feel a little unpleasant when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet, in time, he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother. In all this there was more of selfish egotism and animal instinct, than of rational affection or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was upon the bodies of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness, for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison of their health and personal appearance.

Alas! if there "be not a gem so precious as the human soul," how often do these gems seem as pearls cast before swine; for how seldom is it that a parent's greatest care is for the immortal happiness of that being whose precarious, and at best transient, existence engrosses their every thought and desire! But perhaps Mrs. Fairbairn, like many a foolish ignorant

mother, did her best; and had she been satisfied with spoiling her children herself for her own private amusement, and not have drawn in her visitors and acquaintances to share in it, the evil might have passed uncensured. But Mrs. Fairbairn, instead of shutting herself up in her nursery, chose to bring her nursery down to her drawing-room, and instead of modestly denying her friends an entrance into her purgatory, she had a foolish pride in showing herself in the midst of her angels. In short, as the best things, when corrupted, always become the worst, so the purest and tenderest of human affections, when thus debased by selfishness and egotism, turn to the most tiresome and ridiculous of human weaknesses,—a truth but too well exemplified by Mrs. Fairbairn.

"I have been much to blame," said she, addressing Miss Bell, in a soft, whining, sick-child sort of voice, "for not having been at Bellevue long ago; but dear little Charlotte has been so plagued with her teeth, I could not think of leaving her—for she is so fond of me, she will go to nobody else—she screams when her maid offers to take her—and she won't even go to her papa."

"Is that possible?" said the major.

"I assure you it's very true—she's a very naughty girl sometimes," bestowing a long and rapturous kiss on the child. "Who was it that beat poor papa for taking her from mamma last night? Well, don't cry—no, no, it wasn't my Charlotte. She knows every word that's said to her, and did from the time she was only a year old."

"That is wonderful!" said Miss Bell; "but how is my little favourite Andrew?"

"He is not very stout yet, poor little fellow, and we must be very careful of him." Then turning to Miss St. Clair, "Our little Andrew has had the measles, and you know the dregs of the measles are a serious thing—much worse than the measles themselves. Andrew—Andrew Waddell, my love, come here and speak to the ladies." And thereupon Andrew Waddell, in a night-cap, riding on a stick, drew near. Being the major's namesake, Miss Bell, in the ardour of her attachment, thought proper to coax Andrew Waddell on her knee, and even to open her watch for his entertainment.

"Ah! I see who spoils Andrew Waddell," cried the delighted mother.

The major chuckled—Miss Bell disclaimed, and for the time Andrew Waddell became the hero of the piece; the *blains* of the measles were carefully pointed out, and all his sufferings and sayings duly recapitulated. At length Miss Charlotte, indignant at finding herself eclipsed, began to scream and cry with all her strength.

"It's her teeth, darling little thing," said her mother, caressing her.

"I'm sure it's her teeth, sweet little dear," said Miss Bell.

"It undoubtedly must be her teeth, poor little girl," said the major.

"If you will feel her gum," said Mrs. Fairbairn, putting her own finger into the child's mouth, "you will feel how hot it is."

This was addressed in a sort of general way to the company, none of whom seemed eager to avail themselves of the privilege, till the major stepped forward, and having with his fore-finger made the circuit of Miss Charlotte's mouth, gave it as his decided opinion, that there was a tooth actually cutting the skin. Miss Bell followed the same course, and confirmed the interesting fact—adding, that it appeared to her to be "an uncommon large tooth."

At that moment Mr. Fairbairn entered, bearing in his arms another of the family, a fat, sour, new-waked-looking creature, sucking its finger. Scarcely was the introduction over—"There's a pair of legs!" exclaimed he, holding out a pair of thick purple stumps with red worsted shoes at the end of them. "I don't suppose Miss St. Clair ever saw legs like these in France; these are porridge-and-milk legs, are they not, Bobby?"

But Bobby continued to chew the cud of his own thumb in solemn silence.

"Will you speak to me, Bobby?" said Miss Bell, bent upon being amiable and agreeable—but still Bobby was mute.

"We think this little fellow rather long of speaking," said Mr. Fairbairn; "we allege that his legs have run away with his tongue."

"How old is he?" asked the major.

"He is only nineteen months and ten days," answered his mother, "so he has not lost much time; but I would rather see a child fat and thriving, than have it very forward."

"No comparison!" was here uttered in a breath by the major and Miss Bell.

"There's a great difference in children in their time of speaking," said the mamma. "Alexander didn't speak till he was two and a quarter; and Henry, again, had a great many little words before he was seventeen months; and Eliza and Charlotte both said mamma as plain as I do at a year—but girls always speak sooner than boys—as for William Pitt and Andrew Waddell, the twins, they both suffered so much from their teething, that they were

longer of speaking than they would otherwise have been—indeed, I never saw an infant suffer so much as Andrew Waddell did—he had greatly the heels of William Pitt at one time, till the measles pulled him down."

A movement was here made by the visitors to depart.

"O! you mustn't go without seeing the baby," cried Mrs. Fairbairn—"Mr. Fairbairn, will you pull the bell twice for baby?"

The bell was twice rung, but no baby answered the summons.

"She must be asleep," said Mrs. Fairbairn; "but I will take you up to the nursery, and you will see her in her cradle." And Mrs. Fairbairn led the way to the nursery, and opened the shutter, and uncovered the cradle, and displayed the baby.

"Just five months—uncommon fine child—the image of Mr. Fairbairn—fat little thing—neat little hands—sweet little mouth—pretty little nose—nice little toes," &c. &c. &c., were as usual whispered over it.

Miss St. Clair flattered herself the exhibition was now over, and was again taking leave, when, to her dismay, the squires of the whip and the trumpet rushed in, proclaiming that it was pouring of rain! To leave the house was impossible, and, as it was getting late, there was nothing for it but staying dinner.

The children of this happy family always dined at table, and their food and manner of eating were the only subjects of conversation. Alexander did not like mashed potatoes—and Andrew Waddell could not eat broth—and Eliza could live upon fish—and William Pitt took too much small-beer—and Henry ate as much meat as his papa—and all these peculiarities had descended to them from some one or other of their ancestors. The dinner was simple on account of the children, and there was no dessert, as Bobby did not agree with fruit. But to make amends, Eliza's sampler was shown, and Henry and Alexander's copy-books were handed round the table, and Andrew Waddell stood up and repeated—"My name is Norval," from beginning to end, and William Pitt was prevailed upon to sing the whole of "God save the King," in a little squeaking mealy voice, and was bravoed and applauded as though he had been Braham himself.

To paint a scene in itself so tiresome is doubtless but a poor amusement to my reader, who must often have endured similar persecution. For, who has not suffered from the obtrusive fondness of parents for their offspring?—and who has not felt what it was to be called upon, in the course of a morning visit, to enter into all the joys and the sorrows of the nursery, and to take a lively interest in all the feats and peculiarities of the family? Shakspeare's anathema against those who hated music is scarcely too strong to be applied to those who dislike children. There is much enjoyment sometimes in making acquaintance with the little beings—much delight in hearing their artless and unsophisticated prattle, and something not unpleasing even in witnessing their little freaks and wayward humours;—but when a tiresome mother, instead of allowing the company to notice her child, torments every one to death in forcing or coaxing her child to notice the company, the charm is gone, and we experience only disgust or *ennui*.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn had split on this fatal rock on which so many parents make shipwreck of their senses—and so satisfied were they with themselves and their children, so impressed with the idea of the delights of their family scenes, that vain would have been any attempt to open the eyes of their understanding. Perhaps the only remedy would have been found in that blessed spirit which "vaunteth not itself, and seeketh not its own."

BABY MAY.

[William Cox Bennett, D.C.L., born at Greenwich, 1820. He has taken an active part in the political and social movements of his native town, whilst he has won fame as a poet, and especially as the poet of infant life. Miss Mitford, in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, says, "Of all writers, the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father writing from his heart. *Baby May* is amongst the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and amongst the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can scarcely fail to be." His chief works are, *Baby May. The Worn Wedding-Ring, and other Home Poems; Queen Eleanor's Vengeance; Ballads and Narrative Poems; Songs by a Song-Writer; Poems of Thought and Fancy;* and *The Ballad and Song History of England.* A complete edition of Mr. Bennett's poetical works is published by Routledge & Sons.]

Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies' paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,

Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion—
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

BABY'S SHOES.

O those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That by God's good-will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

W. C. Bennett.

THE BRIGAND OF THE LOIRE.

It matters not to my story to enumerate the countries I visited, or the route by which I eventually entered France. At the expiration of two months after crossing the frontier, I found myself traversing a gloomy forest road in the department of the Mayenne and Loire; —my path chosen at a venture;—my resting-place for the coming night a matter of vague speculation. But neither the loneliness and intricacy of the way, nor my uncertainty as to the place where I might sleep, gave me uneasiness. True it was that the brigand cohorts of Napoleon—a crest-fallen and desperate remnant, escaped from the recently fought field of Waterloo—had but lately been disbanded: but I knew that the French soldier rarely turns robber in his own country; and as to a bed, I had already oftener than once had no cause to regret my having relied on the hospitality of the brave and simple Vendéens. Nevertheless, as the day began to decline, I felt a strong desire to exchange the rich repast of brambleberries, which nature had displayed by the way-side, and of which I had freely partaken, for the produce of some well-stored larder; and it was, therefore, with a feeling of agreeable satisfaction that I at length descried the waters of the Loire sparkling in the brilliant rays of the setting sun. He who has once beheld that majestic stream—the boast of troubadour song —will not soon forget the assemblage of charms which its banks present. Vine-clad hills, crowned with castles and towns;—shady glades, echoing to the chime of the vesper-bells;—far-spreading meadows of perennial verdure;—and groups of prosperous and picturesquely-dressed peasants; arrest the eye in every direction.

I could descry the towers of Angers from the point where I had first attained a sight of the river; but the intervening distance was too great to allow me to reach that city before nightfall. In these circumstances I resolved to seek for a nearer resting-place:—an arrangement which hunger and fatigue equally advocated. A bright-looking village, situated on the very brink of the stream, was before me, and I made haste to reach it.

The principal *auberge* stood in the "Grande Place"—a small square, ornamented by several rows of slim lime-trees, and a lofty cross, covered with a variety of offerings symbolical of the Church of Rome. The hôtel was a heavy grotesque pile, by far too large for the purpose to which it was at present devoted. It had been the *château* of the *seigneur* of the village under the old *régime*, and a prison during the horrid alternation of the revolution. Its hereditary possessor, as I afterwards learned, had, in common with many of his retainers, long been held in durance within its walls, and had at length quitted them only to perish in one of the notorious *fusillades* at Angers. In short, even in France, I had rarely seen a more cut-throat looking structure; and I stepped across its threshold with suspicion.

The appearance of the *aubergiste* assimilated more closely than was agreeable to me with the aspect of his habitation. He was a tall, muscular, bushy-browed man, with a fierce gloomy cast of countenance. His dress, an empty sleeve, and the *brusquerie* of his manner, proclaimed the ex-soldier and stanch advocate of military despotism. He encountered me in the outer court, and, instead of returning an affable reply to my salutation, made a motion as if to bar my entrance, and in a low gruff tone demanded a sight of my passport. I readily complied with this requisition; and, apparently satisfied with its contents, he returned it, and pointing in the direction of the kitchen, turned away. I fancied that he muttered a curse on my country as we parted; but I let it pass unnoticed.

I had been but a very short time an inmate of this mansion ere I was struck by the unwonted silence and gloom that pervaded it. In the kitchen—in France almost invariably the seat of mirth—all was dulness and monotony. A couple of raw, uncombed lads, natives of the *Bocage*, were superintending the stew-pans that contained my supper; and two young girls—the landlord's daughters, as I conjectured—sat in listless contemplation beside the blazing faggots on the hearth. One of these girls was not merely comely but beautiful; but her beauty was of that moonlight character which too frequently betokens a stricken heart. When she moved about, it was with the noiseless step of one treading in the chamber of death. Her low musical voice echoed through the apartment like the gentle breathings of a harp; and more than once I caught her black glistening eyes fixed on me with an inexplicable expression of woe and alarm.

In France a traveller nowise compromises his respectability by partially mingling with the family of his host. In that country the accidental distinctions of birth and fortune are not so deeply graven on the surface of society as in Britain; nor are the habits and manners of the various classes of the community so visibly dissimilar. I had often, in my wanderings, beguiled a heavy hour by encouraging the simple loquacity of the blithe *grisettes* who usually compose the household of the humbler hostelries; and here the attraction was too obvious to be resisted. I addressed my fair companions with that frank courtesy which I had hitherto found the readiest mode of winning a female's sufferance and smile; but for once it failed to elicit either. Therese, the livelier damsel, did indeed make an effort at conversation; but her more beautiful sister only answered by monosyllables and sighs. Surprised at this taciturnity, I ventured to hazard a surmise as to the cause, by charging her with over-anxiety for the fate of some absent lover; but had reason to repent of my freedom, when I saw her rise abruptly, and withdraw, with her eyes surcharged with tears. Therese, in reply to the apology which I felt it incumbent to make, briefly said, "Poor Jacqueline, she has many sorrows;" and with this I was compelled to be satisfied. A notification that supper was ready soon after called me to another apartment; and for the remainder of the evening one of the Vendéen boys was my only attendant.

The room set apart for my accommodation during the night was on the upper floor of the house; and, on my way to it, I had to traverse a labyrinthine succession of passages and galleries, which the faint light of the taper, carried by the *garçon* who acted as my conductor, peopled with a thousand spectral shadows. My couch was not merely comfortable but splendid;—the tapestry that covered the walls exhibited the gorgeous pageant of a tournament; and the toilette-table was of spotless marble; but the chairs were rickety, and the floor uncarpeted, as French floors usually are, and laid with tiles. This was the sum of my observations; for, fatigued with my journey, I was glad to court repose.

Slumber soon closed my eyelids, but it was unrefreshing and disturbed by dreams. Visions full of terror followed each other in quick succession;—skeleton shapes surrounded me;—and murderers' knives glittered at my throat. I fancied that some mortal peril had beset me, and that, to escape this undefined danger, I was vainly struggling to liberate myself from the ghostly galleries which separated me from the household in the lower apartments. I endeavoured to shout for help, but some magical power had chained my voice, and it was not till after I had suffered the protracted torture of the nightmare that I was at length able to conquer the frightful lethargy that had overpowered me.

I awoke with a groan, which smote on my half-conscious ear like a sepulchral echo. An indistinct recollection of the circumstances under which I had retired to rest haunted my fancy; but instead of finding myself reclining on a comfortable couch, I now lay stretched on a cold dank pavement, half-dressed, and in utter darkness. I extended my arms on each side of me, and they encountered solid walls—I straightened myself, and my feet touched a similar obstruction. In the first moments of consciousness a terrific idea took possession of me. I had heard of persons having been buried alive while under the influence of a temporary suspension of the vital functions; and this horrid fate seemed now to be mine. I experienced, or fancied that I still experienced, an inability to give utterance to my agony; and my respiration began to grow quick and labouring. The conviction of my premature inhumation was momentarily becoming stronger, when a ray of light gleamed through the wall at my feet, and a noise, like the shutting of a door, relieved my despair. In short, I had become a sleep-walker: but whither my somnambulary adventures had conducted me, was a riddle I had yet to solve.

My first impulse, on being thus far enlightened, was to call for assistance; my second, to endeavour to grope my way back in silence to my apartment. But a low plaintive sound, like the accents of one in sorrow, suddenly fell on my ear, and I paused to listen. It evidently proceeded from the same quarter as the friendly light; and I was tempted to put my eye to the illuminated crevice to reconnoitre. By this scarcely justifiable procedure I was enabled to obtain a view of a small meanly furnished apartment, occupied by two persons, one of whom was my fair acquaintance Jacqueline. Her companion was a young man, who lay reclining on a couch immediately opposite my place of concealment. He wore the faded uniform of the imperial guard; and though the expression of his countenance was martial and dignified, his pale cheek, hollow eye, and feeble voice, told a melancholy story. Jacqueline was seated near him, and held one of his hands clasped to her bosom. They were conversing in an undertone; and it appeared that she had been urging him to flee from some imminent danger; but the sick soldier was evidently adverse to the proposition, for, in reply, he said, "Nay, my Jacqueline, this may not be. My strength is gone, my hopes are destroyed, my path is beset by traitors, who will eventually run me down. All, all is lost, save you and honour, and on your breast will I die. My blessed wife! all that Victor Delagarde now asks of fortune is, that you may be near to close his eyes."

"You must live, Victor," exclamed Jacqueline, deep sobs interrupting her articulation. "You must live, or I too must perish. But why are you thus cruelly opposed to my plans? Why will you not endeavour to reach some other country, where your precious life may be secure? I will follow you, Victor, to the world's end, if you cannot find safety nearer."

"My kind Jacqueline," said her companion, "I know too well that no perils could daunt your generous heart. But why should I conceal from you that my health is irreparably injured, and that my strength and my spirits are alike unequal to further exertion. I am aware that your father trembles at the risk he runs by harbouring a proscribed man; nay, that he even apprehends the disposal of my insensate remains may bring him into trouble. But why should he urge me to seek a grave among strangers. Yet a few short days, and I shall have looked my last on that dear face, and felt for the last time the pressure of this kind hand. As to my body—the river runs deep.—"

"You will drive me to distraction, Victor," answered Jacqueline. "My father feels no anxiety on his own account; it is for you alone that he trembles. He knows,—we all know,—that here you are in constant jeopardy: we cannot even procure you the assistance which your wound demands without imminent risk of being betrayed. Do not injure him by unjust suspicions."

"You have misconstrued my words, Jacqueline," said Delagarde. "I know your father to be a brave and honourable soldier. He has been in every respect my father, since fate bereft me of my natural protectors; but he must be more than man not to tremble at the

idea of the proscribed Delagarde being found secreted under his roof. Many brave men have already died the death of traitors; and my name, insignificant though it be, is also in the black list of those for whom the Bourbon has no forgiveness. But I am proud that it is so, Jacqueline. When blood so illustrious as that of Ney and Labedoyere has flowed for our soldier king, why should I, the meanest of his captains, begrudge mine own?"

"Victor," replied Jacqueline, "I know you to be valiant and devoted; and though our emperor be now a captive in a strange land, I love him still for the glory he won for France. But, Victor, you have done enough for his cause. You have from boyhood followed him in all his wars:—when the barbarians of the North overran our beautiful France, you scorned to swear fealty to another prince, though a whole nation set you the example. When Napoleon returned to resume his throne, who was among the first to join his standard?—Victor Delagarde. When the emperor had fought his last field, whose was the sword that flashed longest in defiance on that day of blood?—It was thine. When his veteran lieutenants crept like cravens to the footstool of triumphant imbecility, who stood by him in his humiliation?—Thyself. Victor, you have sacrificed enough for your chief; you must now think of yourself and me."

"What would you with me then, Jacqueline?" said the soldier, whose lack-lustre eye had sadly kindled at the recapitulation of his deeds. "I have told you, dearest, that my vigour is impaired; and that the fatigue and privation I must unavoidably be exposed to, if I try to quit France, would inevitably terminate my life."

"Of that scheme, then, we must think no more," said Jacqueline. "Your life is all I seek to save; and to me the loss were equally great, whatever way it might be sacrificed. But your uncle, the Count de Laval, has the ear of royalty: he has been true to the Bourbons through every alternation of their fortunes; and has but to petition the king, and your pardon will be granted."

"Jacqueline," answered her companion, "you would, indeed, have me stoop low in my misfortunes. Have you forgotten, that when a captive in England, I contemned my uncle's proffered friendship, because it was to be purchased by treachery to the emperor. Have you forgotten that the count penned me a letter, abjuring me as a kinsman, and denouncing me as a rebel, when he and his king were driven from Paris to Ghent by our victorious arms? No, though the deadly fusils were already at my breast, I would not now solicit his intercession."

Jacqueline was about to persevere in her entreaties, when, ashamed of longer acting the eaves-dropper, I attempted to grope my way back to my chamber. But the passage was damp and slippery: and an awkward stumble threw me with some violence against the door that intervened between me and the speakers. It instantly yielded to the pressure, and I was precipitated headlong into their apartment. The consternation my unlooked-for appearance occasioned to the inmates filled me with dismay. Jacqueline shrieked to the utmost pitch of her voice, and flung herself on the bosom of her companion to shield him from the threatened danger; but Delagarde, with the self-possession of a soldier, quickly extricated himself from her embrace, caught up a sword that lay near his couch, and prepared to defend himself. Before he could use it to my injury, however, I felt a powerful hand grasping my throat, and saw the surly *auberg*iste standing over me with the fierce eye of an avenger.

"Villain!" exclaimed the veteran, as he put his knee on my breast, "what base purpose has brought you hither? Could our enemies find no nobler bloodhound to run our hero down? But your temerity shall cost you dear. Make your peace with Heaven. The Loire has served as a grave to many a better man."

"You threaten me with a punishment my crime scarcely merits," said I, remaining passive under his grasp, but shuddering at the intimidating roar of the stream. "Believe me, I came not here for the base purpose you apprehend. Under the influence of sleep, I wandered into the adjacent passage,—a stumble threw me against the door, and burst it open. It is surely hard that my life should be required as an atonement."

Before I had done speaking, I could discover that Delagarde was assured of the truth of my story, and even the veteran's stern brow began to relax. "Shall we trust him, Victor?" said he, looking dubiously at his son-in-law, "or shall we fling him into the river? We are in his power, and the blood shed at Saumur is not yet dry."

"Heaven forbid that we should harm an innocent man!" said Delagarde. "This stranger can be no spy; he belongs to a nation, which, though long our enemy in the field, abets not the slaves of a tyrant. We will confide in his honour. Shall we not, my Jacqueline?"

"Yes, yes," answered Jacqueline, "he will not, he cannot be so barbarous as to betray us:—who knows but the Virgin, to befriend us, has sent him in mercy? The English are brave and generous; and this stranger can have no interest in denouncing you. Is it not so, my friend?" addressing me. "Look at my Victor,—he is wounded,—dying:—he has suffered this for France and his emperor. Mark the paleness of his cheek, the dimness of his eye, the feebleness of his step. There was a time when he looked not so helpless. When he returned from the terrible wars of Russia—though the grand army had perished—he still bore the port of a hero. But he went again to the battle: these hands bound the helmet on his bold brow: you see how he has come back to me! Englishman!"—she threw herself at my feet—"save my husband!"

The *aubergiste* had by this time permitted me to rise; and I made an attempt to lift up the fair suppliant, but she clung to my knees, reiterating her invocation. At that moment I could not bethink myself of any mode by which I could effectually serve the unfortunate pair, but I readily pledged myself to do all in my power; and with this promise she was satisfied. A short explanatory conversation ensued; and instead of returning immediately to bed, I wrapped myself in a cloak belonging to Delagarde, and sat down to consult with them on the desperate circumstances in which he was placed.

Now that the consternation occasioned by my untoward introduction had subsided, I found them eager to confide in me; and Jacqueline's dark eyes sparkled with hope when I intimated that I was so far acquainted with surgery as to be able to undertake the cure of her husband's wound,—a gun-shot in the shoulder, which had been prematurely closed, and, in consequence of recent fatigue, had broken out afresh. On examining it, I found there was no reason to despair of his speedy restoration to health; and, inspirited by this intelligence, Jacqueline cheerfully busied herself in preparing such dressings as the house could furnish. While she was thus employed, Delagarde gave me the following brief sketch of his life, and the circumstances that had now so seriously compromised his safety.

The *château* of which we were now inmates had originally belonged to his family, as hereditary *seigneurs* of the village, and his father had inhabited it at the commencement of the revolution. Descended from a race whose loyalty was proverbial, the Seigneur Delagarde engaged heart and hand in the arduous struggle long maintained against a bloody democracy by the brave peasants of La Vendée, and followed the youthful hero Larochejaquelin through all the perils of the campaign of the Outre Loire. On the dispersion of the royalists, he was captured by the republicans, confined for a time in his own *château*, and ultimately shot at Angers. His lady had previously perished in one of the horrid *noyades* at Nantes:—one of his brothers had fallen at his side in the unsuccessful attack on Granville:—another had fled to England:—and his orphan son, then a child only six years of age, was left a beggar on the streets of Angers. In these days it was a tempting of fate to furnish food or shelter to any person who had a claim to aristocratical descent; and Victor Delagarde would have died of famine had not a humane soldier, one of the same execrated "Blues" who had smitten the loyal Vendéens to extermination, commiserated his case, and taken him under his protection. This man adopted him as a son; and when his age qualified him for military service, sent him to the army, where, under the imperial banner, he gradually acquired rank and renown. His young heart, harrowed by the recollection of his parent's fate, had turned with abhorrence from the more notorious abettors of republicanism; but he soon learned to regard with a very different eye the military chief to whom he had sworn fealty. Napoleon, in his estimation, was the saviour of France—the avenger of the innocent blood shed by the advocates of terror at the revolution. He it was who had opened to him a path of fame and honour; and, dazzled by the Corsican's renown, he allowed himself to forget that his own father had perished for another dynasty, and followed the emperor with chivalric devotion through all his wars. At length, while fighting among the *sierras* of Spain, he was captured by the British army, and compelled to exchange the more arduous duties of the field for an English prison. Thus interrupted in his race of glory, he bethought himself of the only relative who had survived the butcherings of the revolution,—the uncle who had escaped to England, and who had now attained an elevated rank in the British service. Delagarde had found an opportunity to make this stanch royalist acquainted with his misfortunes; and the count, never doubting that his young kinsman had served in the imperial army from necessity, and that he, of course, inherited the abhorrence of his ancestors to usurpation, and would readily embrace the first opportunity to league against Napoleon, lost no time in restoring him to freedom.

Delagarde hurried to Portsmouth, to thank his relative for this prompt recognition of his consanguineal claims; and, delighted with the military bearing and gay unsubdued spirit of the young soldier, the count tendered him a most affectionate welcome, and frankly developed certain plans which he had already formed for his future advancement. These were, that Delagarde should accept a commission in the English army, avow himself the faithful subject of the house of Bourbon, and continue to fight against his native country, till Napoleon should be humbled, and the way opened for Louis' restoration. The youth rejected this proposition with unequivocal disgust. He had formed his political opinions in a school hostile to legitimacy and the whole race of Capet; and even the shades of his parents were invoked in vain to resuscitate his hereditary loyalty. He called upon his kinsman to send him back to prison, if such were his pleasure; but to spare his honour, which he was persuaded would be eternally stained if he lifted his arm against his native land. The count, exasperated at his degeneracy, spurned him from his presence, and thus repulsed, Delagarde found himself at liberty to rejoin the standard of his choice. At this period the mighty host collected by Napoleon for the invasion of Russia was about to burst on the North. Delagarde arrived in time to accompany it in its proud advance, and shared in all the disasters that subsequently overwhelmed the grand army; but, more fortunate than the majority of his comrades, outlived the horrors of that unprecedented campaign. In the later struggles in Germany and on the French frontier, he repeatedly distinguished himself as an intrepid soldier, and was rewarded by two military orders, and the special commendation of the emperor,—a circumstance which attached him more devotedly than ever to the fortunes of that extraordinary man. When Paris capitulated, he retired beyond the Loire with the defeated army; and, on Napoleon's abdication, Delagarde, in common with all his companions in arms, reluctantly acknowledged the supremacy of the house of Bourbon. In the brief pause that followed, he paid a visit to his birthplace, to fulfil his engagements with Jacqueline, the younger daughter of the same generous-hearted veteran who had protected his helpless infancy, and who, by one of those alternations not rare in France in later times, had become the owner and occupant of the *château* in which his *protégé* had been born. Scarcely had the young pair been united, when France was again agitated in every quarter by the sudden return of Napoleon. Delagarde was with his Jacqueline, who had been only a few weeks his bride, when this intelligence reached him; and though he had never been reconciled to his uncle, who now held a high appointment at the court of his sovereign, he was beginning to admit that France might benefit more under the pacific supremacy of the ancient race than under the sway of her warrior king. But no sooner did the long-familiar cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" reach his ear, than all his half-extinguished anticipations of military glory revived. He instantly hurried off to join the small but resolute band, at the head of which his old leader had undertaken the resumption of his crown, and was promoted, for his fidelity, to an important command. He fully participated in the triumph of the imperial cause during the famous "hundred days." He was one of the gayest and most knightly-looking of the emperor's *cortége* at the celebrated *Champ de Mai;* and only laughed in scorn when he received a letter from his, for a second time, expatriated uncle, imprecating vengeance on his head, as the abettor of regicides and the tool of usurpation. The battle of Waterloo followed: Napoleon's star set in blood; and Delagarde was one of the many whom the severe policy of the triumphant dynasty found it necessary to proscribe. Denounced as a "brigand," and aware that his life must be the penalty if he fell into the hands of his enemies, he fled to the forests of La Vendée, and for a time secreted himself in their recesses. But the opening of his wound at length reduced him to despair; and, imagining himself on the brink of the grave, he determined to visit his Jacqueline at all hazards, and die at her side. His return to her residence had taken place on the evening preceding my arrival; and thus he accounted for the anxiety and gloom that pervaded the household.

These incidents were narrated with a degree of vivacity and energy which I have vainly tried to imitate; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that I felt more and more interested in the fortunes of their hero. The lateness of the hour, however, necessarily curtailed our interview; and, after exerting my surgical skill to alleviate his wound, I returned to my bed and passed the remainder of the night undisturbed.

As my time was at my own command, I readily agreed to Jacqueline's entreaty to remain for some days in attendance on my patient. His wound rapidly assumed a favourable appearance; and, at the end of a week, his strength and spirits were so far resuscitated

as to encourage the hope that he would now be equal to any exertion or fatigue which he might be exposed to in making his escape. At his request I drew up a plan by which I thought it probable he might reach the island of Jersey, by the way of Granville; and it was determined that this should be put in execution without further delay.

More intimate association with the family had only rendered me the more anxious to befriend them. The young outlaw was just such a gallant as ladies love:—brave, generous, and devoted, and withal courtly in his bearing, and attractive in his person. Jacqueline, restored to comparative happiness, grew daily more beautiful; and, as is not uncommon with French females even of the humblest grade, her conversation had a loftiness, perhaps it ought to be called extravagance, of sentiment, altogether peculiar to her countrywomen, which, conjoined with her natural grace, had a very fascinating influence even on my chilled heart. Thus favourably impressed, I entered readily into all their hopes and fears, and prayed as earnestly as themselves that their anxieties might have a happy termination.

The parting between Delagarde and his young wife was extremely painful on both sides. Neither of them knew when they might be reunited; and though I tried to point out a glimmering of hope amid the darkness of the future, it scarcely mitigated their anguish. Yet, in the depth of his distress, Delagarde's fiery spirit could not repress a burst of enthusiastic anticipation.—"Cheer thee, my own Jacqueline," he exclaimed, with a romantic fervour; "though thy Victor is now a fugitive, —though the billow may soon separate him from his country, yet his arm shall be ready when the day of vengeance returns. The emperor!—What though his enemies have chained him to a rock hid in the farthest solitudes of the tropic sea? Frenchmen still survive who will peril all to burst his fetters, and dash him like a thunderbolt on the slaves who now lord it over our beautiful France. Jacqueline, when you hear from the south or from the west, the proud war-cry of Napoleon,—the cry which your husband's voice has assisted to swell on many a crimson field,—then remember Delagarde. When you are told that the once unconquered eagle has again appeared among the valleys of France, let your womanly heart exult; for it guides *me* back to your arms. These will be prouder times for the beloved of Delagarde."

Poor Jacqueline was but little comforted by this rhapsodic loyalty, which, to a staid Briton like myself, appeared somewhat related to bombast. At midnight I assisted the *aubergiste* to ferry the fugitive to the northern bank of the Loire; and on the broad dyke that embanks the river we bade him adieu. His wonted spirit had now returned, and he departed with a firm and fearless step. As we rowed slowly back to the spot where we had embarked, I heard the veteran at my side heave more than one deep sigh, which proved that his thoughts accompanied his adopted wanderer.

I had now done everything in my power to serve the outlaw; and on the following morning I took leave of his disconsolate but grateful wife, and proceeded on my way to Angers. The heat was oppressive and I travelled leisurely, being nothing loath to linger upon the banks of the noble river that ran parallel to my path.

It was considerably after mid-day when I entered the town; and I was making the best of my way to the hôtel at which I intended to abide, when, in passing through a narrow crowded street, I encountered a party of *gens d'armes*, who were escorting a prisoner to the quarters of the military commandant. The poor man was bound on a horse, and had received a deep sabre-cut on his temple, which bled profusely and frightfully disfigured his countenance. Notwithstanding his melancholy plight, I quickly recognized my unfortunate friend, the brigand Delagarde. He had been arrested by a patrol of *gens d'armes* ere he had lost sight of the river; and his captors were now conducting him before the authorities appointed to take cognizance of his crime.

In these circumstances it would only have been endangering my own liberty to have openly recognized him; but I could not bring myself to leave Angers while his fate was undecided, and therefore resolved to remain there till after his arraignment. It was then the policy of the reigning family to expedite the progress of justice; and in the course of a few days he was tried by a military commission and sentenced to be shot as a traitor, who had grossly abused the clemency of his legitimate king.

So long as I remained in suspense as to his sentence, I could not summon resolution to awake poor Jacqueline from the dreams of hope in which she had chosen to indulge at the time I left her. But when the remainder of his days were declared to be rigidly meted out by the stern and perhaps just code of political vengeance, I felt it imperative on me to intimate to her the perilous circumstances in which he was placed, and, if possible, to procure for

both the consolation of a final interview. I was on the eve of setting off for her residence, in order to be myself the bearer of this heart-rending intelligence, when I encountered the object of my anxiety wandering like a ghost through the streets of Angers. She had learned accidentally of her husband's apprehension and trial, and, like a faithful and devoted wife, had instantly hurried off to be near to comfort him in his last moments. Strict orders, however, had been issued to prevent all access to the prisoner, whose execution had been delayed until the result of an appeal he had made to Paris should be ascertained; and his unhappy wife, ready to catch at the slightest hope, had now resolved to repair to the capital in person, and solicit his pardon at the king's feet. This project she unhesitatingly communicated to me; and, struck by her magnanimity, I felt a spirit of errantry stir within me, and volunteered to bear her company.

Jacqueline had already made her preparations, and was urgent that no time should be lost. When I suggested the propriety of waiting until she had consulted with her father, she assured me that she had already secured his consent; and, moreover, that he had supplied her with the money requisite to defray her expenses. His own reasons for not accompanying her to the capital were too obvious to be disputed. He was known as an avowed Bonapartist; and instead of serving his daughter by appearing as her protector, his name was of itself likely to shut the ears of royalty to her petition. Under these circumstances he had left her to rely solely on Heaven and her own heroic spirit.

We departed by the earliest public conveyance that started for the capital; and though it was late on the third day before our journey terminated, my fair companion bore the fatigue of travelling and the agony of her own mind without complaint. She was no longer the timid, heart-stricken girl whom I had known under her father's roof, but the magnanimous wife, resolute even to death to succour her husband. As the vehicle in which we travelled emerged from the defile of Sevre, and the towers and palaces of Paris rose in splendour before us, I tried in vain to interest her by pointing out the more prominent features of the scene, and recapitulating the historical events with which they were associated. "My Victor!—my Victor!" was her answer. "Of him alone I can now think. You tell me that yonder green meadow is the plain of Grenelle; alas! was it not there that Ney and Labedoyere perished?—You say that these arches that span the river are the bridge of Jena:—that yonder broad grove-surrounded field is the Champ de Mars:—but I only remember that at Jena my Victor fought his first battle; and that on the Champ de Mars he was the most admired of the host of warriors that swelled the last pageant of his imperial master's pride. Lead me! lead me to the Tuileries. It is there my fate must be decided."

I carried my charge to a hôtel in the *Rue Croix des Petits Champs;* and, leaving her to regain strength for the trials of the coming day, set off to learn how she might best obtain the ear of royalty. On this point I was not long in coming to a decision. A religious procession from the Tuileries to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame was to take place next morning; and aware that no moment could be more opportune for working on the feelings of the king than that on which his mind was occupied by devotional enthusiasm, I resolved that poor Jacqueline should avail herself of it to make the essay.

Next morning the deep roll of the drums of the royal guard announced the approach of the important hour, and, with trembling hearts, we repaired to the *Place du Carrousel.* Jacqueline was dressed in deep mourning; and a long black veil, flung lightly over her simple yet becoming head-dress, shrouded her pallid but lovely countenance. I thought I had never seen one of her country women equally beautiful. Her sable garments,—extremely rich of their kind, and conventual in their fashion,—gave an unusual air of grace and dignity to her tall, graceful form; and, for the moment, I could have imagined her the sister of those dark-eyed Andalusian damsels I used to admire so much when cooped up by the French within the walls of Cadiz. I had instructed her that she was to throw herself before the king at the moment he emerged from under the triumphal arch in the centre of the Place:—as to her petition, I left her own heart to frame it.

On entering the *Place du Carrousel,* that vast arena, so famous in the history of the national vicissitudes, we found the troops already marshalling, and the giddy, pleasure-anticipating populace beginning to congregate. Cuirassiers, lancers, *chasseurs à cheval,* and several battalions of the *Garde Royal,* filed in proud, military march, from their distant *casernes* into the palace-yard, their bands playing "*Vive Henri Quatre,*"—their banners flaunting bravely over their splendid array. Jacqueline had no eye for this military pomp; and fluttering pennons and flashing steel had long ceased to excite in me any extravagant

admiration of warlike achievement. I gradually made way for my charge through the dense multitudes, until we arrived within a few paces of the magnificent arch; and there, immediately in rear of a knightly-looking captain of lancers, we took our station.

The procession commenced. All the pomp of Catholicism was called into requisition to increase its splendour. Priests, statesmen, warriors, princes, walked in penitential mood behind the sacred emblems of their faith; but Jacqueline looked only for the king. At length His Most Christian Majesty emerged from beneath the proud triumphal monument of his predecessor's glory:—and the trembling girl saw before her a corpulent, unwieldy man, with an expression of benignity on his countenance, supported by attendants, and faltering under the weight of bodily infirmities and pious cogitations. I merely whispered to Jacqueline, "That is the king." The next moment she had sprung past the lancer's horse and prostrated herself at the feet of royalty, exclaiming, in a voice that might have softened adamant, "Mercy, mercy from my king!"

The commotion this interruption occasioned for a time among the guards and priesthood threatened to annihilate our hopes. Several soldiers made attempts to push the suppliant away; but Louis, so soon as he saw that he was in no danger of being daggered, ordered them to desist and allow the petitioner to state her claims on his clemency. Jacqueline was not slow to profit by this permission. With an eloquence which amazed even me, and excited a breathless attention in the listeners, she detailed the birth, the services, the proscription of Delagarde. She dwelt with feminine pathos on his love for her, and on her unutterable misery at the prospect of his death; and vowed, that if his life were spared, his fidelity to his king should henceforth be as inviolate as that of his ancestors. Louis listened with some patience to her appeal. He was not insensible to the popularity which he would acquire by publicly reprieving one of the bitterest of his enemies; but a constitutional timidity made him hesitate to grant the boon. At that moment one of his courtiers, an elderly nobleman, knelt down beside Jacqueline and joined in her prayer, exclaiming, "Sire, I too am a suppliant. Save this Victor Delagarde, for the loyalty of his father and the fidelity of the servant who now humbles himself at your feet."

It was the Count de Laval who had thus stepped forward to support the heroic wife of his nephew. Louis could not resist the supplications of a man who had been true to him through every change of fortune. His royal heart leaned to mercy. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi*" rent the air; and the brigand Delagarde was pardoned.[1]

Tales of a Pilgrim.

FATE.

[**Ralph Waldo Emerson**, born at Boston, U. S., 1803. He is regarded as the Carlyle of America, and is as widely known in this country as in his own by his various philosophical and ethical works, but he is not so generally known as a poet. Although his verses are chiefly reflective, there is considerable lyrical feeling in some of them, as in *The Romany Girl*. His poems, *May-Day and other Pieces*, were published in 1846. Those of his prose works which will be found most interesting by general readers are *Representative Men; English Traits;* and the *Conduct of Life*—a series of valuable essays. Emerson died 27th April, 1882.]

Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mould his fortunes mean or great:
Unknown to Cromwell as to me
Was Cromwell's measure or degree;
Unknown to him, as to his horse,
If he than his groom be better or worse.
He works, plots, fights in rude affairs,
With squires, lords, kings, his craft compares,
Till late he learned, through doubt and fear,
Broad England harboured not his peer:
Obeying Time, the last to own
The Genius from its cloudy throne.
For the prevision is allied
Unto the thing so signified;
Or say, the foresight that awaits
Is the same Genius that creates.

THE ROMANY GIRL.

The sun goes down, and with him takes
  The coarseness of my poor attire;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
  Of Gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls! you scorn our race;
  You captives of your air-tight halls,
Wear out in-doors your sickly days,
  But leave us the horizon walls.

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[1] The word "brigand" has been used, throughout the preceding narrative, in the sense in which it was applied by the Bourbon government to the proscribed partisans of Napoleon, immediately subsequent to his dethronement.

And if I take you, dames, to task,
  And say it frankly without guile,
Then you are Gypsies in a mask,
  And I the lady all the while.

If, on the heath, below the moon,
  I court and play with paler blood,
Me false to mine dare whisper none,—
  One sallow horseman knows me good.

Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,
  For teeth and hair with shopmen deal;
My swarthy tint is in the grain,
  The rocks and forests know it real.

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
  The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
  The panther in our dances flies.

You doubt we read the stars on high,
  Nathless we read your fortunes true;
The stars may hide in the upper sky,
  But without glass we fathom you.

R. W. Emerson.

THE SKY-LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
  Blithsome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
  Emblem of happiness!
  Blest is thy dwelling-place!
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
  Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
  Where, on thy dewy wing,
  Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
  O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
  Over the cloudlet dim,
  Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
  Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be:
  Emblem of happiness!
  Blest is thy dwelling-place!
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

SCENE FROM

"THE TRYAL, A COMEDY."

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

[Joanna Baillie, born in Bothwell, Lanarkshire, 1762; died at Hampstead, London, 23d February, 1851. She made her reputation by her *Plays on the Passions*, the first volume of which appeared in 1798. The principle she adopted was to make one play subservient to the development of one particular passion, as love, hate, envy, and so on. She attempted to reveal the serious and the absurd aspect of each humour in the course of a tragedy and a comedy. The idea was novel, and attracted attention; but the theory narrowed the development of her genius, and it was only the possession of rare poetical gifts which rendered the result successful. For the stage they are unsuitable, owing to the absence of that variety of passion which is requisite in dramatic representations. "De Montfort" was produced on the London stage in 1801, with John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the leading parts, and again in 1821 with Edmund Kean as the hero. On both occasions it was comparatively a failure, in spite of the ability and popularity of the principal actors. The "Family Legend" was played in Edinburgh in 1810, the preparation having been superintended by Scott, who wrote a prologue for it, whilst Henry Mackenzie wrote an epilogue. The production was successful, and the play was afterwards brought out in London. The merits of her compositions can only be properly estimated in the study, and they will always hold a high place in literature. "The Tryal, a Comedy," is the companion play of "Count Basil, a Tragedy." She has also written a number of Scotch songs, which are still popular. Amongst others, *The Gowan Glitters on the Sward*, *Woo'd and Married and a'*, and *Hooly and Fairly*.]

Mr. Withrington's *house: Enter* Withrington *and his two Nieces* Agnes *and* Mariane, *hanging upon his arms, coaxing him in a playful manner as they advance towards the front of the stage.*

With. Poo, poo, get along, young gipsies, and don't tease me any more.

Ag. So we will, my good sir, when you have granted our suit.

Mar. Do, dear uncle, it will be so pleasant!

With. Get along, get along. Don't think to wheedle me into it. It would be very pleasant, truly, to see an old fellow, with a wig upon his bald pate, making one in a holiday mummery with a couple of mad-caps.

Ag Nay, don't lay the fault upon the wig, good sir, for it is as youthful, and as sly, and as saucy-looking as the best head of hair in the country. As for your old wig, indeed, there was so much curmudgeon-like austerity about it, that young people fled from before it, as, I daresay, the birds do at present, for I am sure that it is stuck up in some cherry-orchard, by this time, to frighten the sparrows.

With. You are mistaken, young mistress, it is up-stairs in my wig-box.

Ag. Well, I am glad it is anywhere but upon your pate, uncle. (*Turning his face towards* Mariane.) Look at him, pray! is he not ten years younger since he wore it? Is there one bit of an old grumbler to be seen about him now?

Mar. He is no more like the man he was than I am like my god-mother. (*Clapping his shoulder.*) You must even do as we have bid you, sir, for this excuse will never bring you off.

With. Poo, poo, it is a foolish girl's whimsy: I'll have nothing to do with it.

Ag. It is a reasonable woman's desire, gentle guardian, and you must consent to it. For if I am to marry at all, I am resolved to have a respectable man and a man who is attached to me, and to find out such a one, in my present situation, is impossible. I am provoked beyond all patience with your old greedy lords, and match-making aunts, introducing their poor noodle heirs-apparent to me. Your ambitious esquires and proud obsequious baronets are intolerable, and your rakish younger brothers are nauseous: such creatures only surround me, whilst men of sense keep at a distance, and think me as foolish as the company I keep. One would swear I was made of amber, to attract all the dust and chaff of the community.

With. There is some truth in this, 'faith.

Ag. You see how it is with me: so my dear, loving, good uncle (*coaxing him*), do let Mariane take my place for a little while. We are newly come to Bath; nobody knows us: we have been but at one ball, and as Mariane looks so much better than me, she has already been mistaken for the heiress, and I for her portionless cousin: I have told you how we shall manage it; do lend us your assistance!

With. So in the disguise of a portionless spinster, you are to captivate some man of sense, I suppose?

Ag. I would fain have it so.

With. Go, go, thou art a fool, Agnes! who will fall in love with a little ordinary girl like thee? why, there is not one feature in thy face that a man would give a farthing for.

Mar. You are very saucy, uncle.

Ag. I should despair of my beauty, to be sure, since I am reckoned so much like you, my dear sir; yet old nurse told me that a rich lady, a great lady, and the prettiest lady that ever wore silk, fell in love, once on a time, with Mr. Anthony, and would have followed him to the world's end too, if it had not been for an old hunks of a father, who deserved to be drubbed for his pains Don't you think he did, sir?

With. (*endeavouring to look angry*). Old nurse is a fool, and you are an impudent hussy. I'll hear no more of this nonsense. (*Breaks from them and goes towards the door: they run after him, and draw him back again.*)

Ag. Nay, good sir, we have not quite done with you yet: grant our request, and then scamper off as you please.

Mar. I'll hold both your arms till you grant it.

With. (*to* Mar.) And what makes you so eager about it, young lady? you expect, I suppose, to get a husband by the trick. O fy, fy! the poorest girl in England would blush at such a thought, who calls herself an honest one.

Ag. And Mariane would reject the richest man in England who could harbour such a suspicion. But give yourself no uneasiness about this, sir; she need not go a husband-hunting, for she is already engaged.—(Mariane *looks frightened, and makes signs to* Agnes *over her uncle's shoulder, which she answers with a smile of encouragement.*)

With. Engaged! she is very good, truly, to manage all this matter herself, being afraid to give me any trouble, I suppose. And pray what fool has she picked out from the herd, to enter into this precious engagement with?

Ag. A foolish enough fellow, to be sure, your favourite nephew, cousin Edward.

Wit. Hang the silly booby! how could he be such an idiot! but it can't be, it shan't be!—it is folly to put myself into a passion about it. (*To* Mariane, *who puts her hand on his shoulder to soothe him.*) Hold off your hands, ma'am! This is news indeed to amuse me with of a morning.

Ag. Yes, uncle, and I can tell you more news; for they are not only engaged, but as soon as he returns from abroad they are to be married.

With. Well, well, let them marry in the devil's name, and go a begging if they please.

Ag. No, gentle guardian, they need not go a begging; they will have a good fortune to support them.

With. Yes, yes, they will get a prize in the lottery, or find out the philosopher's stone, and coin their old shoes into guineas.

Ag. No, sir, it is not that way the fortune is to come.

With. No; he has been following some knight-errant, then, I suppose, and will have an island in the South Sea for his pains.

Ag. No, you have not guessed it yet. (*Strok-*

ing his hand gently.) Did you never hear of a good, kind, rich uncle of theirs, the generous Mr. Withrington? he is to settle a handsome provision upon them as soon as they are married, and leave them his fortune at last.

With. (*lifting up his hand*). Well, I must say thou art the sauciest little jade in the kingdom! But did you never hear that this worthy uncle of theirs, having got a new wig, which makes him ten years younger than he was, is resolved to embrace the opportunity, and seek out a wife for himself?

Ag. O! that is nothing to the purpose; for what I have said about the fortune must happen, though he should seek out a score of wives for himself.

With. Must happen! but I say it shall not happen. Whether should you or I know best?

Ag. Why me, to be sure.

With. Ha, ha, ha! how so, baggage?

Ag. (*resting her arm on his shoulder, looking archly in his face*). You don't know, perhaps, that when I went to Scotland last summer, I travelled far and far, as the tale says, and farther than I can tell; till I came to the isle of Skye, where everybody has the second sight, and has nothing to do but tear a little hole in a tartan-plaidy, and peering through it in this manner, sees every thing past, present, and to come. Now, you must know, I gave an old woman half-a-crown and a roll of tobacco for a peep or two through her plaid, and what do you think I saw, uncle?

With. The devil dancing a hornpipe, I suppose.

Ag. There was somebody dancing, to be sure, but it was not the devil though. Who do you think it was now?

With. Poo, poo!

Ag. It was uncle himself, at Mariane's wedding, leading down the first dance, with the bride. I saw a sheet of parchment in a corner too, signed with his own blessed hand, and a very handsome settlement it was. So he led down the first dance himself, and we all followed after him, as merry as so many hay-makers.

With. Thou hast had a sharp sight, 'faith!

Ag. And I took a second peep through the plaidy, and what do you think I saw then, sir?

With. Nay, prate on as thou wilt.

Ag. A genteel family house where Edward and Mariane dwelt, and several little brats running up and down in it. Some of them so tall, and so tall, and some of them no taller than this. And there came good uncle amongst them, and they all flocked about him so merrily; everybody was so glad to see him, the very scullions from the kitchen were glad; and methought he looked as well pleased himself as any of them. Don't you think he did, sir?

With. Have done with thy prating.

Ag. I have not done yet, good sir; for I took another peep still, and then I saw a most dismal changed family indeed. There was a melancholy sick-bed set out in the best chamber; every face was sad, and all the children were weeping. There was one dark-eyed rogue amongst them, called little Anthony, and he threw away his bread and butter, and roared like a young bull, for woe's me! old uncle was dying. (*Observing* Withrington *affected.*) But old uncle recovered though, and looked as stout as a veteran again. So I gave the old woman her plaidy, and would not look through any more.

With. Thou art the wildest little witch in the world, and wilt never be at rest till thou hast got everything thine own way, I believe.

Ag. I thank you, I thank you, dear uncle! (*leaping round his neck*), it shall be even so, and I shall have my own little boon into the bargain.

With. I did not say so.

Ag. But I know it will be so, and many thanks to you, my dear good uncle! (Mariane *ventures to come from behind,*—Withrington *looks gently to her, she holds out her hand, he hesitates, and* Agnes *joins their hands together, giving them a hearty shake.*)

With. Come, come, let me get away from you now: you are a couple of insinuating gipsies.

[Exit *hastily.*

SONNET.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon;
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

Henry Kirke White.

TO THE MOON.

[John Keats, born in Moorfields, London, 29th October, 1796; died at Rome, 24th February, 1821. Whilst at school, and whilst serving his apprenticeship to a surgeon at Edmonton, Keats was an earnest student. In 1817 he published a volume of juvenile verses, and in the following year, *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*. This poem was severely criticized by the *Quarterly Review*, and it was for some time the popular belief that the harsh criticism was the immediate cause of the poet's early death. On this subject Byron wrote:—

"Who killed John Keats?
'I,' says the *Quarterly*,
So savage and tartarly,
'Twas one of my feats.'"

The fact was, however, that he died of consumption, and it was the hope of finding some relief from that ailment which caused him to proceed to the Continent. In 1820 he issued his third and last volume, containing *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes*, and *Hyperion*. His poetry is characterized by profuse imagery and redundant fancy.]

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken;
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee: thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

What is there in thee, Moon! that thou should'st move
My heart so potently? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
Thou seem'dst my sister: hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously:
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing,
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashioned to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours: thou wast the deep glen—
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality.——

SERVIAN LYRIC.[1]

Was it a vine, with clusters white,
That clung round Buda's stateliest tower?
O no: it was a lady bright,
That hung upon an armed knight—
It was their parting hour.

They had been wedded in their youth;
Together they had spent their bloom;
That hearts so long entwined in truth
Asunder should be torn in ruth,
It was a cruel doom.

"Go forth," she said, "pursue thy way;
But some fair garden shouldst thou see,
Alone among the arbours stray,
And pluck a rose-leaf from the spray,
The freshest there may be;

"Unclasp thy mail, when none is by,
That leaf upon thy breast to lay,
How soon 'twill wither, fade, and die,
Observe—for that poor leaf am I,
From thee, my stem away."

"And thou, my soul," the soldier said,
"When I am wandering faint and far,
Go thou to our own greenwood shade,
Where I the marble fountain made,
And placed the golden jar.

"At noon I filled my jar with wine,
And dropp'd therein a ball of snow,
Lay that on this warm heart of thine,
And while it melts behold me pine
In solitary woe."

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

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[1] From "Translations from the Servian Minstrelsy," &c., London, 1826, 4to.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.

[Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, born at Knockbut, Tipperary, 1787; died in Paris, 4th June, 1849. She was the second daughter of Mr. Edmund Power of Carrabeen. She was twice married, her second husband being Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. After the earl's death (1829), the countess established herself at Gore House, which became the resort of all the celebrities of the day. She was famous as much on account of her beauty as her wit, and Byron has left his testimony to the former in his verses addressed to her:—

"Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell."

She wrote over a dozen novels, several gossipping books of travel, numerous short tales, and for seven years edited the *Keepsake* and *Gems of Beauty* annuals. Her most notable works are: *Conversations with Lord Byron; The Idler in Italy; The Idler in France* (containing sketches of the most eminent home and foreign statesmen and men of letters); *The Belle of the Season; Victims of Society;* and *Sketches and Fragments*, from which the following is taken.]

Monday.—Awoke with a headache, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak, during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion are there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud, when you are half-dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half-a-dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have had a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what have I done this day? Oh! I remember everything went wrong, as it always does when I have a headache. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair; and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tornure sent me a most unbecoming cap: mem. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill. Heigh-ho, when will that be? Tormented by duns, jewellers, mercers, milliners: I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vapoured after a Sunday-evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the *désagrémens* of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill and wants to see me: drove to Grosvenor Square in no very good humour for nursing, and, as I expected, found that Madame Ma Mère fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr. Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-by, she did not look half so fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother; I really think she helps to make her hippish, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winterton's to-night. I promised to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him? I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tête-à-tête*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstanley, purposely to pique me—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just as if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from madame the governess, saying that the children want frocks and stockings:—they are always wanting:—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's: wore my new Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed, in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Flounce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and lustre to my eyes. I gave Flounce my puce-coloured satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold.—The party literally full almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the anteroom, as if waiting my approach: he said I never looked so resplendent: Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few

handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's and Mrs. Burnet's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half-past three o'clock, tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs. B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Tornure will charge abominably high for it.

Tuesday.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams:—sent to know how mamma felt, and heard she had a bad night:—must call there, if I can:—wrote madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast: Flounce says they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of Amelia Mansfield: very affecting: put it by for fear of making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat: she is very amusing. I did not get out until past five: too late then to go and see mamma. Drove in the park and saw Lady Litchfield walking: got out and joined her: the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us: he admired my walking dress very much.—Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture:—had not nerves sufficient to see the children—they make such a noise and spoil one's clothes. Went to the opera: wore my tissue turban, which has a good effect. Belmont came to my box and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick-bed of my mother instead of being at the opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

Wednesday.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because, if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on:—drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things:—met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure:—had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession:—almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it.—Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations:—felt very angry at first; for really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half-a-dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a *dénouement;* for one must either cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms. I remember reading in some book that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before;" and I think it was in the same book that I read, that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this.—I wish Belmont had not written to me:—I don't know what to do:—how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it!—I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too:—how disagreeable! I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much:—poor fellow, I pity him:—how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it!—I must not be very angry with him: I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it:—after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the sage maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so and so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them and calls them a couple of precise quizzes; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho, I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine:—but I must banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's. Flounce told me, on finishing my toilette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Flounce's

familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks. —I have observed that my lord dislikes Flounce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful ball:—though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventures: I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-by, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write impudence), rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favourite and favoured temple. I tried to look very grave at poor Belmont; but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into anything like a frown, and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand and pressed it very much. I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball-room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental. *Apropos* of Belmont, what have I done with his note?—My God, what a scrape have I got into! I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again: it must have been Flounce. I have often observed her curiosity —and now I am completely in her power. What shall I do? After serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

Thursday.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed; and when I did, dreamed of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures:—awoke terrified:—I feel nervous and wretched:—Flounce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me? Would to Heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's and give it back to him. I really feel quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told me she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impossible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of and obedient to madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them; besides, my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to madame and offer to double her salary; all governesses, at least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid:—mamma is worse, and really I am unable to go to her; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

Friday.—I am summoned to my mother, and my lord says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers: I feel a strong presentiment of evil, and dread I know not what . . . .

Good Heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly—my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it. Never till I saw that sainted form for ever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief! she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed! distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

Saturday.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is for ever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your

unworthy child—from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections.

My sister says, that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and that last blessing, shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children—with you will I retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its faults, and endeavour to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past—but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret Joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty Vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's ROSY STAR, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

IN ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

[**Right Hon. George Canning**, born in London, 11th April, 1770; died in Chiswick, 8th August, 1827. His life was devoted to politics—it is said at the instigation of Sheridan—and he became prime minister in the beginning of the year in which he died. He was one of the champions of the Catholic Emancipation movement. From early youth he was in the habit of writing prose and verse. When a school-boy at Eton he commenced a weekly periodical called the *Microcosm*, which was written by himself and two companions. The following satire upon the extreme republican spirit to which the French Revolution gave so great an impetus, was one of the most powerful squibs of the period. It first appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the Rt. Hon. J. H. Frere is said to have written part of it.]

Friend of Humanity.

"Needy Knife-grinder, whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind, O!'

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the *Rights of Man*, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-grinder.

"Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

(*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*)

VULGARITY AND AFFECTATION.

Few subjects are more nearly allied than these two—vulgarity and affectation. It may be said of them truly that "thin partitions do their bounds divide." There cannot be a surer proof of a low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. One must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid: whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves very nearly on a level with it. Of the two classes of people, I hardly know which is to be regarded with most distaste, the vulgar aping the genteel, or the genteel constantly sneering at and endeavouring to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. These two sets of persons are always thinking of one another; the lower of the higher with envy, the more fortunate of their less happy neighbours with contempt. They are habitually placed in opposition to each other; jostle in their pretensions at every turn; and the same objects and train of thought (only reversed by the relative situation of either party) occupy their whole time and attention. The one are straining every nerve, and outraging common-sense, to be thought genteel; the others have no other object or idea in their heads than not to be thought vulgar. This is but poor spite; a very pitiful style of ambition. To be merely not that which one heartily despises, is a very humble claim to superiority: to despise what one really is, is still worse.

Gentility is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity. It cannot exist but by a sort of borrowed distinction. It plumes itself up and revels in the homely pretensions of the mass of mankind. It judges of the worth of everything by name, fashion, opinion; and hence, from the conscious absence of real qualities or sincere satisfaction in itself, it

builds its supercilious and fantastic conceit on the wretchedness and wants of others. Violent antipathies are always suspicious, and betray a secret affinity. The difference between the "Great Vulgar and the Small" is mostly in outward circumstances. The coxcomb criticizes the dress of the clown, as the pedant cavils at the bad grammar of the illiterate, or the prude is shocked at the backslidings of her frail acquaintance. Those who have the fewest resources in themselves, naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers: scandal and satire prevail most in country-places; and a propensity to ridicule every the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of commonsense and decency.[1] True worth does not exult in the faults and deficiencies of others; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a signpost, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a Grub Street bard. Real power, real excellence, does not seek for a foil in inferiority; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from spleen and affectation. But the spirit of gentility is the mere essence of spleen and affectation;—of affected delight in its own *would-be* qualifications, and of ineffable disdain poured out upon the involuntary blunders or accidental disadvantages of those whom it chooses to treat as its inferiors.

Thus a fashionable miss titters till she is ready to burst her sides at the uncouth shape of a bonnet, or the abrupt drop of a courtesy (such as Jeanie Deans would make) in a country-girl who comes to be hired by her mamma as a servant:—yet to show how little foundation there is for this hysterical expression of her extreme good opinion of herself and contempt for the untutored rustic, she would herself the next day be delighted with the very same shaped bonnet if brought her by a French milliner and told it was all the fashion, and in a week's time will become quite familiar with the maid, and chatter with her (upon equal terms) about caps and ribbons and lace by the hour together. There is no difference between them but that of situation in the kitchen or in the parlour: let circumstances bring them together, and they fit like hand and glove. It is like mistress, like maid. Their talk, their thoughts, their dreams, their likings and dislikes, are the same. The mistress' head runs continually on dress and finery, so does the maid's: the young lady longs to ride in a coach and six, so does the maid if she could: miss forms a *beau-ideal* of a lover with black eyes and rosy cheeks, which does not differ from that of her attendant: both like a smart man, the one the footman and the other his master, for the same reason: both like handsome furniture and fine houses: both apply the terms *shocking* and *disagreeable* to the same things and persons: both have a great notion of balls, plays, treats, song-books and love-tales: both like a wedding or a christening, and both would give their little fingers to see a coronation, with this difference, that the one has a chance of getting a seat at it, and the other is dying with envy that she has not.

Indeed, this last is a ceremony that delights equally the greatest monarch and the meanest of his subjects—the vilest of the rabble. Yet this which is the height of gentility and the consummation of external distinction and splendour, is, I should say, a vulgar ceremony. For what degree of refinement, of capacity, of virtue is required in the individual who is so distinguished, or is necessary to his enjoying this idle and imposing parade of his person? Is he delighted with the state-coach and gilded panels? So is the poorest wretch that gazes at it. Is he struck with the spirit, the beauty and symmetry of the eight cream-coloured horses? There is not one of the immense multitude, who flock to see the sight from town or country, St. Giles's or Whitechapel, young or old, rich or poor, gentle or simple, who does not agree to admire the same object. Is he delighted with the yeomen of the guard, the military escort, the groups of ladies, the badges of sovereign power, the kingly crown, the marshal's truncheon and the judge's robe, the array that precedes and follows him, the crowded streets, the windows hung with eager looks? So are the mob, for they "have eyes and see them!" There is no one faculty of

[1] "If a European, when he has cut off his beard and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own natural hair in regular hard knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; and after having rendered them immovable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity; if when thus attired he issues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed as much time at his toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yellow and red ochre on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges most becoming; whoever of these two despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country, whichever first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian."—Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses*, vol. i. p. 231–32.

mind or body, natural or acquired, essential to the principal figure in this procession more than is common to the meanest and most despised attendant on it. A wax-work figure would answer the same purpose: a lord-mayor of London has as much tinsel to be proud of. I would rather have a king do something that no one else has the power or magnanimity to do, or say something that no one else has the wisdom to say, or look more handsome, more thoughtful, or benign than any one else in his dominions. But I see nothing to raise one's idea of him in his being made a show of: if the pageant would do as well without the man, the man would do as well without the pageant! Kings have been declared to be "lovers of low company:" and this maxim, besides the reason sometimes assigned for it, viz., that they meet with less opposition to their wills from such persons, will I suspect be found to turn at last on the consideration I am here stating, that they also meet with more sympathy in their tastes. The most ignorant and thoughtless have the greatest admiration of the baubles, the outward symbols of pomp and power, the sound and show, which are the habitual delight and mighty prerogative of kings. The stupidest slave worships the gaudiest tyrant. The same gross motives appeal to the same gross capacities, flatter the pride of the superior and excite the servility of the dependant: whereas a higher reach of moral and intellectual refinement might seek in vain for higher proofs of internal worth and inherent majesty in the object of its idolatry, and not finding the divinity lodged within, the unreasonable expectation raised would probably end in mortification on both sides!—There is little to distinguish a king from his subjects but the rabble's shout —if he loses that and is reduced to the forlorn hope of gaining the suffrages of the wise and good, he is of all men the most miserable.—But enough of this.

The essence of vulgarity, I imagine, consists in taking manners, actions, words, opinions on trust from others, without examining one's own feelings or weighing the merits of the case. It is coarseness or shallowness of taste arising from want of individual refinement, together with the confidence and presumption inspired by example and numbers. It may be defined to be a prostitution of the mind or body to ape the more or less obvious defects of others, because by so doing we shall secure the suffrages of those we associate with. To affect a gesture, an opinion, a phrase, because it is the rage with a large number of persons, or to hold it in abhorrence because another set of persons very little, if at all, better informed, cry it down to distinguish themselves from the former, is in either case equal vulgarity and absurdity. —A thing is not vulgar merely because it is common. 'Tis common to breathe, to see, to feel, to live. Nothing is vulgar that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable. Grossness is not vulgarity, ignorance is not vulgarity, awkwardness is not vulgarity: but all these become vulgar when they are affected and shown off on the authority of others, or to fall in with *the fashion* or the company we keep. Caliban is coarse enough, but surely he is not vulgar. We might as well spurn the clod under our feet, and call it vulgar. Cobbett is coarse enough, but he is not vulgar. He does not belong to the herd. Nothing real, nothing original can be vulgar: but I should think an imitator of Cobbett a vulgar man. Emery's Yorkshireman is vulgar, because he is a Yorkshireman. It is the cant and gibberish, the cunning and low life of a particular district; it has "a stamp exclusive and provincial." He might "gabble most brutishly" and yet not fall under the letter of the definition: but "his speech bewrayeth him," his dialect (like the jargon of a Bond Street lounger) is the damning circumstance. If he were a mere blockhead, it would not signify: but he thinks himself a *knowing hand*, according to the notions and practices of those with whom he was brought up, and which he thinks *the go* everywhere. In a word, this character is not the offspring of untutored nature but of bad habits; it is made up of ignorance and conceit. It has a mixture of *slang* in it. All slang phrases are for the same reason vulgar; but there is nothing vulgar in the common English idiom. Simplicity is not vulgarity; but the looking to affectation of any sort for distinction is. A cockney is a vulgar character, whose imagination cannot wander beyond the suburbs of the metropolis: so is a fellow who is always thinking of the High Street, Edinburgh. We want a name for this last character. An opinion is vulgar that is stewed in the rank breath of the rabble: nor is it a bit purer or more refined for having passed through the well-cleansed teeth of a whole court. The inherent vulgarity is in having no other feeling on any subject than the crude, blind, headlong, gregarious notion acquired by sympathy with the mixed multitude or with a fastidious minority, who are just as insensible to the real truth and as indifferent to everything but their own frivolous and vexatious pretensions. The upper are not wiser than the lower orders, because they resolve to differ from them. The

fashionable have the advantage of the unfashionable in nothing but the fashion. The true vulgar are the *servum pecus imitatorum*—the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel and to what is not natural to them, whether in high or low life. To belong to any class, to move in any rank or sphere of life, is not a very exclusive distinction or test of refinement. Refinement will in all classes be the exception, not the rule; and the exception may fall out in one class as well as another. A king is but an hereditary title. A nobleman is only one of the House of Peers. To be a knight or alderman is confessedly a vulgar thing. The king the other day made Sir Walter Scott a baronet, but not all the power of the three estates could make another author of Waverley. Princes, heroes are often common-place people: Hamlet was not a vulgar character, neither was Don Quixote.

There is a well-dressed and an ill-dressed mob, both which I hate. *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.* The vapid affectation of the one is to me even more intolerable than the gross insolence and brutality of the other. If a set of low-lived fellows are noisy, rude, and boisterous to show their disregard of the company, a set of fashionable coxcombs are, to a nauseous degree, finical and effeminate to show their thorough breeding. The one are governed by their feelings, however coarse and misguided, which is something: the others consult only appearances, which are nothing, either as a test of happiness or virtue. Hogarth in his prints has trimmed the balance of pretension between the downright blackguard and the *soi-disant* fine gentleman unanswerably. It does not appear in his moral demonstrations (whatever it may do in the genteel letter-writing of Lord Chesterfield, or the chivalrous rhapsodies of Burke), that vice by losing all its grossness loses half its evil. It becomes more contemptible, not less disgusting. What is there in common, for instance, between his beaux and belles, his rakes and his coquets, and the men and women, the true heroic and ideal characters in Raphael? But his people of fashion and quality are just upon a par with the low, the selfish, the *unideal* characters in the contrasted view of human life, and are often the very same characters, only changing places. If the lower ranks are actuated by envy and uncharitableness towards the upper, the latter have scarcely any feelings but of pride, contempt, and aversion to the lower. If the poor would pull down the rich to get at their good things, the rich would tread down the poor as in a vine-press, and squeeze the last shilling out of their pockets and the last drop of blood out of their veins. If the headstrong self-will and unruly turbulence of a common ale-house are shocking, what shall we say to the studied insincerity, the insipid want of common-sense, the callous insensibility of the drawing-room and *boudoir?* I would rather see the feelings of our common nature (for they are the same at bottom) expressed in the most naked and unqualified way, than see every feeling of our nature suppressed, stifled, hermetically sealed under the smooth, cold, glittering varnish of pretended refinement and conventional politeness. The one may be corrected by being better informed; the other is incorrigible, wilful, heartless depravity. I cannot describe the contempt and disgust I have felt at the tone of what would be thought good company, when I have witnessed the sleek, smiling, glossy, gratuitous assumption of superiority to every feeling of humanity, honesty, or principle, as a part of the etiquette, the mental and moral *costume* of the table, and every profession of toleration or favour for the lower orders, that is, for the great mass of our fellow-creatures, treated as an indecorum and breach of the harmony of well-regulated society. In short, I prefer a bear-garden to the adder's den. Or to put this case in its extremest point of view, I have more patience with men in a rude state of nature outraging the human form, than I have with apes "making mops and mows" at the extravagances they have first provoked. I can endure the brutality (as it is termed) of mobs better than the inhumanity of courts. The violence of the one rages like a fire; the insidious policy of the other strikes like a pestilence, and is more fatal and inevitable. The slow poison of despotism is worse than the convulsive struggles of anarchy. "Of all evils," says Hume, "anarchy is the shortest lived." The one may "break out like a wild overthrow;" but the other from its secret, sacred stand, operates unseen, and undermines the happiness of kingdoms for ages, lurks in the hollow cheek and stares you in the face in the ghastly eye of want, and agony, and woe. It is dreadful to hear the noise and uproar of an infuriated multitude stung by the sense of wrong, and maddened by sympathy: it is more appalling to think of the smile answered by other gracious smiles, of the whisper echoed by other assenting whispers, which doom them first to despair and then to destruction. Popular fury finds its counterpart in courtly servility. If every outrage is to be apprehended from the one, every iniquity is deliberately sanctioned by the other, without regard to justice or

decency. If there are watchwords for the rabble, have not the polite and fashionable their hackneyed phrases, their fulsome unmeaning jargon as well? Both are to me anathema!

HAZLITT.

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness;
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows;—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—"'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd, presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still
Out of my own free grace and will
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

HORACE SMITH.

THE SUMMER MORNING.

[John Clare, born in Helpstone, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, 13th July, 1793; died 20th May, 1864. He was the son of a farm-labourer, and when a mere child was sent to work in the fields. Despite many privations he managed to educate himself, and in 1819 he was fortunate enough to secure a publisher for his first work, *Poems of Rural Life*. The *Quarterly Review*, which had used Keats so harshly only a little time before, spoke of Clare in the highest terms of praise. The rustic poet was invited to London: for a season he was the lion of the town, and a subscription was raised which provided him with an income of about £45 a year. About fifteen years afterwards he became insane; for some time his wife nobly struggled to manage him at home; but at last he had to be conveyed to the Northampton County Asylum, where the remainder of his life was passed. Previous to that calamity he had added to his first book, *The Village Minstrel*, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, 1827; and the *Rural Muse*, 1835. His widow died in the spring of 1871.]

The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic gloomy goes;
The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
Bemoistening, sop his hardened shoes.

While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond top.
But soon shall fly their diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher,
And stretching o'er the mountain tops
Is gilding sweet the village spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the gurgling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book,
When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wish'd delay,—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day.

Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel of the sky.

THE HORN-BOOK.

Learned gentlemen, who drive the trade of authorship, will undoubtedly be surprised to see a common weaver busy himself in their matters. But without paying any attention to them I shall begin, gaily and cheerfully, the history of my life. One of the first things I remember is, that I was seized, when about seven years old, with a sore disease, which I afterwards learned was the small-pox. It marked my visage very deeply, and left behind the seeds of a disorder which cost me and other people much trouble to cure. My head was rendered so weak that I fell asleep when anybody attempted to talk to me of books and learning. Reading was a sore trouble to me; and without carrying my modesty too far, I may say, that at my twelfth year I still found it necessary to spell a few words. I will not raise suspicions of my fitness for authorship by referring to the period when my letters first became legible. For the rest, however, I am healthy as a roach, and enjoy a happiness that does not need to be increased, but only continued. People even assure me that the marks of the small-pox do not distort my features, but only serve to give me a sounder appearance at some little distance. I regard this, however, as good-natured flattery, and am convinced that a smooth red face would add to my beauty. On the last page of my horn-book stood a red cock, which I could not look at without reverencing, notwithstanding, as a work of art, it was one of the rudest productions of wood-engraving. If I brought from school a testimony of good behaviour during the day, I was sure to find, on the following morning, a small piece of money on the cock, which my mother told me was a gift from him to reward my good conduct and encourage me to persevere. Such friendly means could not fail. I opposed with all my might when any of my mischievous schoolfellows sought to entice me away; and continued to spell with such perseverance, that the veins of my head sometimes swelled. I became by this means the favourite of my teacher, Mr. Ezekiel Quartz. Some quarrelsome envious fellows named me the Walking Horn-book; but I did not mind this, for I enjoyed, among the orderly and well-behaved, the reputation of being the best boy in the village. With the presents I obtained so honourably from the red cock, I always ran straight to the nearest shop and bought a new, and sometimes warm, cake of gingerbread, which I usually shared with Lina, who generally took care to wait for me at the garden gate when she saw me returning. She was the only child of our neighbour, a poor widow, who earned her daily bread by running on errands, and was never off her feet from morning till night. While she was tramping from village to village, Lina sat at the spinning-wheel, and laboured as constantly as I did at my book, though without being so well rewarded. She was at that time, as she still is, the ornament of the village. Her good nature, and the dimple on her chin, pleased everybody. On my return from the pastry-cook's, such a friendly smile spread over her whole face that I was sometimes obliged forcibly to turn away my eyes, in order not to give the cake unbroken into her hands. "Godfred," said she, as we sat near one another devouring our gingerbread, "when we are bigger we will be married, and then we will live as if we were in heaven—nothing but gingerbread and seed-cake!" This pleased me, and I resolved to keep friends with the red cock; and thought to myself that with time would come the means of fulfilling our wishes.

In my thirteenth year I was taken from school and placed apprentice to a weaver, who was a relation and friend, and who promised to remember my weak state of health in appointing me my task. As I was to leave my mother's house I thought of nothing so much as how to give Lina something in place of the gingerbread she would no longer receive. A red cock, like the one in my horn-book, might be as good a friend to her as to me. I copied the picture, therefore, carefully on another piece of paper, by holding it up to the window, and afterwards coloured it red. When the work was ended I could scarcely wonder enough at the resemblance. Towards evening I went to the garden gate and threw a handful of sand against Lina's window to inform her of my presence. I already enjoyed, in imagination, her astonishment at my dexterity, and her joy at my kindness. When she appeared, as I told her of my intended departure, and that I had brought her a present of not a little value, she looked eagerly towards it; but when she saw the picture I was mortally disappointed: instead of the praise I expected she shook her head and turned up her nose, almost as if she despised me and my work. She scarcely looked at it; and wrapping it up again in paper, expressed plainly enough that she would rather have had a substantial cake of gingerbread than all the painted cocks in the world. I was vexed at this contempt for my labours;

measured the ungrateful one from head to foot, and in a moment resolved I would tear myself from her and never again have anything to do with her. "Your servant, Miss Lina," said I aloud, and proudly turning on my heel, stalked lordly and hastily home, without paying any attention to her calling after me.

My cousin's house, where I was now to dwell, was at the opposite end of the village, which would not, however, have hindered me from keeping company with Lina, if I had not resolved to have nothing more to do with the earthly-minded thing, who had rather tickle her palate than her eyes, and had no taste for the fine and noble arts. She, however, sought, by all her little means, to get hold of me when I went to drink coffee with my mother on Sundays and feast-days. But I persisted in avoiding her, and in cherishing the ill-temper she had awakened by the unkind reception of the picture. The most which I did was to show myself at the window and pretend not to observe her. At length, when she found she was only thrashing empty straw, she left off looking after me. Only wait, thought I; you shall yet repent of the scornful manner you treated me; only let me become a journeyman weaver.

The years of apprenticeship passed away, and the day at last arrived on which I was to be set free, and admitted into the journeyman's guild—allowed to smoke tobacco in every company, and to walk with my cane wherever I pleased. As I sat at breakfast with my mother, and talked over the necessary arrangements for the coming festivities, the father-journeyman entered, took his place at my side in a friendly way, and helped me to despatch the coffee. Formerly he hardly deigned to look at me, now he began to talk freely and jovially, which pleased and exalted me prodigiously. I was quite in raptures, however, as my mother brought forth some spirits, and he, clapping me on the shoulder, said, "What think you, brother Fred, shall we drink to our lasting friendship?" The words ran through me like fire. My mother seemed to utter a prayer for the continuance of our fellowship as we stood up, and entwining each an arm with the other, in this manner carried the glasses to our mouths and emptied them.

Now was I able to snap my fingers at the whole world, and only found it necessary to muster up all my self-command that my sense of acknowledged worth might not be blown up into folly. The reader will undoubtedly like to know how I was clothed on this, for me, important day. My coat was of dark blue, hanging down to my ankles, and lined with bright red; my waistcoat was of plush, and on it might be seen, very naturally drawn, the whole planets running their course. My boots were of the best calf's skin, with yellow tops. By my especial desire my mother had bound three handkerchiefs round my neck, so that the outward one reached my under lip. A long tail, tied with new shining ribbon, hung down my back, and the fore-part of my head was covered with curls, which, after being pressed down by the hat, rose again into pretty ringlets when it was removed. In truth, for eight days before, my hair was pressed up in papers, and not taken down till the important moment in which I was to show myself. In my left hand I held a large bunch of flowers, in my right a silver-headed cane inherited from my grandfather, and from both my pockets hung the corners of two fine flower-worked pocket-handkerchiefs. In this stately dress I began, about mid-day, to make the course of the village, and to invite, according to custom, the maidens to the dance which I was to give that evening at the sign of the Crow. I passed by Lina's door, however, several times without allowing my inclinations to conquer the resolution I had laid down; and if Lina was not entirely blind she must have known by my conduct that I had drank to our lasting friendship with the father of the journeymen, and had banished all recollection of our gingerbread-eating years from my heart. In the evening, however, as all the beauties of the place swam past me in the waltzing circle, the true queen of the feast, precisely the contemned Lina, appeared to be wanting, as the only person worthy to stand at my side. In vain did I frisk and whirl with the stiff daughter of the cartwright in order to banish the unpleasant thoughts; the image of Lina preserved its place and darkened every other joy. Streams of perspiration and powder, from exercise and anxiety, flowed down my face and spoiled my neck-handkerchiefs. Sighing and panting, my partner sank on the nearest stool and gasped for breath. I could hold out no longer in the dust and vapour, but drank copiously of beer, stuffed my pipe, and went to the door to cool myself. A secret impulse I could not explain led me farther and farther, and blowing away the smoke as I thumped along, I found myself, before I knew where I was, under Lina's window. She sat solitary and quiet in the little room, dimly lighted by a lamp, and turned her wheel, drawing out her threads fine and firm, for she span as well as any girl of the village. The music and the shouts of the

joyous dancers were plainly heard, but she sat and worked, busied alone with her own thoughts. Sorrowful and melancholy reflections appeared in her countenance, but she paid no attention to the distant music, and there was nothing about her which could lead me to suppose she was vexed at being excluded from the dance. She had already put on her night-cap, and I was obliged to confess to myself that she was very pretty, and that not one of the gaily dressed ladies at the dance could compare with her. I possessed, however, firmness enough not to betray my presence, or to give in any way expression to my feelings; yet I was much disposed to do it, and resolved, on my way back to the dance, to receive her again into favour. Nor was this resolution altered by the jokes of my companions at my melancholy appearance, but remained even till daylight, when, with a cloudy head, I returned home to give myself up, after so much exertion of body and mind, to the sweet empire of sleep.

It was noon, and the dinner ready, before I returned to my senses on the following day, rejoiced to find that the honours and praises I had harvested the night before were no idle dreams. My mother had prepared me one of my favourite dishes, and, after making up the loss of my morning's drink by a hearty meal, I turned my thoughts to the immediate execution of my last night's plan. My pipe was lighted, and I took myself into the garden, in hopes that Lina, informed of my presence, would find something to do there, and give me an opportunity of speaking to her. And, in truth, the only son of my mother found himself not deceived. Lina was in the garden, and I had nothing further to do to begin the conversation than to bid her good-day, which I did, and she answered in as friendly a way as if she had been invited to the dance and the merriest person there. This vexed me, but I endeavoured, like a man, to keep down the unpleasant feeling, and, approaching the garden railing as near as possible, said, in confidential kind tone, "I wish, dear Lina, you had been with us yesterday evening; we shouted and huzzaed like victorious heroes, and danced and sprung like young does, and were all as happy as kings." "I do not know," said she, with a sort of contemptuous smile, "what business I had there, and I trouble myself as little about it to-day as yesterday." "You may say what you please," said I, "but you cannot deny that the manner in which I have hitherto treated you has not been indifferent to you. You would have gladly been at the dance yesterday. Come, everything shall be forgotten and forgiven. Here is my hand—we will be again good friends." "Is it worth the trouble," said she, with a sneering loud laugh. "No, Mr. Godfred, people must not be so hasty in the choice of their friends; and nobody cares about puffed-up fools—they are passed without any notice." So saying, she seized her watering-pot, and before I could muster up my senses to answer such an unexpected impertinence, she had disappeared. "Zounds!" said I, calling after her, "that was clearly, very clearly said." I stood a quarter of an hour as if somebody had beat me, stuck my fists in my side, and gnashed my teeth, as I endeavoured to find out some way of revenging my wounded honour. She had called me a fool; not directly, indeed, but in such a manner as to mean no other person but me; and to affront me ten times more than if she had called me so downright. The more I thought on the matter the more I became doubtful and desponding. Shall I revenge myself immediately and give grist to all the scandal-mills of the place? or shall I bear in patience an insult that the burgomaster himself would condemn me for submitting to? The father-journeyman occurred to me. "He," said I to myself, "may give me the best advice how to behave myself, for he has already had, by virtue of his office, many such cases to decide. I must explain the unpleasant matter to him, and be guided by his opinion."

It was Saturday, and the whole weavers' guild had a sort of a blue day in consequence of the festivities of yesterday, and I knew that I should not fail to find my friend at the Crow, where he spent every hour he was not at the loom. He seemed ill-tempered, for he sat still and gloomy in a corner of the tap-room, and it was not till he had heard me command the landlord to bring me a tankard of the right stuff that his contracted eyebrows expanded to their usual cheerfulness. I begged to be allowed to take my place near him, offered him a glass, and told him, in a few words, of what had just happened to me. "Brother," said he, after he had let me tell my tale fully, "from all you have said to me, it is clear enough that, in spite of what the maiden said, and you have done, she is yet deeply and desperately in love with you." As he said this he fixed his eyes on the glasses, which were drained dry; and I, understanding him, gave a sign to the landlord, and they were again soon filled. "Brother," continued he, "the maiden felt herself insulted by your neglect; and, indeed, you went too far to slight her before the whole village. However, she is

chiefly offended because she yet likes you; you are, as it were, stuck on to her heart. This, therefore, is my advice. You must bear the shame she has put on you with patience, instead of making it the talk of everybody. You must take the title as a piece of maiden's wit, such as is to be had every day, and pay her for it with a dozen good kisses on the scandalous mouth on the first opportunity, and afterwards act as it suits your heart and understanding. I will give you a certificate that the *fool* shall remain betwixt us—it shall descend with us into the grave." The advice did not appear so bad, after some reflection, as at first. I thanked the brotherly friend with my right hand, made him again promise me secrecy, and assured him I would direct my future conduct to Lina according to what he said.

Unhappily, however, my promise was easier given than kept; and the four weeks which intervened between my liberation and beginning my travels passed away without my being able rightly to understand on what terms I stood with Lina. If she saw me before the door or in the garden she behaved herself well and politely, but showed no sign of uncontrollable love. This made me melancholy and low-spirited, particularly as I observed that, unable to make proper resistance, I was daily more in love with Lina. Good counsel would now have been valuable to me, and all the wisdom of the father-journeyman was of no avail. The evil was always increasing. Eating and drinking no longer pleased me. My pipe remained untouched the whole day; and my mother, who saw in my conduct my sorrow at parting from home, shook her head with melancholy foreboding. Lina was our nearest neighbour, and it was impossible she should not know of my intention to wander through the wide world; yet she did not lose the smallest part of her usual cheerfulness. On the contrary, I remarked, when she was in her garden bleaching her yarn, she trulled and hummed such gay airs, that every note was like a dagger to my heart. Her mirth made me shy and reserved, and wrecked every attempt I made to speak, and perhaps be reconciled with her. I cursed my former stupid conduct; whenever I saw her I trembled, and had not the courage to approach and declare to her my secret thoughts.

On the day before my expected departure, my mother had collected some friends to keep her and me cheerful. In the evening I left the table, went and rapped at Lina's door, determined to have an explanation, and be certain what I had to hope or to fear for the future. My trouble was vain; I could make nobody hear, the house appeared deserted; my thumps were echoed as from a vault, and all the inhabitants of the spot, where I had hoped to find comfort, appeared dead and gone. No light was in her chamber, everything remained in quiet darkness, and the door was firm against all my attempts to enter. Afterwards I heard that Lina had been called away before noon to her mother, who had been taken suddenly ill in one of the neighbouring villages, and that she was not likely to return for some days. Every spark of hope was now extinguished. It was decided that I was quite indifferent to her, and I ought not to think of regaining the favour I had so foolishly lost.

If the father-journeyman could now have given his opinion, he would have advised me to resign myself to my fate, to banish the maiden from my thoughts, and throw out my hook for a new prize. He, however, had seen fifty springs, and I was in my eighteenth year. What was I to do? It was scarcely possible to postpone my departure for a few days and trust to Lina's return, even if I were disposed to bear with the taunts of my comrades as a mother's spoiled child, for I had taken a solemn farewell of all my friends and relations. Sorrowful, therefore, I packed up my knapsack, stowed away carefully the hoarded and the collected money my mother had provided me, and, after a sleepless night, started at daybreak, accompanied by some guild companions to the next village, and thus wandered in a very melancholy mood from my native place into the wide world.

More than half a year did I traverse backwards and forwards the holy Roman empire without finding it necessary to seek employment. The money my mother had given me was sufficient to keep me, and the picture of Lina which I carried in my heart prevented the time from being wearisome. At noon I readily sought the cool shade by the side of some stream, to look over the images of former times that were stored up in my memory. For whole hours I fixed my gaze on the red cock, which I had preserved as my best friend, and carefully placed in my letter-case on leaving home. The sight of my gingerbread buyer recalled, as if present, all the pleasures he, and all the sorrows his copy, had procured me. In living clearness the days stood before me in which Lina placed me at her side, called me her little Fred, and talked of our future marriage. I cursed the passionate haste with which I separated from her on the unhappy evening, the proud overlooking by which I made her

understand my displeasure for several years, and the rude conduct by which I at last had put the crown on my insult. I was penetrated with shame and repentance as I recalled all this; and not seldom I began to punish myself, by pinching my own nose, when I reflected my own misconduct had deprived me of the maiden's favour; and at times the blood would rise in my head till I became almost mad. Always, I confess it, have I been a desperate man.

As autumn, however, approached, and my money was nearly at an end, my wandering unoccupied life was necessarily put a stop to. Terrified to find myself without a home for the winter, and at the prospect of being obliged to beg my bread travelling on the highways, I resolved to suppress my love for freedom, and to obtain some occupation by which I could be secure against want through the winter. With this intention I turned my steps towards a large town, in which I hoped to find employment. The steeples were already visible from a height when I put my hand by accident in my pocket, and, to my great grief, missed my letter-case, which clearly appeared to have descended through a hole gradually formed. Though I could readily have resigned all the other papers that it contained, I could not bring myself to give up the cock, which in former times had procured me so many enjoyments. I returned without delay on my steps, and sought, by every means, to recover my lost treasure. In vain did I go back ten miles, poking and creeping on all sides—it was lost for ever.

As night came on and I was exhausted, I was obliged to seek a place of repose. Soon afterwards I reached a solitary public-house, where I hoped to find what I wanted, with something to eat for money and fair words. The room was full of carriers, surrounded with thick clouds of smoke, who were terrifying one another with numerous tales of ghosts and murder. I took my place in a corner, got something to eat, and could not but express now and then, by a smile, my surprise at the credulity of these rude people. At the end of half an hour a tall elderly man, of a sallow complexion, came in, whom I took for a rich dealer in cattle, as he threw off his greatcoat, and discovered his girdle well loaded with money. He called, in a commanding voice, for something to eat, and was immediately served; while a stuffed arm-chair, drawn out of the neighbouring chamber, showed that the people were disposed to respect him. As he sat himself at his ease, he said, showing my letter-case, "I have found on the road a packet, which may perhaps be of value; and now for a look at the contents." "Worthy sir," I exclaimed, rising up and approaching with begging gestures, "the letter-case in your hands belongs to me: I lost it, and I will immediately tell you what it contains. In the middle there is a red cock; on all the other papers and parts of the book you will find the name of Lina written in all sorts of letters." "Good, good," said the man, interrupting me, after he had thrown a hasty glance over the letter-case; "here, take it; God forbid I should appropriate another person's property to myself." Nobody could now be happier than I. I thanked the finder a thousand times, and went out into the garden to give myself up undisturbed to the pleasure of again possessing my treasure. It was a cool clear autumn evening; the blood-red moon was just rising; and nothing but the falling leaves now and then broke, with a light rustling, the general stillness. I had hardly seated myself in a thick arbour at the end of the garden, to give myself up to the fancies which drove thickly through me, when I heard, on the outside of the planking, the tread of a foot, and immediately after a conversation between two persons, of which, though they spoke low and cautiously, I lost not a syllable. "As I say, Matthew," said one, "we have no occasion to hurry ourselves; Steinacker is in the house refreshing himself. He does not sleep there, and I know for certain he means to be in the city to-morrow as early as possible. His girdle is well filled, and his only weapon is a stick, which will break in pieces at the first stroke. It will be easy to manage him, therefore, and even to get rid of him altogether, should it be necessary." "He does not want for courage," was the answer: "he will defend himself like a devil, you may be sure. We must give him a squeaker quickly or all will go wrong, I tell you. The surest place will be the hollow oak by the cross-road. We will hide ourselves behind the bush, and as he rides carelessly past we will dart on him like lightning, give him the needful, and share the ready betwixt us—and with that enough." These wretches went away after saying this. I moved cautiously out of my hiding-place, crept through a hole in the garden wall, and saw two broad-shouldered fellows walking away over a stubble field towards a wood, which was most likely the intended scene of their future exploit.

Overjoyed to be able to render the finder of the letter-case such an important service, for I did not doubt that he was the object of this

villainy, I hastened back to the house to warn him of the plot. It was strangely affecting to see him sitting with a cheerful countenance, quite free from the slightest suspicion of what was hanging over him. At the moment, in fact, he was telling the landlord that he intended soon to give up his present employment, and return, with the property he had acquired during twenty years' wandering about, to his native place, and there for the future to lead a quiet, steady, peaceable life. As he was rising to depart I went up to him, and, clapping him on the shoulder, said, "Is your name Steinacker, sir?" "At your service," said he; "but my name is no secret;" and he appeared rather astonished at my manner of addressing him. "Then I can give you a little piece of information," I continued, "which is worth your while to attend to, and may astonish you. You would be dead to-night, sir, but for the red cock." With this I explained to him what I had heard in the garden, word for word. "The devil!" said he, much surprised, and with evident agitation. "Now I understand what that fellow meant who followed me the whole day yesterday. Quite right, I must pass by a hollow oak to go to the city." "There stood a convent there formerly," said the landlord, "and we call the oak Margaret's Tree, because a nun of that name still plays the ghost there. The scoundrels are not stupid; they could not have selected a better place, for nobody of this neighbourhood will venture near the oak after dark."

Preparations were immediately made to take the two vagabonds and deliver them up to justice. The landlord collected every person who was capable of carrying arms and would engage to assist. Steinacker made the plan of attack. I armed myself with a hay-fork, and was placed in the reserve, that, in case of retreat, I might, at least, have the office of leader. Everything succeeded to our wish. The wood was surrounded, and all our parties marched in to the hollow oak with as little noise as possible. The rogues were not aware of our approach till we were so close and so superior that there was no possibility of escape. Both were pinioned immediately, their weapons taken from them, and both brought in triumph to the public-house, where they were so closely secured till they could be delivered up to the magistrates, that I would not have been, for a great deal, in their situation.

Such riotous joy now took place as was probably never before seen. Steinacker felt himself disposed to be generous, from his wonderful escape, and treated the whole society. So much was drunk, that, at length, it was difficult to understand a single word from the noise. Steinacker took me aside, called me his guardian angel, kissed me and hugged me, in the warmth of his gratitude, till my bones clattered, and I was obliged to escape from his grasp to draw breath. In vain I repeated that I had little share in saving him, and that he owed his preservation entirely to the red cock. He would not listen to me, and it was with difficulty I could prevent him from giving me the half of his money by assuring him that he had beforehand richly rewarded me in returning the letter-case. He was astonished, shook his head in unbelief, and became curious to know how a thing so inconsiderable in his eyes should have so great a value in mine. The whole conduct of the man, since I first saw him, had inspired me with confidence, and I did not hesitate to satisfy his curiosity by relating the history of the red cock, and all the circumstances of my attachment to Lina, in such a copious manner as might be expected from this being the first opportunity I had had since leaving home of pouring out my full heart. He appeared less astonished at my history than at hearing the name of my native village and the names of our neighbours. He rose from table, took a turn or two in the room, again took his place by my side, and with extraordinary gestures encouraged me to proceed in my story. I expressed to him my surprise at his evident confusion, and inquired what circumstances in my story had excited such strong feelings. He shook his head but spoke not, and continued to listen to me, and asked a thousand minute questions, while he attentively examined my countenance; so that, altogether, his conduct affected me in a very strange and wonderful manner.

In the meantime the whole company had made themselves drunk at his expense, and in the joy of his heart he had also somewhat muddled his head. I was the only sober person amongst them all. Suddenly one of them, made bold and quarrelsome by liquor, had the impertinence to call my courage in question, and impudently to say, that, when the attack was made on the two hedge-thieves, I had made a rapid side movement, had jumped over a hedge, and, as pale as death, had concealed myself in a ditch. At this scandalous (I may boldly call it) lie the whole company broke out into such an immoderate fit of laughter that the windows shook. Even Steinacker joined in it, and appeared for a moment to forget all the gratitude his wonderful deliverance had before excited. I was excessively vexed, though

I endeavoured to appear as if I did not feel the insult, and said nothing in my own defence. When the company, however, overpowered by drink, had all sunk into sleep, I seized my knapsack, found my way out through an open window, and, before a soul was on the road, set out in the first fogs of the morning to pursue my journey. My manner of escaping prevented any person knowing what was become of me; and Steinacker's efforts to find me, of which I afterwards heard, were unavailing, because I could procure no work in the city to which he was going, and was obliged, on the following day, to seek another home. I was afterwards more fortunate; and though sitting behind a loom now appeared a monotonous miserable life, yet I was obliged to submit, and happy, by this means, to obtain food. I was fortunate in making myself agreeable by the goodness of my manners and my industry, and I had many occasions to know that a man becomes immediately interesting to the other sex when his melancholy and solitariness give them to understand that he carries in his bosom the unhealing wounds of an unfortunate attachment.

The reader will scarcely be interested by anything concerning the several masters whom I served, nor by anything concerning the masters' daughters, who severally appeared to cherish a soft and kind regard for me. I shall therefore pass over a period of two years and a half, and again take up my story, as a letter at this time recalled me home, by the news that my mother was dangerously ill.

It was on a beautiful spring evening, after a long journey of nearly three hundred miles, that I approached my native village. It would be in vain to attempt to describe my feelings when I first saw the aged pines on a hill in the clergyman's garden, rising far and proudly above the other surrounding trees. Doubt and anxiety, curiosity and desire, fear and hope, followed one another rapidly through my troubled mind; my heart beat quick, and the perspiration stood in great drops on my forehead as I entered my mother's house at the beginning of night. From her sick-bed she stretched out her arms to welcome me; overpowered by sorrow and grief I threw myself on my knees beside her; speechless sighs were our only greeting after our three years' separation, and it was only by tears that our hearts were made easy. A single glance at the scantiness of the furniture convinced me that many unpleasant changes had taken place during my absence, and that my mother had become much poorer than when I left home. Nor was I long in learning that she had been reduced to the greatest poverty by having been robbed and by a very long sickness. This news destroyed all my courage, and all the hopes I had nourished till this moment were at once overthrown. Nothing was, however, to be gained by giving myself up to the gloomy despair that at first seized me. Courage and exertion were necessary, for on me now depended my sick and affectionate parent. Something must be immediately done to stop increasing misery. I gave up at once and for ever my plan, long nourished in secret, of gaining back Lina's affections. It was not possible, under my circumstances, to talk to her of love; and I employed myself in procuring, by mortgaging our house, as much money as would buy me the necessary materials for carrying on my trade. It was with difficulty I gained my ends. The house was old and in want of repairs. Wind and rain found a free passage in many places, and it promised, ere long, to fall entirely in ruins. Nobody, therefore, liked to lend me money on it, and it cost me much trouble before I could place myself in a situation to begin work. Even then I was in want of employers; the guild funds were extremely low, and with a sorrowful heart did I see our situation growing daily worse. Not to make my joyless existence still more miserable, I had carefully avoided any communication with Lina, and had only saluted her in passing, when I had carefully turned away my eyes as speedily as possible. I had, however, remarked that the charms of youthful grace and loveliness were still spread over her in all their former full measure. I was separated only by a wall from the most affectionate of all the daughters of Eve; and yet separated, by unconquerable difficulties, for ever. I wandered about, when I reflected on this, like a miserable criminal, and was incapable of entertaining one pleasant thought.

One evening, as I sat at the window in this melancholy mood, I heard the noise of a carriage, which stopped at our neighbour's door, and, in spite of the feeble light, I saw Lina's mother descend and enter the house in company with a man, and the carriage immediately drove off. "Perhaps Lina's bridegroom!" was my first thought, which, with anxiety, weighed heavy on my soul. Nor could I get rid of this supposition by all the arts of reason. To obtain certainty, or to relieve the horrid fear, if possible, I quitted the house, and pryed into Lina's. The little room into which I looked was well lighted, and formed, from the comfort which apparently reigned there, a strong

contrast with our dwelling. It was not possible this alteration could have been effected by the spinning-wheel; and the whole riddle would have been inexplicable, had not a closer inspection of the persons sitting at table cleared it up. With astonishment I saw that the man who had accompanied Lina's mother into the house was Steinacker. He appeared quite at home. Lina sat close by his side, and had her arm laid in a most familiar manner on his shoulder. Her gestures were so cheerful, and she appeared so perfectly friendly with Steinacker, that I cried for vexation. Immediately I thought I had found the clue to the whole matter. On that evening, so full of adventures, when Steinacker had questioned me so closely about Lina and her mother, I had displayed my eloquence at the expense of my discretion; and, in the fulness of my heart, had sketched so charming a picture of Lina that he had been tempted to visit her, had found appearance justify my praises, and had thought her an admirable assistant in that quiet plan of life he meant to follow. He had fallen desperately in love with her—how could it be otherwise?—had thrown his well-stuffed purse on the table, and everything was right. These were the thoughts with which I left my post of observation, and returned home bitterly vexed.

It might be perhaps some hours after this when Steinacker entered our house. He was perhaps astonished at the appearance I made, sitting still and silent in the corner, for it was some time before he was able to speak. At length he began to reproach me for my secret flight from the public-house—spoke of a distant relationship between him and Lina's mother—alluded to the service I had rendered him, and said he still cherished the wish to show me his gratitude. I repeated that I was already rewarded, and assured him that I was now, as then, far from wishing to make any use of his offer. He called me obstinate and capricious, spoke in a dark sort of manner of domestic comforts, and closed his tiresome conversation by making me an offer of buying our old house. I was glad to get rid of him by referring him for an answer till to-morrow. On this he left me and took up his night's quarters at our neighbour's.

My mother, on my representation that it was impossible we could retain and repair our house, consented to part with it, and the contract for selling it to Steinacker was concluded without much difficulty. What he offered and gave for it was a mere trifle, but my wish to get far away from Lina made me readily accept it; and after paying all our debts a little remained for a time of greater need. We hired a house at the farther end of the village, and the impatience of the new proprietor drove us speedily away from the place where we had passed so many years. We felt this severely, but I was doomed to be yet more humiliated. My loom was scarcely erected in our new house when Steinacker sent me a large parcel of yarn to weave into linen as quickly and as well as possible. It was the first work I had received since I had been admitted a master. Lina's hand might be traced in the fineness and equality of the thread, and thus my first performance was to form a part of her dowry. In a sorrowful mood I began the piece, and chose rather to labour at night when everything about me was still.

In the meantime I learned that our former house and the neighbouring one were pulled down, and that a new stone one was building in their place with great haste. This was sufficient reason for my hastening with the web, which, as I had little else to do, was soon completed. It was sent home, and as it was extremely disagreeable to me to think of being paid for it, poor as I was, I imagined a thousand means of rejecting any reward which might be offered. My cares were, however, at present ill-founded. Steinacker said nothing of payment, but expressed his satisfaction at the work, and sent me another parcel of yarn to be woven into cloth. In this manner the summer passed gradually away, no smile had ever mixed with the melancholy that had now become habitual to me. My mother, indeed, had recovered so much as to be at present out of danger, but this was the only consolation I enjoyed.

By my retired manner of living I can safely say I had no hand in unfairly spreading my reputation as a clever weaver, but in truth, such an account was gradually given of me. Good friends may, perhaps, have spoken of me; perhaps Steinacker himself; but certain it is, that at this time I had more work than two persons could perform. The second web for him had long been done and he said nothing of payment. I could not believe that he had guessed my wishes, and though I felt contented with his silence, I was at a loss to explain it. At length he appointed me to come to him at a particular hour on a Sunday evening, requesting me at the same time to stay to supper with him. I went at the appointed hour, but with the firm determination of refusing all payment, and of leaving him to eat his supper alone; and now, for the first

time, I saw the new house, which I had hitherto carefully avoided. The owner received me in a cheerful room close to the door, asked me to sit at a table covered with a green cloth, and requested my account. Now began our dispute. I persisted I had no account to give, that I was happy in this way to show my gratitude for the money advanced on our house, and that I had always resolved not to take anything for the linen. He said the workman was worthy of his hire; that he could not hear of such untimely generosity; that I was an obstinate fellow, but that he knew a way to bend me, which he would soon employ, if I did not give in. In the midst of our dispute somebody rang at the outer door; Steinacker opened it, and, by the aid of the light in the room, I saw a female, whom I believed to be my mother. This supposition added considerably to my confusion, and, when Steinacker returned, as I was again defending my opinion, and constantly blundering from one thing to another, I at last said the yarn was spun by Lina, and that there was no necessity for a third person to interfere between us. At this moment Steinacker clapped his hands and laughed aloud. To my astonishment a side-door opened, and Lina, with her mother and my own, entered. I stood as if rooted to the spot, felt as if all my limbs were paralyzed, and stared at them all, one after another, without saying a word. Steinacker put an end to this by conducting Lina to me, and assuring me that the elected of my heart had always been true to me, and that, now he had done everything necessary to cancel an old debt, nothing was wanting to complete our happiness, if the interference of a third person was not declared to be of no use or value. But who could think this? It now turned out that Steinacker was a half-brother of Lina's mother, and had resided here a twelvemonth, constantly occupied in carrying a project into execution he had formed on the first evening of our wonderful acquaintance. There was no deception; Lina hung on my arm, I could press her to my heart; and the founder of our fortunes wished us happiness and joy by his smiles. "Is it possible," said I to Lina, "that you have constantly thought of our former friendship, though I insulted you so rudely? Can you always have loved me, when I formerly treated you so ill?" "Always," said she, with a glance that was more convincing than her words; "and I have even preserved more carefully than, from circumstances, you suppose, perhaps, the present which I formerly received from your hand." At these words she drew away the green cloth, and, with joyful surprise, I there saw the very red cock which I myself had formerly made for her. He was now pasted on the middle of the table, and destined to be the lasting ornament of this piece of furniture. A paper with the magistrate's seal lay near it. "Times and customs change," said Steinacker. "Formerly the cock gave you pennies to satisfy your boyish appetites; now he gives you a stone-built house to dwell in, and large enough for you to supply old Steinacker with a place of repose for the rest of his days." "The cock," said I, "had no need to give any orders on this point."

Here, then, do I gaily and cheerfully, as I began, conclude my narration. I live in a well-built, airy, roomy house, have been for some time united to Lina, rejoice in the daily increase of my business, and expect shortly that a young Godfred will hail me with the name of father.

From the German of PRATZEL.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere—
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT.

LAURA'S BOWER.

THE CELEBRATED CANZONE OF PETRARCH, BEGINNING "CHIARE, FRESCHE, E DOLCE ACQUE."

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noon-tide;
Bough, gently interknit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which form'd a rustic chair for her sweet side;
And turf, and flow'rs bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flow'd like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hush'd,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gush'd;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And Heav'n will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind:
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travaill'd flesh, and from my bones outworn.

Perhaps some future hour,
To her accustom'd bower,
Might come th' untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst,
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, oh the charity!
Seeing betwixt the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of Heaven to pardon me the past;
And Heav'n itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those bowers the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seem'd to dress the curls,
Queen-like, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopp'd,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropp'd;
While others, flutt'ring from above,
Seem'd wheeling round in pomp, and saying, "Here reigns Love."

How often then I said,
Inward, and fill'd with dread,
—"Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!"
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heav'nly air, truth parted from mine eyes:
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
"How came I here, and when?"
I had forgotten; and, alas!
Fancied myself in heav'n, not where I was;
And from that time till this I bear
Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

LEIGH HUNT.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF COWPER.

[William Cowper, born in Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, 15th November (old style), 1731; died 5th April, 1800. He was the son of the rector of Great Berkhampstead. At the age of eighteen he entered a solicitor's office in London, where he remained three years. He then took chambers in the Middle Temple and studied for the bar. In 1763 the influence of a relative obtained for him the appointment of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords. Before this appointment was confirmed, however, he was unexpectedly required to stand an examination at the bar of the House to show his fitness for the post. His anxiety on this account so much affected his over-sensitive nature that he became insane and attempted to commit suicide. His friends removed him to St. Alban's and placed him under the care of Dr. Cotton, where he remained until his recovery in 1765. His insanity assumed the form of religious despondency; and the malady unhappily returned to him at three subsequent periods. It was not until the winter of 1780–1 that he prepared his first volume of poems, comprising *Table Talk*, *Hope*, *The Progress of Error*, &c., which was published two years afterwards. In 1785 appeared the *Task* and *Tirocinium*, the former, as is well known, having been suggested to the poet by the widow of Sir Robert Austen. His translation of Homer occupied him six years, and was published in 1791. His last composition, *The Castaway*, was written in 1799, during a brief interval of relief from the affliction which darkened the six years preceding his death.]

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

. . . . . .

If a Board of Inquiry were to be established, at which poets were to undergo an examination respecting the motives that induced them

to publish, and I were to be summoned to attend, that I might give an account of mine, I think I could truly say, what perhaps few poets could, that though I have no objection to lucrative consequences, if any such should follow, they are not my aim; much less is it my ambition to exhibit myself to the world as a genius. What then, says Mr. President, can possibly be your motive? I answer, with a bow—Amusement. There is nothing but this—no occupation within the compass of my small sphere, poetry excepted, that can do much towards diverting that train of melancholy thoughts which, when I am not thus employed, are for ever pouring themselves in upon me. And if I did not publish what I write, I could not interest myself sufficiently in my own success to make an amusement of it.

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Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, It may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was: time makes great alterations. They who know me better will say perhaps, Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man. And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose, the original was full in his view when he made the attempt.

. . . . . .

I have often promised myself a laugh with you about your pipe, but have always forgotten it when I have been writing, and at present I am not much in a laughing humour. You will observe, however, for your comfort and the honour of that same pipe, that it hardly falls within the line of my censure. You never fumigate the ladies, or force them out of company; nor do you use it as an incentive to hard drinking. Your friends, indeed, have reason to complain that it frequently deprives them of the pleasure of your own conversation while it leads you either into your study or your garden; but in all other respects it is as innocent a pipe as can be. Smoke away, therefore; and remember that if one poet has condemned the practice, a better than he, the witty and elegant Hawkins Browne, has been warm in the praise of it.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 30, 1783.

My dear Friend,—I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration; and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's-milk, and a dozen good sizable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new

one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste when I have no good reason for being so.

. . . . . .

TO THE SAME.

March 19, 1785.

My dear Friend,—You will wonder, no doubt, when I tell you that I write upon a card-table; and will be still more surprised when I add, that we breakfast, dine, sup upon a card-table. In short, it serves all purposes, except the only one for which it was originally designed. The solution of this mystery shall follow, lest it should run in your head at a wrong time, and should puzzle you, perhaps, when you are on the point of ascending your pulpit: for I have heard you say, that at such seasons your mind is often troubled with impertinent intrusions. The round table, which we formerly had in use, was unequal to the pressure of my superincumbent breast and elbows. When I wrote upon it, it creaked and tilted, and, by a variety of inconvenient tricks, disturbed the process. The fly-table was too slight and too small; the square dining-table, too heavy and too large, occupying, when its leaves were spread, almost the whole parlour; and the sideboard-table, having its station at too great a distance from the fire, and not being easily shifted out of its place and into it again, by reason of its size, was equally unfit for my purpose. The card-table, therefore, which had for sixteen years been banished as mere lumber,—the card-table, which is covered with green baize, and is therefore preferable to any other that has a slippery surface,—the card-table, that stands firm and never totters, —is advanced to the honour of assisting me upon my scribbling occasions; and, because we choose to avoid the trouble of making frequent changes in the position of our household furniture, proves equally serviceable upon all others. It has cost us now and then the downfal of a glass: for, when covered with a table-cloth, the fish-ponds are not easily discerned; and not being seen, are sometimes as little thought of. But having numerous good qualities which abundantly compensate that single inconvenience, we spill upon it our coffee, our wine, and our ale, without murmuring, and resolve that it shall be our table still, to the exclusion of all others. Not to be tedious, I will add but one more circumstance upon the subject, and that only because it will impress upon you, as much as anything that I have said, a sense of the value we set upon its escritorial capacity.—Parched and penetrated on one side by the heat of the fire, it has opened into a large fissure, which pervades not the moulding of it only, but the very substance of the plank. At the mouth of this aperture, a sharp splinter presents itself, which, as sure as it comes in contact with a gown or an apron, tears it. It happens, unfortunately, to be on that side of this excellent and never-to-be-forgotten table which Mrs. Unwin sweeps with her apparel, almost as often as she rises from her chair. The consequences need not, to use the fashionable phrase, be given in detail: but the needle sets all to rights; and the card-table still holds possession of its functions without a rival.

Clean roads and milder weather have once more released us, opening a way for our escape into our accustomed walks. We have both, I believe, been sufferers by such a long confinement. Mrs. Unwin has had a nervous fever all the winter, and I a stomach that has quarrelled with everything, and not seldom even with its bread and butter. Her complaint, I hope, is at length removed; but mine seems more obstinate, giving way to nothing that I can oppose to it, except just in the moment when the opposition is made. I ascribe this malady—both our maladies, indeed—in a great measure, to our want of exercise. We have each of us practised more, in other days, than lately we have been able to take; and for my own part, till I was more than thirty years old, it was almost essential to my comfort to be perpetually in motion. My constitution, therefore, misses, I doubt not, its usual aids of this kind; and unless, for purposes which I cannot foresee, Providence should interpose to prevent it, will probably reach the moment of its dissolution the sooner for being so little disturbed. A

vitiated digestion, I believe, always terminates, if not cured, in the production of some chronical disorder. In several I have known it produce a dropsy. But no matter. Death is inevitable, and whether we die to-day or to-morrow, a watery death or a dry one, is of no consequence. The state of our spiritual health is all. Could I discover a few more symptoms of convalescence there, this body might moulder into its original dust without one sigh from me. Nothing of all this did I mean to say; but I have said it, and must now seek another subject.

One of our most favourite walks is spoiled. The spinney is cut down to the stumps: even the lilacs and the syringas, to the stumps. Little did I think, though indeed I might have thought it, that the trees which screened me from the sun last summer would this winter be employed in roasting potatoes and boiling tea-kettles for the poor of Olney. But so it has proved; and we ourselves have, at this moment, more than two waggon-loads of them in our wood-loft.

Such various services can trees perform;
Whom once they screened from heat, in time they warm.

TO MRS. NEWTON.

March 4, 1780.

Dear Madam,—To communicate surprise is almost, perhaps quite, as agreeable as to receive it. This is my present motive for writing to you rather than to Mr. Newton. He would be pleased with hearing from me, but he would not be surprised at it; you see, therefore, I am selfish upon the present occasion, and principally consult my own gratification. Indeed, if I consulted yours, I should be silent, for I have no such budget as the minister's, furnished and stuffed with ways and means for every emergency, and shall find it difficult, perhaps, to raise supplies even for a short epistle.

You have observed in common conversation, that the man who coughs the oftenest, I mean if he has not a cold, does it because he has nothing to say. Even so it is in letter-writing: a long preface, such as mine, is an ugly symptom, and always forebodes great sterility in the following pages.

The vicarage-house became a melancholy object as soon as Mr. Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy: now it is actually occupied by another family, even I cannot look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden this evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, That used to be a sign that Mr. Newton was there; but it is so no longer. The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place; the bolt of the chamber-door sounds just as it used to do; and when Mr. P—— goes up-stairs, for aught I know, or ever shall know, the fall of his foot could hardly perhaps be distinguished from that of Mr. Newton. But Mr. Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again. These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me upon the occasion; . . . If I were in a condition to leave Olney too, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place that binds me here, but an unfitness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business with the world on the outside of my sepulchre; my appearance would startle them, and theirs would be shocking to me.

We were concerned at your account of Robert, and have little doubt but he will shuffle himself out of his place. Where he will find another, is a question not to be resolved by those who recommended him to this. I wrote him a long letter a day or two after the receipt of yours, but I am afraid it was only clapping a blister upon the crown of a wig-block.

My respects attend Mr. Newton and yourself, accompanied with much affection for you both.

Yours, dear Madam,

W. C.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Madam,—When I write to Mr. Newton, he answers me by letter; when I write to you, you answer me in fish. I return you many thanks for the mackerel and lobster. They assured me in terms as intelligible as pen and ink could have spoken, that you still remember *Orchard-side;* and though they never spoke in their lives, and it was still less to be expected from them that they should speak, being dead, they gave us an assurance of your affection that corresponds exactly with that which Mr. Newton expresses towards us in all his letters.—For my own part, I never in my life began a letter more at a venture than the present. It is possible that I may finish it, but perhaps more than probable that I shall not. I have had several indifferent nights, and the wind is easterly; two circumstances so unfavourable to me in all my occupations, but especially that of writing, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could even bring myself to attempt it.

You have never yet perhaps been made acquainted with the unfortunate Tom F——'s misadventure. He and his wife, returning from

Hanslope fair, were coming down Weston Lane; to wit, themselves, their horse, and their great wooden paniers, at ten o'clock at night. The horse having a lively imagination, and very weak nerves, fancied he either saw or heard something, but has never been able to say what. A sudden fright will impart activity and a momentary vigour even to lameness itself. Accordingly, he started, and sprang from the middle of the road to the side of it with such surprising alacrity that he dismounted the gingerbread baker and his gingerbread wife in a moment. Not contented with this effort, nor thinking himself yet out of danger, he proceeded as fast as he could to a full gallop, rushed against the gate at the bottom of the lane, and opened it for himself, without perceiving that there was any gate there. Still he galloped, and with a velocity and momentum continually increasing, till he arrived in Olney. I had been in bed about ten minutes when I heard the most uncommon and unaccountable noise that can be imagined. It was, in fact, occasioned by the clattering of tin pattypans and a Dutch oven against the sides of the paniers. Much gingerbread was picked up in the street, and Mr. Lucy's windows were broken all to pieces. Had this been all, it would have been a comedy, but we learned the next morning that the poor woman's collar-bone was broken, and she has hardly been able to resume her occupation since.

. . . . . .

The winter sets in with great severity. The rigour of the season, and the advanced price of grain, are very threatening to the poor. It is well with those that can feed upon a promise, and wrap themselves up warm in the robe of salvation. A good fireside and a well-spread table are but very indifferent substitutes for these better accommodations; so very indifferent, that I would gladly exchange them both for the rags and the unsatisfied hunger of the poorest creature that looks forward with hope to a better world, and weep tears of joy in the midst of penury and distress. What a world is this! How mysteriously governed, and, in appearance, left to itself. One man, having squandered thousands at a gaming-table, finds it convenient to travel; gives his estate to somebody to manage for him; amuses himself a few years in France and Italy; returns, perhaps, wiser than he went, having acquired knowledge which, but for his follies, he would never have acquired; again makes a splendid figure at home, shines in the senate, governs his country as its minister, is admired for his abilities, and, if successful, adored, at least by a party. When he dies he is praised as a demigod, and his monument records everything but his vices. The exact contrast of such a picture is to be found in many cottages at Olney. I have no need to describe them; you know the characters I mean. They love God, they trust him, they pray to him in secret, and though he means to reward them openly, the day of recompense is delayed. In the meantime they suffer everything that infirmity and poverty can inflict upon them. Who would suspect, that has not a spiritual eye to discern it, that the fine gentleman was one whom his Maker had in abhorrence, and the wretch last-mentioned dear to him as the apple of his eye? It is no wonder that the world, who are not in the secret, find themselves obliged, some of them, to doubt a Providence, and others absolutely to deny it, when almost all the real virtue there is in it is to be found living and dying in a state of neglected obscurity, and all the vices of others cannot exclude them from the privilege of worship and honour! But behind the curtain the matter is explained; very little, however, to the satisfaction of the great.

If you ask me why I have written thus, and to you especially, to whom there was no need to write thus, I can only reply, that having a letter to write, and no news to communicate, I picked up the first subject I found, and pursued it as far as was convenient for my purpose.

TO MRS. HILL.

Feb. 19, 1781.

Dear Madam,—When a man, especially a man that lives altogether in the country, undertakes to write to a lady he never saw, he is the awkwardest creature in the world. He begins his letter under the same sensations he would have if he was to accost her in person, only with this difference,—that he may take as much time as he pleases for consideration, and need not write a single word that he has not well weighed and pondered beforehand, much less a sentence that he does not think super-eminently clever. In every other respect, whether he be engaged in an interview or in a letter, his behaviour is, for the most part, equally constrained and unnatural. He resolves, as they say, to set the best leg foremost, which often proves to be what Hudibras calls—

> ——Not that of bone,
> But much its better—th' wooden one.

His extraordinary effort only serves, as in the case of that hero, to throw him on the other

side of his horse; and he owes his want of success if not to absolute stupidity, to his most earnest endeavour to secure it.

Now I do assure you, madam, that all these sprightly effusions of mine stand entirely clear of the charge of premeditation, and that I never entered upon a business of this kind with more simplicity in my life. I determined, before I began, to lay aside all attempts of the kind I have just mentioned; and being perfectly free from the fetters that self-conceit, commonly called bashfulness, fastens upon the mind, am, as you see, surprisingly brilliant.

My principal design is to thank you in the plainest terms, which always afford the best proof of a man's sincerity, for your obliging present. The seeds will make a figure hereafter in the stove of a much greater man than myself, who am a little man, with no stove at all. Some of them, however, I shall raise for my own amusement, and keep them, as long as they can be kept, in a bark heat, which I give them all the year; and in exchange for those I part with, I shall receive such exotics as are not too delicate for a greenhouse.

I will not omit to tell you, what no doubt you have heard already, though perhaps you have never made the experiment, that leaves gathered at the fall are found to hold their heat much longer than bark, and are preferable in every respect. Next year I intend to use them myself. I mention it because Mr. Hill told me, some time since, that he was building a stove, in which, I suppose, they will succeed much better than in a frame.

I beg to thank you again, madam, for the very fine salmon you was so kind as to favour me with, which has all the sweetness of a Hertfordshire trout, and resembles it so much in flavour, that, blindfold, I should not have known the difference.

I beg, madam, you will accept all these thanks, and believe them as sincere as they really are. Mr. Hill knows me well enough to be able to vouch for me, that I am not overmuch addicted to compliments and fine speeches; nor do I mean either the one or the other when I assure you that I am, dear madam, not merely for his sake, but your own,

Your most obedient and affectionate servant,
W. C.

TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

Dec. 7, 1782.

My dear Friend,—At seven o'clock this evening, being the seventh of December, I imagine I see you in your box at the coffee-house. No doubt the waiter, as ingenious and adroit as his predecessors were before him, raises the tea-pot to the ceiling with his right hand, while in his left the tea-cup, descending almost to the floor, receives a limpid stream; limpid in its descent, but no sooner has it reached its destination than, frothing and foaming to the view, it becomes a roaring syllabub. This is the nineteenth winter since I saw you in this situation; and if nineteen more pass over me before I die, I shall still remember a circumstance we have often laughed at.

How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine!—yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine, by a domestic fireside in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. For instance, here are two rustics and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttle-cock. A little dog in the meantime, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it. I know you love dearly to be idle when you can find an opportunity to be so; but as such opportunities are rare with you, I thought it possible that a short description of the idleness I enjoy might give you pleasure. The happiness we cannot call our own we yet seem to possess, while we sympathize with our friends who can.

The papers tell me that peace is at hand, and that it is at a great distance; that the siege of Gibraltar is abandoned, and that it is to be still continued. It is happy for me that, though I love my country, I have but little curiosity. There was a time when these contradictions would have distressed me, but I have learned by experience that it is best for little people like myself to be patient, and to wait till time affords the intelligence which no speculations of theirs can ever furnish.

I thank you for a fine cod with oysters, and hope that ere long I shall have to thank you for procuring me Elliott's medicines. Every time I feel the least uneasiness in either eye, I tremble lest, my Æsculapius being departed, my infallible remedy should be lost for ever. Adieu. My respects to Mrs. Hill.

Yours faithfully,
W. C.[1]

[1] *Private Correspondence of William Cowper.* 2 vols. London: 1824.

CUPID TAUGHT BY THE GRACES.

It is their summer haunt;—a giant oak
Stretches its sheltering arm above their heads,
And midst the twilight of depending boughs
They ply their eager task. Between them sits
A bright-haired child, whose softly-glistening wings
Quiver with joy, as ever and anon
He, at their bidding, sweeps a chorded shell,
And draws its music forth. Wondering, he looks
For their approving smile, and quickly drinks
(Apt pupil!) from their lips instruction sweet,—
Divine encouragement! And this is LOVE
TAUGHT BY THE GRACES how to point his darts
With milder mercy and discreeter aim;
To stir the bosom's lyre to harmony,
And waken strains of music from its chords
They never gave before!

N.

A CHOICE.

Come look on this rose with its lofty stem,
And these bright green leaves around it,
And say if in Flora's diadem
There shines a brighter and lovelier gem,
Or did Bulbul err when his queen he crown'd it?

Methinks it blooms like a youthful bride
In nature's and art's adorning,
As she casts on high her looks of pride,
The lowly around her scorning.

Now look on this flower of heaven's own hue,
This violet pensively drooping,
As if 'twere afraid that any one knew
The worth of its beautiful fragrance and hue,
So low in the sward it is stooping.

The creeping ant and the grasshopper
Beneath its smiles rejoice;
But the butterfly sails through the summer air,
And spies not its loveliness.

Now which will ye choose—for such choice is ours—
An emblem in life to guide ye?
Will ye have the proud crested Queen of Flowers,
The pomp and the might of worldly powers,
The honours of earth beside ye?

Or will ye not rather be as this
Sweet flower which smiles in a hidden spot,
To scatter around you happiness,
The bloom of love and the breath of bliss,
Where the lowly may feel though they see you not?

GEORGE GODFREY CUNNINGHAM.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why wilt thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play
Through the long bright hours of the summer's day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell!
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well:
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon—
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"My mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills more sweet than all;
She sings it under her own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee,
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe to her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more
Nor hear her song at the cabin-door.
Come thou with me to the vineyard nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play!
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well—
Or they launch their boats where the blue streams flow—
Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go!"

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue-fly roam o'er it still:
And the red-deer bound, in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee:
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go!"

MRS. HEMANS.

MY NAMESAKE.

BY BON GAULTIER.

[Theodore Martin, K.C.B., born in Edinburgh, 16th September, 1816. He was the joint-author, with Professor Aytoun, of the famous Bon Gaultier ballads and tales—of which series he was the originator. In his *Life of Aytoun* (Blackwood and Sons, 1867) he says: "Some papers of a humorous kind which I had published under the *nom de plume* of Bon Gaultier,[1] had hit Aytoun's fancy; and when I proposed to go on with others in a similar vein, he fell readily into the plan, and agreed to assist in it. In this way a kind of Beaumont-and-Fletcher partnership commenced in a series of humorous papers which appeared in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844." The following tale was published in *Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1842. Amongst Sir Theodore's valuable translations are: Goethe's *Faust; The Works of Horace; Catullus; The Vita Nuova of Dante; Aladdin, a Dramatic Poem*, and *Correggio, a Tragedy*, both by Oehlenschlaeger; and *King Rene's Daughter*, a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Hertz. Under the special sanction of Her Majesty the Queen, Sir Theodore wrote the "*Life of H. R. H. the Prince Consort.*"]

Why was I called Brown—why John Brown? The cruelty of custom! to fasten upon me such an every-day sort of name, solely because my ancestors had borne it contentedly for years. If it had only been Alfred Brown, or Frederick, or even Edward, the thing might have passed; but John Brown! There is no getting over the commonplace of the cognomen. John Brown is everybody, anybody, nobody. Any one John Brown is quite as good as another: he belongs to a class so numerous that it is vain to attempt to individualize your conceptions of them. Had ever any man a distinct idea of a John Brown? No! There are at least some fifty of his acquaintances who bear the name, and these are all jumbled together in his mind in one vague and undefined chaos,—

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan."

We are the nobodies of society.

"John, my boy," said my father to me one day, "John, my boy, we are a pair of miserable selfish dogs living here, a brace of bachelors, upon the fat of the land, with not a bit of womankind about us. This sort of thing will never do. One or other of us must get married, that's plain. I'm a thought too old for it; besides that my regard for your poor dear mother will hardly allow me; so, John, my boy, the lot falls on you. What say you to the plan?"

"Oh, I'm perfectly agreeable, if you wish it; indeed, I rather like the plan than otherwise."

"Indeed, you rather like the plan than otherwise! You apathetic puppy, you should go into raptures about it. You don't know what a splendid thing it makes life to have a fine, affectionate, gentle-hearted creature for the wife of your bosom—

"'The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love.'

The old boy who wrote that knew what was what."

"Well, well, father, I bow to your experience; and, since you wish it, shall look out for a better-half forthwith. But perhaps you can give me a hint where to direct my search?" I continued, seeing, from the old gentleman's looks, that he had some project on his mind, of which he was bursting to unburden it.

"I think I can, indeed. A splendid girl!"

"No? Who is she?"

"Oh, I *have* tickled your curiosity, have I? It would serve you right, you cold-blooded rascal, not to tell you."

"Nay, but——"

"Well, well, I'll be merciful. So, then, what say you to the daughter of my very worthy friend David Smith of Edinburgh?"

"Smith!" I exclaimed in dismay, thinking of the unhappy conjunction of the uncommon names of Brown and Smith.

"Yes, sir, Miss Smith—Miss Julia Smith. Have you any objection to the lady, you puppy, that you stand staring at me as if I were a hobgoblin?"

Julia Smith! The Julia did certainly set off the surname a little. It was not so bad, after all. "Objection, sir? None in the world. How could I, when the lady may be as beautiful as day, and as amiable as Mrs. Chapone, for anything I know?"

"None of your sneering, you impudent dog, or I'll knock you down. The girl is only too good for you every way. If you haven't seen her, I have, and that's enough. But there is no time to be lost. I warrant me there are lots of young fellows ready to throw themselves at her feet, and you may be cut out before you can say Jack Robinson. So the sooner *you* see her the better. Smith and myself have talked over the matter together. He is anxious for the match, and you start therefore with the odds in your favour. I have written to him to expect you this week. So be off with you, my boy; and if you don't secure the prize, order

[1] The name is taken from the prologue to the first book of *Rabelais*.

a new pair of garters, and hang yourself in them upon a day's notice."

Expostulation was out of the question, and I therefore set about the execution of the old gentleman's project without delay. Indeed, it jumped more with my own inclination than I cared to tell him. I was heartily tired of a bachelor's life; and being well to do, at least, if not rich, with the certainty of succeeding to my father's fortune, which was considerable, in perspective, marriage appeared to me to be at once a duty and a pleasure. In short, I had at that moment a favourable predisposition towards the sex in general; and as Miss Julia Smith had been selected as my bride, I was perfectly contented with the arrangement, provided always that the lady came up to my father's description of her, and had herself no objection to the match. I drove to Charing Cross, and was just in time to secure the only sleeping-berth in the *Clarence* steam-packet for Leith that was left untaken. I also engaged a seat in the omnibus for Blackwall, and, directing that I should be taken up at the end of Ludgate Street, I returned home to make the necessary arrangements for my expedition.

St. Paul's bell was intimating to the public that nine hours and a quarter had elapsed since noon, when, punctual to a minute, up clattered the omnibus. On it rolled, giving no indication of an intention to stop; but, by directing sundry excited gestures towards the conductor of the vehicle, I at length succeeded in getting him to pull up.

"Full, sir, out and in," said the cad in a commiserating tone.

"Full—the deuce you are! Didn't I book myself for a place?"

"Can't say, really. Ve've got our complement, any vay."

"Isn't the name of Brown on your list!"

"Brown?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown—Mr. John Brown."

"Vell, vot of it? Ve've got two Browns in the buss, von on 'em a Mr. John Brown; took him up at Vellington Street, Strand. More *browns* than *guineas* goin' vith us any day, I b'lieve you. Drive on, Bill, time's up!" and away dashed the omnibus, leaving me at the mercy of a dozen or two of cab-drivers, who by this time had seen my predicament, and had each deposited me in imagination in his own break-neck conveyance. In a moment of desperation I consigned myself to the management of one of these gentlemen, and, shutting my eyes to danger, allowed him to drive me in his own reckless and fanciful manner to the wharf at Blackwall. I was just in time and no more; which had merely the effect of enabling the cab-driver to charge me about five times as much as he was entitled to—knowing well that I was not likely to stay behind to call him to account.

Having seen my portmanteaus safely deposited on deck, I proceeded to reconnoitre my sleeping berth. I had been extremely fortunate in my selection; it was an upper berth, nearly amidships; and, congratulating myself on the "snug lying" I was likely to have during the voyage, I made my way to the cabin. The vessel was crowded to inconvenience; every seat was occupied, and every man seemed to be vying with his neighbour in the consumption of cold beef, ham, ship-biscuit, mustard, Jamaica pickles, porter, and brandy-and-water. The heat was intolerable, and I went on deck to refresh myself with the cool breeze that played across the water, and there I sat watching the vessels that glided past us like so many ghosts as we descended the Thames, till all the other passengers had retired to rest.

Cold and wearied I made my way down stairs, through avenues of sleepers distributed over every couch that could be made to do duty for a bed—a duty which, if anything might be augured from the groans of dissatisfaction that rose up here and there through the saloon, they did very ill. "Poor devils!" I said to myself, letting off a little of that superfluous sympathy which costs a man nothing, but is very comfortable to the conscience, nevertheless. Having with some difficulty gained the sleeping cabin, I proceeded to undress by the dim light of a lamp that was fighting desperately against a predisposition to go out, and had begun to scramble into my berth, when, hark! a snore? No, it could not be! Another, a distinct, and most unmistakable snore! I peered forward into the gloom; and, judge of my dismay, when, protruding from the bed-clothes, I beheld a head fringed with jet-black whiskers, and surmounted by a nightcap, the proprietor of which, undisturbed by my approach, continued to doze away like a dormouse. Here was a pretty position to be in—to be standing nearly in a state of nature, at three in the morning, in the sleeping-cabin of a steamboat, shut out of my berth, and not a corner to take refuge in anywhere! It would have provoked a saint, and yet I could not think of rousing the usurper of my bed, and turning him out by a process of summary ejectment. There might be some mistake; but, then, No. 32, that cer-

tainly was my berth. I looked at my ticket to make sure. Yes, there it was, No. 32. Something must be done, however; for I felt my person growing chiller and chiller, and my teeth began to chatter like a fulling-mill. I whipped on my small-clothes, and, with my feet thrust into a stray pair of slippers, felt my way back through the cabin to the sanctum of the steward, to whom I detailed the hardships of my case. He turned up his book, and there, certainly, opposite No. 32, stood the name of Mr. John Brown. "That's me!" I exclaimed triumphantly, pointing to the place; when my eyes, glancing along the page, alighted upon a succession of Mr. Browns, and near the bottom, among the "waifs" who had no berths provided for them, but were to take their chance of a sleeping-place anywhere, stood the name of a Mr. John Brown at full length.

"I see how it is, sir; this Mr. Brown has got into your bed by mistake," said the purveyor of victuals. We must see what we can do for you."

Saying this he accompanied me below, where he commenced a sort of custom-house inspection of the intruder's travelling gear. "Just as I said, sir; there it is, Mr. John Brown!" he exclaimed, pointing to a brass plate upon a portmanteau bearing that interesting inscription. Confound the fellow! I could have sworn it was the same person that cut me out of my seat in the omnibus. It was provoking to a degree. But I was always conspicuous for good-nature, and even here it got the better of my wrath. He might have done it quite innocently; and, upon reflection how horribly uncomfortable it would be for him to be turned out of a warm bed in the middle of his first sleep, I told the steward if he could stow me away anywhere for the night, I shouldn't mind.

There was a place that had apparently been at one time intended for a berth—a cramped, dark, mouldy sort of place, where all the dirty table-cloths and towels, the accumulation of three or four voyages, were crammed; and this, it occurred, might be turned into a receptacle for my wearied limbs. It was better than want, at all events; and, accordingly, after the "filthy dowlas" had been routed out, and a mattress and its appendages tumbled in, I followed the example of the latter articles, and deposited my person in the aperture. Such a hole did never man confide himself to, except with a view to suicide. Falstaff in the buck-basket inhaled not more unsavoury perfumes; Prometheus chained to the rock had a resting-place as soft. Anything like sleep was out of the question. Every roll of the vessel transfixed my person upon some acute angle, of which there were countless numbers, formed, Heaven and the ship's carpenter alone knew how; and just as I might be going off into a doze, roll went the vessel, and bang went my haunch against an obtrusive angle of my bed, in a way that left me groaning for the next half-hour. Snore—snore, went all the noses in the place, with a demoniac purpose to taunt my sleepless wretchedness. I distinctly heard that fellow Brown. There was a sort of gurgle in his note; he was chuckling in his sleep at my discomfort. The impulse to rise and strangle him seized me more than once; indeed, how I restrained myself is to this moment a mystery to me.

At length day broke, and heads, with night-caps, began to pop out from behind the curtains, and after looking round with no very definite purpose, popped in again. Some time after, the steward's boy entered the cabin, and husky voices were heard demanding what was the hour and whereabout the vessel was. It was by this time blowing pretty fresh, but as most of the passengers were as yet nearly as fresh as the breeze, they had the temerity to get up, and, one after another, disappeared up stairs. At last my namesake, Mr. John Brown, emerged from his dormitory and proceeded to dress himself. I lay watching the villain with quiet disgust. He was a good-looking man of some eight-and-twenty, with a prominent nose and sharp dark eyes. His florid complexion bespoke him of that comfortable, sanguine temperament which nothing can dash, but which, in all seasons and circumstances, retains an easy and self-satisfied complacency. There was a desperate independence about the man, of which a nervous person, like myself, would have given worlds to have had a sprinkling; and, besides all this, he had a look of freshness and vigour natural to one who has had a good night's rest, that to me, who had not shut an eye, was sufficiently aggravating. He was one of those people, too, the nuisances of steamboats, who take a long hour to fit themselves up for the day, who monopolize the dressing-place, splashing and spluttering, and gobble—obble—obbleing in one basin of water after another till the other passengers grow revolutionary and the under-steward shows symptoms of partial delirium. Although the breakfast-bell had sounded for some time, still did Mr. John Brown keep combing his whiskers, paring his nails, polishing his teeth, and adjusting a thousand *et-*

ceteras about his person, whilst I lay frying with impatience to hear the clatter of cups overhead, and the everlasting calls for herrings and buttered toast. My appetite was growing decidedly wolfish, and yet there stood that detestable namesake of mine, ducking and diving into the basin-stand, and swilling his face and neck with oceans of water as though he were never to have done. There was no hope for me, so I sunk back upon my pillow and resigned myself to my fate. The breeze had continued to freshen, and by the time my tormentor had finished his toilette, it was a matter of perfect indifference to me what he did, provided I were left to the calm indulgence of my misery. The truth is, that I became extremely sick, and after this feeling had gone off it left a splitting headache behind to keep me company. One by one the inmates of the cabin, that had left it full of buoyancy and animation for the breakfast-table, returned pale, with ashy lips and uncertain steps. It was comfort to me to watch the reckless haste with which they tore off their garments and plunged into their berths, where they lay groaning in a manner that would have been pitiable but for its being ludicrous. I had grown utterly callous, and felt a savage pleasure in knowing that there were others as uncomfortable, or nearly so, as myself. The three days that followed were a blank in my existence. Hour succeeded hour and brought with it no relief. It was blowing great guns all the time; and what between the rolling, pitching, and swinging of the vessel, the straining of her timbers, the vibration of the engine, and the howling of the wind, we had about as much torture concentrated into a compact space as any merely human imagination can conceive. But all aquatic, as well as all terrestrial things, even a rough sea-voyage, must come to an end, and so did ours, just as our coals were within a few shovelsfull of running out, and sundry wags were beginning to sport forlorn jokes about immolating and cooking the steward for lack of other provisions.

If anything could have compensated me for the misery I had undergone, it would have been our disembarkation at Newhaven on a bright sunshiny morning. The change which the voyage had produced upon the passengers was miraculous, "a thing to dream of, not to tell." Pride, puppyism, and fine airs had all vanished, and the whole body were reduced to one common level of helplessness that seemed to say, "You may do with us whatever you please." Dandies, with dishevelled hair and disordered attire, drooped over the side of the steamer that carried us ashore, with visages mottled into a variety of tints as numerous as the rainbow's, a purply-blue predominating. Blustering town-councillors and arrogant cockneys—fat, apoplectic men—had sunk into their native smallness, and skulked anywhere. As for the ladies, their plight defies description. Silks and satins crumpled and stained past recovery, bonnets bruised into the most fantastic shapes, parasols in fragments, and bandboxes falling to pieces, were everywhere to be seen. Cheeks without the bloom, eyes robbed of the lustre that had wooed admiration when we started, and hair without glossiness, straggling unreproved across the so lately dazzling brow, left all devotees to the sex to mourn over what Byron calls—

"The beauty of the sick ladies (*Cyclades*)."

But I soon found that I had something else to mourn over that concerned me more nearly, which was the loss of a small portmanteau, containing all my letters and private papers. Hurrying back to the steamer and pouncing upon the cabin-boy, I demanded of him if he had seen it.

"Oh! you mean a square, narrow, brown leather thing?" inquired the urchin, in a voice of hateful indifference.

"Yes, yes, exactly!" replied I.

"With a handle over the top and a brass plate with the name of Mr. John Brown upon it?"

"The very thing!" I exclaimed in rapture, thinking it was all safe. "And where is it?"

"Oh! sir, the other gentleman's got it."

"The other gentleman! And who the devil is the other gentleman?"

"Mr. John Brown, sir; him as got into your berth, you know. He went ashore when we cast anchor last night, and I remember seeing the steward take it on deck with the gentleman's other things."

Confound that Mr. John Brown! he was doomed to be my annoyance at every turning! He had kept me in hot water ever since I started, and the very first move he makes in Scotland puts me to a nonplus, for in that portmanteau were my letter to old Smith and all my other introductions. It was of no use fretting, however. He surely would never think of appropriating my property. I should hear of it at the steamboat-office, no doubt, next day; and in this hope I drove up to the Crown Hôtel, where, after replenishing the vacancy which the fast of the last three days had occasioned, and putting myself into presentable attire, I called for a directory, to search for

the whereabouts of my prospective father-in-law, of which I knew no more than the man in the moon, having trusted to the direction upon my letter for that information. Among the interminable list of Smiths I found, at least, a score of David Smiths. One of these lived in Castle Street. "Castle Street, that is the place," said I, repeating the name, till I worked myself into the belief that I had heard it mentioned before as the residence of my father's friend. For Castle Street, accordingly, I made, and there found the house, which, to my discomfiture, was shut up. The brass plate was the colour of bronze, not having been scoured for weeks, and I was just able to decipher the name of Mr. David Smith upon it. A written placard in one of the windows intimated that letters and parcels were to be left at Mr. M'Grugar's, solicitor, 103 Queen Street, to whose chambers I proceeded to inquire whither Mr. Smith and his daughter had emigrated.

Mr. M'Grugar was not at home, and I was ushered into a room where three of his clerks were seated. A hurried and scuffling sound, as if of desk-lids being slammed down, and of people jumping up upon stools, was heard as I approached the door, and when I entered, the youthful scriveners were driving their quills vehemently across the paper before them as if they were bent upon making a fortune at threepence a page.

"Mr. M'Grugar is not at home, I believe?" said I.

"No, sir, he is not. He is in Fifeshire at present on business of Lord Chowderhead's. Did you wish to see him particularly?" replied a raffish-looking youngster, with a dirty shirt and a breath that savoured strongly of "half-and-half," who looked altogether very much as if he had not been in bed the night before.

"Oh, no! nothing particular. Perhaps you can tell me what part of the country Mr. Smith of Castle Street is gone to?"

"Thomson, do you know where old Smith is just now?" said the youth in the foul linen to another youth with an immense shock of red hair and great owlish eyes, with which he had been staring at me over the top of the desk ever since I entered.

"Od, I'm thinking he'll be some *wye* (way) doon about Ayrshire! He gangs there *files* (at times) in the summer time," returned Thomson in a strong Banffshire accent.

"Wasn't his last letter dated from Jedburgh?" broke in a shabby-looking, smoke-dried piece of humanity, who had hitherto been amusing himself with biting his nails.

"Ah, you're right; so it was," said the first speaker, turning to me once more. "I believe, sir, he is either in Roxburghshire or Ayrshire at present, and any letter addressed to him at either of these places will be sure to find him."

This was definite information with a vengeance. Mr. M'Grugar's clerks, it was plain, knew as much about Mr. Smith's movements as they knew about law, so I inquired when their master was to return to town, and learning that this would not be till the end of the week, I left his chambers, resolving to make the most of my time in examining the localities of modern Athens and its environs till his return.

. . . . . .

[In an elegantly furnished drawing-room, that same evening, sat an old gentleman and his daughter. The lady was seated at the piano, and sang in a clear and most tuneful voice from a volume of Scottish melodies, while the old gentleman lay back in his easy chair, with eyes running over with tears of quiet joy, as he listened to the plaintive strains to which the beloved notes of his daughter's voice gave thrilling expression. The door opened, and the servant's announcement of "Mr. Brown" was followed by the entrance of that gentleman, who bowed gracefully to a fire-screen, which in the haze of twilight he mistook for the owner of the house.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, starting forward and grasping him warmly by the hand, "I am very glad to see you—very glad, indeed. Julia, my dear, this is Mr. Brown that I mentioned to you. Mr. Brown, my daughter." Mr. Brown bowed again and mumbled the usual quantity of inarticulate nothings, and Miss Julia curtsied and blushed a great deal more than anybody in the room fancied. "And when did you come to town? We have been looking for you for some days," continued the old gentleman.

The deuce you have! thought Mr. Brown, but he only answered, "We had a very tedious passage: left London on Wednesday, and only got here this morning. Four days of most intolerable bumping about. I hoped to have been here on Friday night, and am a good deal annoyed at the detention, as my stay will be proportionally curtailed. I must start again on Saturday next."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense! We shan't let you off for a month to come. Shall we, Julia?"

"Oh, you are too kind!" replied Mr. Brown, wondering what on earth all this cordiality meant. "I have a letter for you here," he

continued, drawing one from his pocket, and presenting it to the old gentleman.

"Tut, tut! never mind the letter! The usual thing, I suppose. I'll take *it* all for granted, and take *you* as I find you. The son of my old friend Brown needs no introduction. And how is the old gentleman? Hale and lively, eh? The same jolly fellow as ever, I promise you. Always the life and soul of his friends ever since I knew him, and that's not yesterday!" And so on the old gentleman rattled, overwhelming his visitor with questions which, to that individual's great relief, he generally answered for himself.

There is something about the twilight that tends amazingly to sociality; and before Mr. Brown had sat an hour, or, as it seemed to him, half that space, he felt as much at his ease with his new acquaintances as if he had known them for years. The old gentleman was a frank, chatty, warm-hearted kind soul; and his daughter's soft and gentle voice, "that excellent thing in woman," had produced an impression upon their guest, to which he willingly resigned himself. Twilight had melted into darkness when he rose to depart.

"Come, come!" said the old gentleman, "it is not Scotch hospitality to let friend's bairns off in that way. Julia, dear, ring the bell and see if they are getting supper for us. Keep your seat, sir, and my daughter shall let you hear what we barbarians of the north can do in the musical way, while the lassie's getting the gas lighted. Something short and sweet, Julia, there's a dear."

Having seated herself once more at the piano, the young lady ran over the chords with a skilful touch, and then broke into a symphony of a wild and mournful character, which aptly ushered in the melody to which she sang the following words:—

SONG.

"Look up, look up, my bonny May,
And cheer me wi' your winsome e'e!
Though I look sad, and little say,
Yet dinna hide your smiles frae me.

"The sunny rays on winter days,
Although they canna melt the snaw,
Yet glad creation wi' their blaze,
And chase the settled gloom awa'.

"And my cauld heart that's frozen o'er,
And has nae joyance o' its ain,
Must from another's glee implore
A smile to light its weary pain.

"Look up, look up, my bonny May,
And cheer me wi' your winsome e'e!
My thoughts are wandering far away,
I fain would fix them all on thee."

They are hazardous things these twilight introductions. A man's heart may be gone before he knows where he is. The calmness of the hour, spreading its serenity over the feelings, and preparing them for the finest impressions, the half-murmured tones, and the unreserve of communication which is imperceptibly produced by the absence of the garish light, which, with its bold and obtrusive glare, always seems to operate as a curb upon our impulses, have a strange effect in quickening the imagination and affections. In such a situation the presence of beauty is felt—it needs not to be seen. An unerring instinct tells a man that the voice beside him is not more sweet than the flush of the cheek is beautiful, and the light of the eyes which the dimness of the hour enshrouds soft and soul-subduing. So was it with Mr. Brown, who was perfectly prepared for the charms which the light of the room to which his fair hostess conducted him revealed. As he gazed on her he felt those resolutions of celibacy with which young men are in the habit of deluding themselves oozing, like Bob Acre's courage, from his fingers' ends every minute. Meanwhile he sat trifling with a piece of cold salmon, and affecting to bestow the most earnest attention upon the old gentleman's conversation, while, in fact, he was wandering in dreams, in which the old gentleman's daughter was the principal feature.

"My dear sir," said his host, "you make no way with that bit of grilse. Why, you sit nibbling away at it for all the world like that horrid woman in the *Arabian Nights*, the Ghool, that picked grains of rice with a needle when other folks were laying in a hearty meal, and then stole off to the churchyard to sup on human flesh, instead of staying at home with her husband and family like a decent Moslem. Mind you, we don't allow any of these pranks here. The watchman would be down upon you in a twinkling; so take your supper like the rest of us, and don't trust to picking a bone in the West Kirk or the Calton on your way home."

"Trust me, I'm getting on famously," replied Mr. Brown; and, bending over his plate, he began to work away with his fork as if for very life.

"Famously! infamously, you mean! If you don't get on any better than you're doing, I'll set you down for sea-sick, or brain-sick, or love-sick, and then Heaven pity you!"

"Oh, my dear sir, make yourself easy! Sea-sick I have been, as who has not? according to the saying of the poet—'oh, *si sic* omnia!' But hitherto I am not conscious of being

squeamish in either of the other ways; and, to prove to you that I am neither damaged in brain nor heart, I mean to make an attack upon your whisky-toddy forthwith, which all lovers and madmen have forsworn time out of mind."

"Ay, ay, that's all very true, but I hardly know whether one who has made such a poor hand at the platter should have the freedom of the cup. We can't let you have the nectar if you won't patronize the ambrosia. What do you say, Julia? Do you think we may trust Mr. Brown with a tumbler to himself?"

"If he promises first to make it strong enough, not otherwise."

"I accept the conditions, and you shall be the judge," replied Brown, and proceeded to mix a tumbler of that compound fluid which, in Scotland, is beloved of the men, and has been said to "charm all womankind." The lady pronounced it "pretty well, considering," and her father said he had hopes they would make something of their guest after all.

The conversation then turned into an easy and cheerful strain about men, manners, books, and things in general, and Mr. Brown felt strongly impressed with the conviction that he had never enjoyed himself so much anywhere in his life before. When he rose to depart it did not require much solicitation to induce him to abandon his intention of leaving Edinburgh at the end of the week. There were so many people to see, so many places to visit, that he began to think it would be perfectly impossible to get through them all by that time. He was urgently pressed by his host to make head-quarters of his house during his stay in Edinburgh, and with a warmth which alone would have made it impossible for Mr. Brown to refuse it; but the liking which he had conceived for the old gentleman, and the still warmer feeling which he entertained towards his daughter, rendered the proposal a most acceptable one. He returned home to his hôtel in high spirits, and, tumbling into bed, dreamed all night of a parish priest and the Elysian fields.]

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Eight or ten days had elapsed since my arrival in Edinburgh, and still I had obtained no tidings of my portmanteau. It had not made its appearance at the steam-packet office; and accordingly I had set *it* down for lost, and my namesake, Mr. John Brown, for a member of the swell mob. Trusting to obtain the requisite information from Mr. M'Grugar, I waited patiently for that worthy's return. At the expiry of a week I called at his chambers, when I had the pleasure of another interview with the young gentleman in the foul linen, in which I learned that Mr. M'Grugar had returned, but was off again to Forfarshire to collect Sir Somebody Something's rents. My friend had, of course, as a point of principle, forgot to make any inquiries of him regarding Mr. Smith; and I was, therefore, just as wise on that point as before. Mr. M'Grugar, however, was to be back in a day or two, and a day or two I waited accordingly. I called again and again, but the mysterious Mr. M'Grugar was always either in Perthshire, or Aberdeenshire, or in the isle of Sky, called thither on particular business, and I had well-nigh given up all prospect of his return as hopeless. I had surveyed the streets of Edinburgh like a police-inspector; visited the libraries and museums till the attendants, I saw, began to eye me with suspicion; stared from the Calton Hill till I was tired, and grown familiar to the box-keeper at the theatre;—in short, I had exhausted all the sources of amusement which the northern metropolis affords, and felt a good deal puzzled how to dispose of myself with any sort of comfort for a few days more. I had resolved to wait that time to see if Mr. M'Grugar would return, as I did not like to go back to London just as I had left it. To kill the time, therefore, I made a trip into the Highlands, and returned to my old quarters in the Crown Hôtel about a week after.

"What's this?" said I to the waiter the morning after my return, as he presented me with a piece of paper folded lengthways, in that fashion which, to an observant mind, too surely bespeaks the presence of a tradesman's bill. "'To a double-breasted coat, claret-coloured best mill cloth, £4, 14*s.* 6*d.* Brass buttons for do. 5*s.* To a white satin vest, fancy sprig, rolling collar, £1, 15*s.*' Why, what in the name of all the tailors is this? There must be some mistake. These things were never ordered by me. Is there anybody waiting?"

"Yez, zir. The man that brought it's below."

"Send him up to me."

"Yez, zir," replied the waiter, and dived out of the apartment.

"'A white satin vest, fancy sprig, rolling collar! To pair trousers, best Saxony black, £2, 2*s.*; straps for do. 1*s*!' What is the meaning of all this?" I inquired of an over-dressed clothescreen who had just shuffled into the room, and was bowing to me from the door with a pitiable smirk upon its face.

"It's our small account, sir—took the liberty

—heavy payments to-day, sir—feel greatly obliged;" and having unburdened itself of this announcement, the clothescreen drew itself up, and drew down at the same time a pale blue satin vest with which its waist was encircled.

"I see it is an account, sir, but what have I to do with it? You don't expect me to pay this, do you?"

"Heavy payments to-day, sir—feel greatly obliged."

"Heavy payments be hanged! This is no concern of mine. Who ordered these things?"

"Who ordered?" tremulously retorted the screen. "Why, sir, you or-dered them yourself. Mr. Brown, I believe, sir—Mr. John Brown. You'll see it at the top of our little bill."

"Well, sir, and what of that? Mr. John Brown I certainly do see at the top of this account, but that doesn't prove it to be mine. I should think I'm not the only person of that name in the world, am I?"

"Certainly not, sir; oh, no, sir, I should think not! but you certainly ordered these articles."

"I order them! When, where, and how?"

"Last week, sir. Our Mr. Stitchells took your measure. You remember you said you wanted them in a particular hurry, and we had to work extra hours to get them done. They were sent home on Friday last, and when we sent for payment next day, as you gave orders, you had left town."

"There must be some mistake here. I never ordered these things, and, what's more, I never got them. As to paying for them, therefore, it's quite out of the question," I said, returning the clothescreen its document.

"But, sir——" remonstrated the screen.

"Will you walk out?" I exclaimed, pointing anxiously with the index finger of my right hand towards the door, and glancing significantly at the window at the same time.

"But, I assure you, sir——"

"Will you go?"

"Very sorry, sir, but we must take steps to recover."

"Take what steps you like, but step out at once!" and I slammed the door in the clothescreen's face with such vivacity as to upset it. I heard it muttering denunciations as it picked itself up and shuffled along the passage, while I, chafing with impatience, returned to the breakfast-table, and, pouring the contents of the teapot into the slop-basin, sweetened them with two pats of butter, poured some Harvey's sauce over the whole by way of cream, and only discovered the mistake when the first mouthful had passed irrecoverably over my throat. I was upset for the day, and lay idly on the sofa revolving with considerable earnestness all the different methods of suicide which I had ever heard of. I had just come to the conclusion that suffocation by the smoke of charcoal was the neatest, when I was disturbed by the entrance of a thin weazon-faced man, with a hard stony voice, arrayed in a suit of faded black, very white in the seams, and very seamy at the buttons. He was accompanied by a stout, flabby-cheeked individual, smelling strongly of snuff, stale ale, and rancid cheese, and habited in a suit of indescribable garments, over which was a shaggy pea-jacket not any the better for the wear. This person had on a broad-brimmed hat, unctuous and shining round the edges, and he carried a most seeming-lethal stick for his own individual security, and the annoyance of her majesty's lieges. Looming in perspective followed two wholly unaccountable characters, very dirty, very shabby, and very drunk. These gentlemen were also provided with sticks, upon which they rested their right arms in a very impressive manner.

"Good morning, gentlemen," exclaimed I, sitting up on the sofa, and surveying this quartette of curiosities with no slight surprise.

"Your servant, sir," said the man with the petrified voice. "Sorry to trouble you, but business and pleasure sometimes draw cross-ways, you know," and the wretch grinned at his own facetiousness. I asked the cause of this unexpected visit.

"I believe, sir, you object to paying this account," said he of the stony voice, showing me the tailor's bill of the morning.

"Unquestionably I do. It is none of mine, and pay it I certainly shall not!"

"I am sorry for that, because I always prefer settling these matters amicably. I think, Mr. Brown, you'd better pay it at once, and have done with it," said the brute in a confidential tone.

"And pray who is it I am indebted to for this advice?"

"You will find my name there, sir," said stony voice, coughing, as he handed me a card all brown and dirty about the edges, with the name of Mr. Brail Weazil, solicitor, upon it.

"Then, Mr. Weazil, you will oblige me by keeping your own breath to cool your own porridge, as you say in Scotland, for I do not think your advice is very likely to be followed in the present instance."

"Very well, Mr. Brown, my instructions

are peremptory, and I must proceed as law directs—as law directs, Mr. Brown. Messengers, do your duty."

Upon this the gentleman in the pea-coat advanced, and produced a warrant to arrest Mr. John Brown, now or formerly residing in the Crown Hôtel, Edinburgh, or elsewhere in Scotland, as *in meditatione fugæ*, at the instance of Messrs. Snipwell and Cabbitch, tailors and clothiers in Edinburgh, to whom the said John Brown was said to be indebted, resting, and owing the sum of £12, 13*s.* 11¾*d.* Ever since I was able to know a "hawk from a hernshaw," I have had a horror of the law. I was bred to it originally, but left the profession in disgust; and as I now cast my eyes over the warrant, grim visions of bonds of caution *judicio sisti*, followed up by replies and duplies innumerable, rose up before my mental optics, and I resolved to pay the rascals and have done with them at once, rather than be pestered with an action in which it was ten chances to one they would ultimately succeed. I therefore paid the sum under protest, and bowed Mr. Brail Weazil and his friends out in as summary a manner as possible, and with good reason, for, as it was, I had to burn pastiles in the room for the rest of the day to dispel the odour they had left behind them.

That same night I was sitting in the theatre when my attention was arrested by the entrance at the opposite box of a young lady of most fascinating appearance, accompanied by a gentleman, in whom I thought I recognized my namesake who had haunted me ever since I left London. The lady was, I think, one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld. She had a complexion clear and glowing, a full and finely-rounded brow, shaded with hair dark and glossy as the raven's wing, a mouth around which a thousand graces hovered, and rich dark eyes, bright, but with a softness in their lustre. When she turned them full upon her companion, and smiled through them upon him with an expression of confidence and affection,—oh! how I envied till I almost hated him. How it happened the reader may guess, but when the curtain dropped I found I had a very vague recollection of what had passed on the stage, and a very vivid impression with regard to the lady in the opposite box. By this time, too, I was fully satisfied that the gentleman beside her was no other than my namesake; and as this was an opportunity for getting scent of my missing portmanteau which was not to be lost, I sent the box-keeper to him with my card, and requested a few moments' conversation.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, after we had interchanged the usual civilities, "I hope you got your portmanteau again quite safe. I can assure you I was excessively annoyed at the mistake."

"That was the very thing I wished to see you about. I have not seen it to this hour, and am horribly put about for want of it."

"Bless me! you don't say so. Why, I sent it to the office the very day I landed, thinking you would be sure to ask for it there."

"And so I have, but the people tell me they have seen nothing of it."

"The deuce they do! the fellow I sent with it must have made some blunder. I daresay, now, he'll have taken it to the wrong office. If these fellows can make a mistake, they're sure to do so. Have you inquired at the other company's office?"

"No, I have not; and egad! I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were right in your conjecture. I shall inquire to-morrow, certainly."

"Do, like a good fellow, and let me know. You'll find my address there," he continued, handing me his card; "or stay—where do you put up?"

I told him.

"At the Crown? That's odd. Why, I put up there. Well, I'll look in upon you, and hear how you have succeeded. A lady, you see, is in the case, and then, you know——"

"All other things, of course, give place."

"Bye, bye. *Au revoir.*" And my friend hurried back to his enviable seat, while I returned to mine, and eyed him with very much the same class of emotions as may be supposed to have possessed the common enemy of man as he watched the connubial bliss of the first husband and wife of whom we have any record. "Put up at the Crown!" thought I, as I walked home. He it was, then, whose tailor's bill I had paid. I should try to get that out of him at all events.

Next morning I proceeded to the office of the other steam-packet company, and there, sure enough, my portmanteau was brought to light from under a huge pile of packages of all descriptions, battered, bruised, and broken. My letters were all safe, however, and that was the great point. There, among others, lay the important document, the letter to my father-in-law that was to be, with the address staring me in the face, "David Smith, Esq., No. — North Castle Street." North Castle Street! and I had been hunting for the last three weeks after a Mr. David Smith of South Castle Street. I wished my namesake very

especially at the bottom of the sea, and the waiter who had miscarried my portmanteau skewered with half-a-dozen of his own corkscrews. What other extravagances I may have committed in the first gush of my spleen it is hard to say, but I have a distinct recollection of kicking Boots out of the room, and dashing my hat to pulp against the bedpost, in the course of dressing previous to making a call upon the veritable Mr. David Smith, whom I found seated very comfortably in his library reading. When the servant announced my name, he rose, and beckoned me to a seat with rather a bewildered air.

"Mr. John Brown, I think you said?"

"Yes, the same, son of your old friend of Dorset Square, who has armed me with these credentials to you," I replied, handing him the letter.

He took it, and, as he read, I never saw a man look so thoroughly perplexed in my life. Every now and then he cast a glance at me over the top of it, and then resumed the perusal, which he seemed desirous to protract as much as possible.

"Dear me, this is extremely awkward—extremely awkward, indeed. A most unaccountable circumstance!" muttered the old gentleman in a sort of reverie. "And how was your father when you left him? Well, I hope? Bless my soul, what is to be done? How it could have happened, I really cannot comprehend."

Here the old gentleman rung the bell, and gave some instructions to the servant, which I could not hear. He then entered into conversation with me, but in a manner so abstracted and embarrassed, that I was convinced there was a screw loose somewhere. Shortly afterwards a lady and gentleman entered the room, who to my astonishment turned out to be my namesake and the lady with whom I had seen him the night before.

"Julia, my dear, there has been some very awkward mistake here. I'm afraid you've married the wrong man!"

"Father!" exclaimed the lady in surprise.

"Sir!" exclaimed my namesake in wrath.

"The devil!" exclaimed I, feeling very much as if I were shut up in a vapour-bath.

"Are you," continued Mr. Smith, turning to my namesake, "not Mr. John Brown, son of Mr. John Brown, Dorset Square, London?"

"Not I;—I am Mr. John Brown, indeed, but my father is Henry Brown, of Thistlecrop Manor, Bucks."

"And who was the letter from, you brought me?"

"Old Tom Johnson, of Johnson, Thomson, Gibson, and Co., Lombard Street, who was kind enough, knowing I had no acquaintances in Edinburgh, to give me one to you."

"Confound my stupid old head! I see it all—I see it all. This all comes of my not looking at that letter. I was expecting my friend here at the time, and took you for him."

"I am selfish enough to say," replied my double, "that I cannot regret the mistake, since it has gained me this hand, and I hope your friendship."

"But it is so odd that you should have come the very day we were expecting Mr. Brown here," said old Smith, who evidently felt extremely at a loss what to say. "A most remarkable coincidence!"

"Very remarkable indeed," said I, feeling that it was necessary to relieve all parties from their embarrassment by putting the best face on the matter possible. "Very remarkable, indeed, considering what an uncommon name ours is, that two of us should have crossed each other in this way. However, I am used to these little *contretems*. I have twice figured in the police reports as the perpetrator of shocking murders; been found drowned in the Regent's Canal some six times, with a love-sonnet, a tooth-pick, and fourpence-halfpenny in my pocket; have eloped thrice with Chancery wards, and made various desperate attempts upon her Majesty's person, yet here I am as quiet and well-behaved a young man as ever bore the name of Mr. John Brown. My namesake here has cost me a good deal of bother and annoyance one way or another; and oh! unkindest cut of all, he has been beforehand with me in securing a charming wife. However, it is all the chance of war, and he shall have a quittance from me in full, provided he reimburses me for this tailor's bill, which I have had to settle for him."

"My marriage suit, by all that's absurd! And you paid this?"

"Your marriage-suit, was it? Now positively this is too bad. It is adding insult to injury. Not to be content with robbing me of my intended, but absolutely to make me pay for the clothes you wedded her in. Flesh and blood could not bear it."

"Since you have given up so much already, perhaps you will surrender this point too, for my sake!" said Mrs. Brown. "I see you will."

There was no resisting that smile. I gave in, and that evening saw us all seated in a friendly circle, laughing heartily over my mis-

adventures. Brown and I have been good friends ever since. He is the happiest of Benedicts, and I—am still a bachelor. Will any benevolent female take compassion on

JOHN BROWN?

WINSTANLEY.

A BALLAD.

[Jean Ingelow is a native of Ipswich. In 1863 her first volume of poems appeared; and the work possessed so much matured poetic power, that it won for her at once a foremost place amongst our living poets. The *Story of Doom*, another volume of poems, increased and established the reputation she had already won. In America, her poems are said to be even more popular than in England. She has also written several interesting prose works, as *Studies for Stories; A Sister's By-Hours; Off the Skelligs*, and other novels. The following quaint and pathetic ballad is from the volume containing the *Story of Doom* (Longmans and Co., London).]

THE APOLOGY.

Quoth the cedar to the reeds and rushes,
"Water-grass, you know not what I do;
Know not of my storms, nor of my hushes,
And—I know not you."

Quoth the reeds and rushes, "Wind! O waken!
Breathe, O wind, and set our answer free,
For we have no voice, of you forsaken,
For the cedar-tree."

Quoth the earth at midnight to the ocean,
"Wilderness of water, lost to view,
Nought you are to me but sounds of motion;
I am nought to you."

Quoth the ocean, "Dawn! O fairest, clearest,
Touch me with thy golden fingers bland;
For I have no smile till thou appearest
For the lovely land."

Quoth the hero dying, whelmed in glory,
"Many blame me, few have understood;
Ah, my folk, to you I leave a story—
Make its meaning good."

Quoth the folk, "Sing, poet! teach us, prove us;
Surely we shall learn the meaning then:
Wound us with a pain divine, O move us,
For this man of men."

Winstanley's deed, you kindly folk,
With it I fill my lay,
And a nobler man ne'er walk'd the world,
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship *Snowdrop* tarried long,
Up at the vane look'd he;
"Belike," he said, for the wind had dropp'd,
"She lieth becalm'd at sea."

The lovely ladies flock'd within,
And still would each one say,
"Good mercer, be the ships come up?"
But still he answered "Nay."

Then stepp'd two mariners down the street,
With looks of grief and fear:
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,
We bring you evil cheer!

"For the good ship *Snowdrop* struck—she struck
On the rock—the Eddystone,
And down she went with threescore men,
We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep, with freight and crew.
Past any help she lies,
And never a bale has come to shore
Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth o' gold and comely frieze,"
Winstanley said, and sigh'd,
"For velvet coif, or costly coat,
They fathoms deep may bide.

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind,
O mariners bold and true,
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,
A-thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast
Shall feel a weight within,
For a waft of wind he shall be 'fear'd
And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy
To pace the cheerful town,
And see the lovely ladies gay
Step on in velvet gown."

The *Snowdrop* sank at Lammas tide,
All under the yeasty spray;
On Christmas Eve the brig *Content*
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,
So jolly as he sat then,
While drank the toast and praised the roast
The round-faced aldermen,—

While serving lads ran to and fro,
Pouring the ruby wine,
And jellies trembled on the board,
And towering pasties fine,—

While loud huzzas ran up the roof
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,
And holly boughs from rafters hung
Dropp'd down their berries red,—

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,
With every rising tide,
How the wave wash'd in his sailor lads,
And laid them side by side.

There stepp'd a stranger to the board:
"Now, stranger, who be ye?"
He look'd to right, he look'd to left,
And "Rest you merry," quoth he;

"For you did not see the brig go down,
Or ever a storm had blown;
For you did not see the white wave rear
At the rock—the Eddystone.

"She drave at the rock with sternsails set;
Crash went the masts in twain;
She stagger'd back with her mortal blow,
Then leap'd at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and strong,
The misty moon look'd out!
And the water swarmed with seamen's heads,
And the wreck was strew'd about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea
As I clung to the rock alone;
Then she heeled over, and down she went,
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one!
For nought could bide the shock."
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,
"And see this deadly rock."

"For never again shall barque o' mine
Sail over the windy sea,
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and the snow,
And he looked around on shore and sound
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Rear'd and fell over, and rear'd again:
"'Tis the rock! the rock!" he said.

Straight to the mayor he took his way,
"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,
"I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three,—

"But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main."
"You are one of many," the old mayor said,
"That on the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer! your words ring right,
Well with my thoughts they chime,
For my two sons to the world to come
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,
And a score of shipwrights free,
For I think to raise a lantern tower
On this rock o' destiny."

The old mayor laugh'd, but sigh'd also;
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash;
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it out
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,
He shall have evil lot;
For the calmest seas that tumble there
Froth like a boiling pot.

"And the heavier seas few look on nigh,
But straight they lay him dead;
A seventy-gunship, sir!—they'll shoot
Higher than her mast-head.

"O, beacons sighted in the dark,
They are right welcome things,
And pitchpots flaming on the shore
Show fair as angel wings.

"Hast gold in hand? then light the land,
It 'longs to thee and me;
But let alone the deadly rock
In God Almighty's sea."

Yet said he, "Nay—I must away,
On the rock to set my feet;
My debts are paid, my will I made,
Or ever I did thee greet.

"If I must die, then let me die
By the rock, and not elsewhere;
If I may live, O let me live
To mount my lighthouse stair."

The old mayor look'd him in the face,
And answered: "Have thy way;
Thy heart is stout, as if round about
It was braced with an iron stay:

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy men,
Put off from the storm-rid shore;
God with thee be, or I shall see
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,
And foam flew up the lea,
Morning and even the drifted snow
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,
Pacing the strand alone,
Or ever he set his manly foot
On the rock—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And work'd with power and might:
Whatever the man rear'd up by day
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,
He sail'd to shore at flow;
And at his side, by that same tide,
Came bar and beam alsò.

"Give in, give in," the old mayor cried,
"Or thou wilt rue the day."
"Yonder he goes," the townsfolk sigh'd,
"But the rock will have its way.

"For all his looks that are so stout,
And his speeches brave and fair,
He may wait on the wind, wait on the wave,
But he'll build no lighthouse there."

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short days,
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather
Another year came in:
"To take his wage," the workmen said,
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sail'd he on a glassy sea,
He sail'd from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,
As he was wont to do;
They show'd in the fog like ghosts full faint—
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and wax'd alway,
For a long eight days and more;
"God help our men," quoth the women then;
For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread:
"Where may our mariners be?"
But the brooding fog lay soft as down
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,
The thirteenth day at e'en:
"As I am a man," the captain cried,
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
At sea, in the fog, and the rain,
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant show'd,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee;
What manner of creatures may be those
That build upon the sea?"

Then sigh'd the folk, "The Lord be praised!"
And they flock'd to the shore amain;
All over the Hoe that livelong night,
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased, and the red sun rear'd his head,
And the rolling fog did flee;
And, lo! in the offing faint and far
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer
The stately tower uprose;
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,
To fire the wick afar;
And Plymouth in the silent night
Look'd out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore:
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain,
And tho' I were dead," Winstanley said,
"The light would shine again,

"Yet, were I fain still to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 't were good,
Amid their tremulous stirs,
To count each stroke when the mad waves broke,
For cheers of mariners,

"But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall;
Since, for my part, I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall.

"Ay! I were fain, long to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renowned,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea,
To scan once more his lighthouse tower
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds woke, and the storm broke,
And wrecks came plunging in;
None in the town that night lay down
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,—
Broke on the trembling town,
And men look'd south to the harbour mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep
Who made it shine afar,
And then in the night that drown'd its light,
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
At Westminster they show;
The brave and the great lie there in state:
Winstanley lieth low.

Winstanley's lighthouse of wood was erected 1696–1700, and was destroyed in 1703. Another lighthouse of wood, with a stone base, was built between 1706 and 1709, and was burned in 1755. The present lighthouse, of Portland stone and granite, was constructed by Mr. Smeaton in 1757–59.

THE COUNTERPARTS.

"One of these men is genius to the other."
Comedy of Errors.

Messer Basilio, of Milan, who had fixed his residence in Pisa on his return from Paris, where he had pursued the study of physic, having accumulated, by industry and extraordinary skill, a good fortune, married a young woman of Pisa, of very slender fortune, and fatherless and motherless; by her he had three sons and a daughter, who in due time was married in Pisa; the eldest son was likewise married, the younger one was at school; the middle one, whose name was Lazarus, although great sums had been spent upon his education, made nothing of it; he was naturally idle and stupid, of a sour and melancholy disposition; a man of few words, and obstinate to such a degree, that if once he had said NO to anything, nothing upon earth could make him alter his mind. His father, finding him so extremely troublesome, determined to get rid of him, and sent him to a beautiful estate he had lately bought at a small distance from town. There he lived contented, more proud of the society of clowns and clodpoles than the acquaintance of civilized people.

While Lazarus was thus living quietly in his own way, there happened about ten years after a dreadful mortality in Pisa; people were seized with a violent fever, they then fell into a sleep suddenly, and died in that state. The disease was catching; Basilio, as well as other physicians, exerted their utmost skill, as well for their own interest as the general good; but ill fortune would have it that he caught the infection and died. The contagion was such that not one individual of the family escaped death, except an old woman servant. The raging disease having ceased at last, Lazarus was induced to return to Pisa, where he inherited the extensive estates and riches of his father. Many were the efforts made by the different families to induce him to marry their daughters, notwithstanding they were aware of his boorish disposition; but nothing would avail. He said he was resolved to wait four years before he would marry; so that his obstinate disposition being well known, they ceased their importunities. Lazarus, intent upon pleasing himself alone, would not associate with any living soul.

There was, however, one poor man named Gabriel, who lived in a small house opposite to

him, with his wife dame Santa. This poor fellow was an excellent fisherman and bird-catcher, made nets, &c., and what with that, and the assistance of his wife, who spun, he made shift to keep his family, consisting of two children, a boy of five and a girl of three years old. Now it happened that this Gabriel was a perfect likeness of Lazarus; both were red-haired, had the same length of beard, every feature, size, gait, and voice so perfectly alike, that one would have sworn they were twins; and had they both been dressed alike, certainly no one but would have mistaken the one for the other; the wife herself would have been deceived but for the clothes, those of Lazarus being fine cloth, and her husband's of coarse wool of a different colour. Lazarus, observing this extraordinary resemblance, could not help fancying that there must be something in it, and began to familiarize himself with his society, sent his wife presents of eatables, wines, &c., and often invited Gabriel to dinner or supper with him, and conversed with him. Gabriel, though poor and untaught, was shrewd and sagacious, and knew well how to get on the blind side of any one; he so humoured him, that at last Lazarus could not rest an instant without his company.

One day, after dinner, they entered into conversation on the subject of fishing, and the different modes of catching fish, and at last came to the fishing by diving with small nets fastened to the neck and arms; and Gabriel told him of the immense numbers of large fish which were caught in that manner, insomuch that Lazarus became very anxious to know how one could fish diving, and begged of him to let him see how he did it. Upon which Gabriel said he was very willing, and it being a hot summer's day, they might easily take the sport, if he too were willing. Having risen from table, Gabriel marched out, fetched his nets, and away they went. They arrived on the borders of the Arno, in a shady place surrounded by elders; there he requested Lazarus to sit and look on. After stripping, and fastening the nets about him, he dived in the river, and being very expert at the sport, he soon rose again with eight or ten fish of terrible size in his nets. Lazarus could not think how it was possible to catch so many fish under water; it so astonished him, that he determined to try it himself. The day was broiling hot, and he thought it would cool him. By the assistance of Gabriel he undressed, and the latter conducted him in at a pleasant part of the shore, where the water was scarcely knee-deep. There he left him with nets, giving him charge not to go farther than the stake which he pointed out to him. Lazarus, who had never before been in the water, was delighted at its coolness, and observing how often Gabriel rose up with nets full of fish, bethought himself, one must see under as well as above water, otherwise it would be impossible to catch the fish in the dark; therefore, in order to ascertain the point, without thinking of consequences, he put his head under water, and dashed forward beyond the stake. Down he went like a piece of lead; not aware he should hold his breath, and knowing nothing of swimming, he struggled hard to raise himself above the surface. He was almost stifled with the water he had swallowed, and was carried away by the current, so that he very shortly lost his senses. Gabriel, who was very busy catching a great deal of fish in a very good place, did not care to leave it; therefore poor Lazarus, after rising half-dead two or three times, sunk at last never to rise again. Gabriel, after he had got as much fish as he thought would do for him, joyfully turned round to show Lazarus his sport; he looked round and did not see him; he then sought him everywhere, but not finding him, he became quite alarmed, and terrified at the sight of the poor fellow's clothes that were laid on the bank. He dived, and sought the body, and found it at last driven by the current on the beach; at the sight he almost lost his senses; he stood motionless, not knowing what to do, for he feared, that in relating the truth people would think it was all a lie, and that he had drowned him himself, in order to get his money.

Driven thus almost to despair, a thought struck him, and he determined to put it in instant execution. There was no witness to the fact, for every one was asleep, it being the heat of the day; he therefore took the fish, and put them safe in a basket, and for that purpose took the dead body on his shoulders, heavy as it was, laid him on some grass, put his own breeches on the dead limbs, untied the nets from his own arms, and tied them tight to the arms of the corpse. This done, he took hold of him, dived into the water, and tied him fast with the nets to the stake under water. He then came on shore, slipped on Lazarus' shirt, and all his clothes, and even his fine shoes, and sat himself down on a bank, determining to try his luck first in saving himself from his perilous situation, and next to try whether he might not, from his extreme likeness to Lazarus, make his fortune and live at ease. Being a bold and sagacious fellow, he immediately undertook the daring and dangerous experi-

ment, and began to cry out with all his might and main, "Oh! good people, help! help! run and help the poor fisherman who is drowning." He roared out so, that at last the miller, who lived not far off, came running with I know not how many of his men. Gabriel spoke with a gruff voice, the better to imitate that of Lazarus, and weepingly related that the fisherman, after diving and catching a good deal of fish, had gone again, and that as he had been above an hour under water he was afraid he was drowned; they inquiring what part of the river he had gone to, he showed them the stake and place. The miller, who could swim very well, rushed in towards the stake, and found the corpse, but being unable to extricate it from the stake, rose up again and cried out, "Oh! yes, he is dead sure enough, but I cannot get him up by myself:" upon which two others stripped, and got the body out, whose arms and limbs were lacerated by the nets, which (as they thought) had entangled him, and caused his death. The news being spread abroad, a priest came, the corpse was put in a coffin, and carried to a small church, that it might be owned by the family of Gabriel.

The dreadful news had already reached Pisa, and the unfortunate wife, with her weeping children, came to the church, and there beholding her beloved husband, as she thought, she hung over him, wept, sobbed, tore her hair, and became almost frantic, insomuch that the by-standers were moved to tears. Gabriel, who was a most loving husband and father, could scarce refrain from weeping, and seeing the extreme affliction of his wife, came forward, keeping Lazarus' hat over his eyes, and his handkerchief to his face, as it were to wipe away his tears, and approaching the widow, who took him, as well as others, for Lazarus, he said, in the hearing of all the people, "Good woman, do not give way to such sorrow, nor weep so, for I will not forsake you; as it was to oblige me, and afford me pleasure, that he went a fishing to-day against his inclination, methinks it is partly to me he owed his death, therefore I will ever be a friend to thee and thine; all expenses shall be paid, therefore return home and be comforted, for while I live thou shalt never want; and should I die, I will leave thee enough to make thee as comfortable as any of thy equals." Thus he went on, weeping and sobbing, as if regretting the loss of Gabriel, and really agonized by the distress of his widow. He was inwardly praised by all present, who believed him to be Lazarus.

The poor widow, after the funeral was performed, returned to Pisa, much comforted by the promises of him whom she considered as her neighbour Lazarus. Gabriel, who had been long acquainted with the deceased's ways, manners, and mode of living, entered Lazarus' house as if the master of it; without uttering a syllable ascended into a very beautiful room that looked over a fine garden, pulled out of the dead man's coat he had on a bunch of keys, and opened several chests, and finding some smaller keys, he opened several desks, bureaus, money-chests, and found, independent of trunks filled with cloth, linen, and jewels, which the old father the physician and brothers of the deceased had left, nearly to the value of two thousand gold florins, and four hundred of silver. He was in raptures all the night, and began to think of the best means to conceal himself from the servants, and appear as the real Lazarus. About the hour of supper he came out of his room, weeping; the servants, who had heard the dreadful situation of the widow Santa, and that it was reported that their master had partly been the cause of the accident, were not much surprised at seeing him thus afflicted, thinking it was on account of Gabriel. He called the servant, and desired him to take a couple of loaves, two bottles of wine, and half his supper to the widow Santa, the which the poor widow scarcely touched. When the servant returned, Gabriel ordered supper, but ate sparingly, the better to deceive the servants, as Lazarus was a very little eater; then left the room without saying a word, and shut himself up in his own room as the deceased used to do. The servants thought there was some alteration in his countenance and voice, but attributed it to the sorrowful event that had occurred. The widow, after having tasted of the supper, and considering the care that had been taken of her, and the promises made by Lazarus, began to take comfort, parted with her relations, who had come to condole with her, and retired to bed. Gabriel, full of thought, could not sleep a wink, and got up in the morning at Lazarus' usual hour, and in all things imitated him. But being informed by the servants that Santa was always in grief, weeping and discomforted, and being a fond husband, and loving her tenderly, he was miserable upon hearing this, and determined to comfort her. Thus resolved, one day after dinner he went to her, and found a cousin of hers with her. Having given her to understand he had some private business with her, the cousin, knowing how much she was indebted to him, and her expectations, left the room, and departed, saying he begged she would be advised by her worthy neighbour.

As soon as he was gone he shut the door, went into his room, and motioned her to follow; she, struck with the singularity of the case, and fearing for her honour, did not know what to do, whether she should or she should not follow; yet thinking of his kindness, and the hopes she had from his liberality, and taking her eldest son by the hand, she went into the room, where she found him lying on a little bed, on which her husband used to lie when tired; upon which she started and stopped. Gabriel, seeing her come with her son, smiled with pleasurable feelings at the purity of his wife's conduct; one word that he uttered, which he was in the habit of using, staggered the poor Santa, so that she could not utter a syllable. Gabriel, pressing the poor boy to his breast, said, "Thy mother weeps, unaware of thy happy fate, her own, and her husband's." Yet not daring to trust himself before him, though but a child, he took him into the next room, gave him money to play with, and left him there. Returning to his wife, who had caught his words, and partly recognized him, he double-locked the door, and related to her every circumstance that had happened, and how he had managed everything; she, delighted and convinced, from the repetition of certain family secrets, known to themselves alone, embraced him, giving him as many kisses as she had bestowed tears for his death, for both were loving and tenderly attached. After reciprocal marks of each other's affection, Gabriel said to her that she must be perfectly silent, and pointed out to her how happy their life would hereafter prove; he told her of the riches he had found, and what he intended to do, the which highly delighted her. In going out, Santa pretended to cry on opening the street door, and said aloud, that she might be heard by the neighbours, "I recommend these poor fatherless children to you, signor." To which he answered, "Fear not, good Mrs. Santa;" and walked away, full of thoughts on his future plans.

When evening came on, observing the same uniform conduct of his predecessor, he went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking. No sooner did the dawn appear than he rose and went to the church of St. Catherine, where a devout and worthy pastor dwelt, and who was considered by all the Pisanians as a little saint. Friar Angelico appearing, Gabriel told him he wanted to speak to him on particular business, and to have his advice upon a very important and singular case that had happened to him. The kind friar, although he did not know him, led him into his room. Gabriel, who well knew the whole genealogy of Lazarus, son of Basilio of Milan, related it fully to the friar, likewise the dreadful accident, adding, that he considered himself as a principal cause of it, making him believe it was he who induced the unfortunate man to go a fishing against his will; he represented the mischief which resulted from it to the widow and children of the deceased, and that he considered himself so much the cause of it, and felt such a weight on his conscience, that he had made up his mind, though Santa was of low condition, and poor, to take her for his wife, if she and her friends approved of it, and to take the children of the poor fisherman under his care as his own; bring them up with his own children, should he have any, and leave them co-heirs with them; this, he said, would reconcile him to himself and his Maker, and be approved by men. The holy man, seeing the worthy motives which actuated him, approved of his intention, and recommended as little delay as possible, since he would thereby meet with forgiveness. Gabriel, in order the more effectually to secure his ready co-operation, threw down thirty pieces of money, saying that in the three succeeding Mondays he wished high mass to be sung for the soul of the deceased. At this tempting sight the friar, although a very saint, leaped with joy, took the cash, and said, "My son, the masses shall be sung next Monday; there is nothing more to attend to now but the marriage, a ceremony which I advise thee to hasten as much as thou canst; do not think of riches or noble birth; thou art, thank Heaven, rich enough; and as to birth, we are all children of one Father; true nobility consists in virtue and the fear of God, nor is the good woman deficient in either; I know her well, and most of her relations." "Good father," said Gabriel, "I am come to you for the very purpose, therefore, I pray you, put me quickly in the way to forward the business." "When will you give her the ring?" said the holy man. "This very day," he answered, "if she be inclined." "Well," said the friar, "go thy ways, and leave all to me; go home, and stir not from thence—these blessed nuptials shall take place." Gabriel thanked him, received his blessing, and went home. The holy father carefully put the cash in his desk, then went to an uncle of Dame Santa, a shoemaker by trade, and a cousin of hers, a barber, and related to them what had happened; after which they went together to Dame Santa, and used every possible argument to persuade her to consent to the match, the which she feigned great difficulty in consenting to, saying that it was merely for the advantage

of her children that she submitted to such a thing. I will only add, that the very same morning, by the exertions of the friar, they were married a second time; great rejoicings took place, and Gabriel and his wife laughed heartily at the simplicity of the good friar and the credulity of the relations and neighbours. They happily lived in peace and plenty, provided for and dismissed the old servants; were blessed with two more children, from whom afterwards sprung some of the most renowned men, both in arms and letters.[1]

HUMAN LIFE.

I walk'd the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing:
The sky-lark sung his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance his joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wander'd forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretch'd the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze that round me play'd
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

BERNARD BARTON.

[1] From *Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance.*

POLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

A lady told my fortune by the cards in a very interesting and lively manner, and had talent enough to fix my attention in spite of good sense; she mentioned that the Polanders are universally addicted to the oracles of cards and dice, and are almost all *fatalists*, even in their more serious opinions. A gentleman of that nation, who was formerly in the habit of visiting at her house, once undertook to predict the fortune of one of her female relations by means of dice; he threw them in a particular way, with many strange ceremonies, and then remarked, that such and such occurrences would happen to her in such and such a time. He was extremely ridiculed, as what he had foretold came scarcely within the bounds of possibility, much less of *probability;* but the subsequent events faithfully verified his words. As there are some distinguished names both in England and Portugal mixed up in the above relation, I am not at liberty to mention the particulars, but at all events I must say that the Polander, if he was not actually an adept in the *occult* sciences, had at least a very keen and extended vision with regard to possible *political* events; the fate of the lady depended much upon the affairs connected with the Portuguese and English governments; and it appears to me not improbable that this *wise man's* mind foreboded the changes which have so lately taken place in the former, although they were *then* at a great distance. Among other superstitions to which the Polish nation is addicted, I may be forgiven for relating the following, as its elegance of fancy almost redeems its absurdity. Every individual is supposed to be born under some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when a person wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a woman is born in January; her ring must therefore be a jacinth or a garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express "constancy and fidelity." I saw a list of them all, which the Polander gave to the lady in question, and she has allowed me to copy it, viz.:

"*January*—Jacinth or garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

"*February*—Amethyst.—This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

"*March*—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

"*April*—Sapphire or diamond.—Repentance and innocence.

"*May*—Emerald.—Success in love.

"*June*—Agate.—Long life and health.

"*July*—Cornelian or ruby.—The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

"*August*—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

"*September*—Chrysolite.—Preserves from or cures folly.

"*October*—Aquamarine or opal.—Misfortune and hope.

"*November*—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.

"*December*—Turquoise or malachite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; as the old saying, that 'he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.'"

From MRS. BAILIE'S *Lisbon.*

THE SICK CHILD.

[John Struthers, born in East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, 18th July, 1776; died in Glasgow, 30th July, 1853. The son of a country shoemaker, he began the work of life at seven years of age as a herd-boy. Afterwards he learned his father's trade, and worked at it for some time. But from childhood onward he took advantage of the few opportunities his circumstances provided for improving his mind. In this sturdy endeavour to educate himself he was assisted by his own mother and by the mother of Joanna Baillie. In 1804 he published his principal poem, *The Poor Man's Sabbath*, which gave him some reputation. He was subsequently employed by a Glasgow publishing firm, and edited various historical and poetical works, besides acting as corrector of proofs for the press. He wrote essays biographical and social—which have not been published in a collected form—and maintained his claim to be identified as a poet by the production of occasional verses. At the age of seventy-four he was obliged to resume his original craft, and earn a livelihood by shoemaking. The efforts of a few private friends helped to relieve his latter years of the most pressing difficulties. His memory is worth preserving as that of a representative of the best class of the Scottish peasantry, and as that of a poet who has left us some valuable pictures of national life.]

I passed the cot but yesterday,
'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,
All pleased and pleasing, void of guile,
Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,
The woods pour forth more wild delight,
The air seems all one living hum,
And every leaflet breathes perfume.
Then why is silence in the cot,
Its wonted industry forgot,
The fire untrimmed, the floor unred,
The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,
While, all in woeful dishabille,
Across the floor the children steal?
Alas! these smothered groans! these sighs!
Sick, sick the little darling lies;
The mother, while its moan ascends,
Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping, bends;
And, all absorbed in speechless woe,
The father round it paces slow.
Behind them close, with clasped hands,
The kindly village matron stands,
Bethinking what she shall direct;
For all night long, without effect,
Her patient care has been applied,
And all her various simples tried,
And glad were she could that be found
Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent,
To deeper moans gives ampler vent,
Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,
As if to say, "Let me but die,
For me your cares, your toils give o'er,
To die in peace, I ask no more."

But who is there with aspect kind,
Where faith, and hope, and love are joined,
And pity sweet? The man of God,
Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,
And to the pressure of the case
Applies the promises of grace—
Then lifts his pleading voice and eye
To Him enthron'd above the sky,
Who compass'd once with pains and fears
Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears—
And hence the sympathetic glow
He feels for all his people's woe—
For health restored, and length of days,
To the sweet babe he humbly prays;
But 'specially that he may prove
An heir of faith, a child of love;
That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,
May bloom immortal in the skies;—
And for the downcast parent pair,
Beneath this load of grief and care
That grace divine may bear them up,
And sweeten even this bitter cup,
Which turns to gall their present hopes,
With consolation's cordial drops.
He pauses—now the struggle's done,
His span is closed—his race is run,
No—yet he quivers—Ah! that thrill!
That wistful look—Ah! now how still.

But yesterday the cot was gay,
With smiling virtue's seraph train!
There sorrow dwells with death to-day,
When shall the cot be gay again?

SELLING FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[Mrs. Henry Wood, born at Worcester in 1820; died in 1887. She occupied a high place amongst the most popular of recent novelists. Her first work was *Danesbury House*, which gained the prize of £100 offered by the Scottish Temperance League for the best tale illustrative of the evils of drunkenness. *East Lynne* was her next work, and won enduring popularity for the author. After it came, *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles; The Shadow of Ashlydyat; The Channings; Roland Yorke; Mildred Arkell; Oswald Cray; George Canterbury's Will; Bessy Rane; Dene Hollow; Master of Greylands; Pomeroy Abbey; Johnny Ludlow*, and other stories. In 1866 Mrs. Wood became the proprietor of the *Argosy* magazine, to which she contributed largely. It is from that magazine (June, 1868) we take the following pathetic sketch—it would be unfair to call it a tale, it is so pitilessly true to the life led by many of the poor in the metropolis. She died in Feb. 1887.]

On a certain day in the first week in April, 1867, there stood a man against the wall that bounds the north-west corner of the Regent's Park. It was a bitter cold day, in spite of the sun shining with full force and warmth on that particular spot, for the cruel north-east wind was keen and sharp, cutting its way into delicate frames. The man looked like a countryman, inasmuch as he wore what country people call the smock-frock; he was a tall, dark-haired man, about forty-five, powerfully made, but very thin, with a pale and patient face. Resting on the ground by his side was a high round hamper—or, as he called it, a kipe—containing roots of flowers in blossom, primroses chiefly, a few violets, and a green creeping plant or two.

The man was not a countryman by habit now: he had become acclimatized to London. He had been up by daylight that morning and on his way to the woods, miles distant, in search of these flowers. He dug up the roots carefully, neatly enveloped them in moss, obtained close by, tying it round with strips of long dried grass. It was nearly ten before the work was over and the roots packed, blossoms upwards, in the kipe, which was three parts filled with mould. Lifting it up, he toiled back to London with it and took up his standing on the broad pavement against this high wall—which seemed as likely a spot for customers as any other. The clock of St. John's Church opposite to him was striking twelve when he put down his load.

It was a pretty sight enough, and artistically arranged: the blue violets in the centre, the delicate primroses around them, the green creeping plants, drooping their branches gracefully, encircling all. Did the spring-flowers remind any of the passers-by of *their* spring?—of the green lanes, the mossy dells which they had traversed in that gone-by time, and plucked these flowers at will? If so, they had apparently no leisure to linger over the reminiscence, but went hurrying on. The man did not *ask* any one to buy: he left it to them.

The hours went on. At three o'clock he had not sold a single root. He stood there silently; waiting, waiting; his wistful face less hopeful than at first. He did not much expect gentlemen to purchase, but he did think ladies would. They swept by in numbers, well-dressed women in silk and velvet, and gay bonnets gleaming in the sunny day; some were in carriages, more on foot; but they passed *him*. Occasional glances were cast on the flowers; one lady leaned close to her carriage-window and gazed at them until she was beyond view; two or three had stopped with a remark or question; but they did not buy.

As the clock struck three the man took a piece of bread from his pocket and ate it, going over to the cab-stand afterwards for a drink of water. He had eaten another meal while he was getting up the roots in the morning, and washed it down with water from a neighbouring rivulet. Better water that than this.

"Not much luck this afternoon, mate, eh?" remarked a cab-driver, who had been sitting for some time on the box of his four-wheeled cab.

"No," replied the man, going back to his post.

Almost immediately the wide path before him seemed crowded. Two parties, acquaintances apparently, had met from opposite ways. They began talking eagerly: of a ball they were to be at that night; of a missionary meeting to be attended on the morrow; of various plans and projects. One lady, who had a little girl's hand in hers, held out a beautiful bouquet.

"I have been all the way into Baker Street to get it," she said. "Is it not lovely? It was only seven-and-sixpence. I felt inclined to take a cab and bring it home, lest the hot sun should injure it."

A good deal more talking, the man behind standing unnoticed, and they parted to go on their several ways. But the little girl had

turned to the kipe of flowers and her feet were glued to the pavement. The flaxen hair flowing on her shoulders was tied with blue ribbons, the colour of her eyes.

"Mamma, buy me a bouquet."

The lady, then arrested, turned round and cast a glance on the flowers. "Nonsense," she answered rather crossly.

"But they are primrose flowers, mamma; do buy me some."

"Don't be tiresome, Mina; those are roots, not flowers; come along; I have no time to spare."

She made quite a dazzling vision in the poor man's sight as she went away with the child; the silk gown of bright lavender, the white lining of the black velvet mantle, as the wind blew back its corners, and the monstrous gold net stuffed with yellowish hair that stood out from her head behind, and glittered in the sun. How fashionable it all was, and free from care, and indicative of wealthy ease! but you must not blame the man if life did seem to him for the moment to be dealt out unequally. Seven-and-sixpence for a bouquet, and a cab to carry it home in!

He did not see a lady crossing the road until she stood before him. A quiet, gentle lady this, very much lacking in fashion, especially in the matter of back hair.

"Are they roots or flowers?" she asked.

"Roots." His natural civility had gone out of him; a feeling of injustice was chafing both temper and spirit.

"Roots are of no use to me," she observed, thinking him very surly. "You do not seem to have sold many."

"I have sold none. I had a walk of some hours to get the roots; I've stood here in this blessed spot since twelve o'clock; and there's the kipe as I set it down."

"Kipe! he is country-bred," thought the lady. As she was.

"The ladies in their grand dresses have been going by a-foot and in their carriages, and not one of them has offered to lay out a penny on me. They'd go into a shop and give half-a-crown for a pot o' flowers; they'll give their seven-and-sixpence for their bouquets: but they won't help a poor man, trying to get a living."

He spoke almost fiercely, not looking at her, but straight before him. This sort of thing is not pleasant, and the lady prepared to depart. Feeling in her pocket for some halfpence, she found a penny only, and would have given that to him.

"No; I will not take it. If I can't earn an honest penny, I'll not take one in charity."

She walked on, glad to leave the man and his incivility. Besides, she had just before been beset by the rude girls that congregate in those as in other parts of London, importuning her to buy flowers. This man was different. She began to think—well, of many things; and she went back to him with a sixpence in her hand; the face looked stern yet: but it was an honest face and very pale.

"Will you take this?" she gently asked, holding out the sixpence.

He shook his head. "No, no. I'll not take money without giving goods in return. 'Twould be as good as a fraud."

"But they are roots: and I can't carry them."

No answer.

"How do you sell them?"

"Threepence a-piece."

"Have you any children?"

"Y—es." The hesitation was caused by his innate truthfulness. He had but one child, but his temper just now would not allow him to explain.

"Then let me buy two of these roots, and you keep them and give the flowers to your children when you get home."

"No, ma'am. *No.*"

"Well, then, give me one of the primrose-roots."

She was about to pluck the flowers from it, as being then more convenient to carry, when he interposed to stop it, his voice betraying strange feeling.

"Oh, don't do that! 'Twould be a'most a sin."

It was evident that he loved earth's productions. And then she remarked that it was done up so neatly and carefully in the dry moss, that no inconvenience could arise from carrying it. Dropping the sixpence into his hand, she went away quickly, lest his honesty should break out again, and insist on returning threepence. Perhaps it was only lack of change that caused him not to do it.

He waited on. Presently a woman in a red shawl came by, stopped at sight of the primroses, scanned them critically, and spoke.

"What's the price of 'em, master?"

"Threepence a root."

"Threepence a root! What, for them messes o' primroses?"

"I've been far enough to get 'em."

"Let's look at one."

He put one into her hand, and she turned it about in all directions, as if fearing imposture. Apparently she satisfied herself.

"If you'll let me have six of these for a

shilling, I'll take 'em. I've got half-a-dozen window-pots at home, waiting to be filled with some'at or other."

He did not think it well to refuse the offer, considering how slow the day's sale had been. She held the six roots across her arm, resting against the red shawl.

"You'll give me one in?" she said, keeping the shilling in her hand. She must have had a conscience, that woman!

"No." Relinquishing the shilling she departed with her purchases. Two or three stray buyers came up after that, each one for a solitary root of either primroses or violets. One gentleman, who got off an Atlas omnibus close by, appeared to regard his standing there in the light of a personal grievance, and asked him in a sharp, implacable voice why he didn't go to work instead of skulking there with flowers, a great strong, lazy fellow like him! He stamped on, not waiting for an answer; upon which another gentleman who had heard the reproach came up and bought a root of violets, paying for it with a threepenny piece. And so, with one thing and another, the day wore on to twilight.

He took up his hamper then and went away towards home, seeking to sell on his road. But luck was not with him.

Home! It was situated in the heart of London, and had best be indicated as lying somewhere between Oxford Street and the Strand. The locality was occasionally described as "awful" by those who knew it: not in reference to the people, but to the dwellings they lived in. As a rule, thieves and pickpockets did not inhabit there, only the poorest of the labouring poor, quite the one half of whom were out of work six months in the year on an average. As the man went down a close street, where men congregated in rags, holding pipes in their mouths, and women stood about with hanging hair and shrill tongues, he turned into a miserable greengrocery shed. The master, weighing out twopennyworth of coal for a customer, looked round.

"Is it you, Sale? Had a good day on't?"

"No. You'll let me leave the kipe here for the night. They'd wither in my place."

"Leave it, and welcome."

Putting the kipe into a corner, contriving to cover its remaining flowers so that the coal dust should not altogether blacken them, Richard Sale went on, down the street. Two shillings of the money he had taken must be paid for rent; there was no grace; and it left him tenpence to spend.

He went into a shop and bought that dainty with the poor, a "saveloy," and a loaf of bread. He bought a pennyworth of milk, a large quantity considering his means; and he bought a modicum of tea and sugar. There was a sick child at home, always thirsty, and they had said at the dispensary that milk was good for him. And now, admire the enduring patience of this man. He had gone without food all day, except the two slices of bread, lest he might not have enough money left to make a meal with his boy in the evening. Long fasting does not seem so hard to them as it would to us, who live regularly: they have to fast so often. Richard Sale's later history is but that of many. He had been attracted to London from his country home by greater wages earned there, and for some time did well. But misfortune came to him in the shape of rheumatic fever; it lasted long enough to sell him up, and turn him out with his wife and children, when he was still too weak to work. He never recovered position—if that word may be applied to a daily labourer. The fingers of one hand were considerably weakened, the joints stiff, and for four years he had to get a living how he could, at odd jobs; at buying things to sell again; or, as he had been doing to-day, walking out miles to get up roots, or cress, and sell: keeping his honesty always, and self-denying to the end.

You never saw or dreamed of such a place as the one he finally turned into. It was not fit for human beings to dwell in. A pig-sty inhabited by respectable pigs would have been sweet in comparison. They called it by distinction a court. A court! On either side an alley ten feet wide, which had no thoroughfare, was a block of buildings: old, overhanging, tumble-down dwellings. They had no outlet behind on either side, being built against the backs of other houses: and two women, hanging out their linen to dry on the cords stretched across from roof to roof, could lean from the windows and shake hands with each other. The fresh air of heaven, given us so freely by God, could not penetrate to these miserable houses. A whole colony of people lived in them, how many in a room—at least in some of the rooms—it would be regarded as a libel to say. The stairs were scarcely safe, the floors were rotten; dirt and sickness prevailed. As to cleaning the places—water was a great deal too scarce for that.

Richard Sale went nearly to the bottom of this court, turned into a doorway on the left, and thence into a room on the right. A small, low room. Standing in its midst he could have touched the side walls, and his head

narrowly escaped brushing the ceiling. What colour the walls had originally been, nobody could tell; the window, facing the courtyard, had most of its panes broken, and pasted over with newspaper. On the high mantle-piece, opposite the door, was a lighted candle stuck in a gingerbeer-bottle. The man looked at it as he went in.

"Halloa, Charley, got a light?" he exclaimed, in a kind tone.

"Bridget Kelly came in and lighted it, da," replied a weak young voice from the floor. "I've been ill, da."

He lay on a mattress against the wall opposite the window, covered with a gray woollen blanket, a boy of nine years old. In frame he looked younger; in face considerably older, for it wore that preternatural expression of intelligence sometimes seen in delicate children of any station, often in the extreme poor. It was a fair, meek little face; and something in the blue eyes, bright to-night, and in the falling flaxen hair, momentarily reminded the man of the other child with the blue ribbons he had seen that day. This little boy was the only one of all his family left to Richard Sale. He had been ailing some time, as if consumed by inward fever, and got weaker and weaker.

A chair without a back; a low wooden stool on three legs; a board laid across a pan in the middle of the room, serving for a table, appeared to constitute the chief of the goods and chattels: but everything, including the floor, was scrupulously clean. Sale put down the things he had brought in, and stooped to kiss the child.

"Been ill, d'ye say, Charley? Worse?"

The boy was sitting up now. He had on a warm comfortable shirt, made of some dark woollen stuff. The father stroked the hair from his brow with a gentle hand.

"Tell da what the matter has been."

At this juncture a woman came bursting in. A very untidy woman, in attire just suited to the place; the Bridget Kelly spoken of. She with her husband and children occupied one of the upper rooms, and would often look after the lonely boy when his father was away. From what she said now, Sale made out that she had come in that afternoon and found Charley "off his head:" meaning that his mind had been wandering.

"May be it's the beginning o' faver," she said. "His eyes was wild, and his cheeks had the flush o' the crimson rose. I think he must ha' been in it some time, for he couldn't remember nothing of how the day had gone. After that he took a fainting fit, and I thought sure he was"—she stopped a moment, and then substituted better words for the boy's hearing than those she had been about to say—"worse, and it frighted me."

Sale made no reply, only looked down at his child. The woman continued:

"I just called my big Pat, and sent him to ask the doctor to step down here. But we haven't seen the colour of him yet; and Pat, he've not come back nather. I'll be after walloping of him when he do."

"What doctor did you send to?" asked Sale.

"One that Jenny told us on. She come i' the thick o' the fight, and she said she'd stay wi' him then. I was busy a dabbing out my bits o' things for the childer."

Mrs. Kelly went away, and Richard Sale knelt down then to be nearer the child. He felt his hot brow; he felt his little hands, they were cold; and as he looked attentively into the face turned up to him, a great aching took possession of his heart. He loved the boy with a fervent love, as it was in his nature to do. Contact with the rough usage of a rough world had not seared his affections as it does those of most men. The boy turned, as if in sudden remembrance, and brought up a flower from somewhere between the bed and the wall. It was one of those single hyacinths, or field bluebells, common to the season.

"See, da!" Da, a substitute for daddy, as may be surmised, had grown into common use. The boy had never called his father by any other name. "Jenny gave it me. See how nice it smells."

"Ay. Are you hungry, Charley?"

"I'm thirsty," answered Charley.

Sale rose. He took off his smock-frock, standing revealed in a coloured shirt, trousers, and braces made of string; lifted the board off the earthenware pan, and brought up from thence some dry bits of wood and a handful of coal: with these he made a fire. From a cupboard in the wall he took a few useful articles, a cup or two, plate or two, a teapot, and small tin kettle, which he went into the courtyard to fill. But ever and anon as he busied himself, waiting for the water to boil, he cast a yearning look on the boy's face, who lay languidly watching. This evening social meal, so patiently waited for through the day, through many a day, was the one white interlude in his life of labour.

"It's ready now, Charley. Will you sit up to it?"

Charley left the bed and took his place on the three-legged stool close to the fire, and there seemed to be taken with a shivering fit.

Sale folded the gray blanket over him; cut him some bread and the half of a saveloy, and gave it him on a plate. Charley took a bite of each and apparently could not swallow either.

"The tea's coming, lad."

The tea did come: and he drank it down at a draught, giving back the cup and the eatables together. It was nothing very unusual: his appetite had been capricious of late. "I can't eat it, da."

"We'll try some sop, Charley. Here's a drop of milk left."

Going to the cupboard for something, Sale came upon an unexpected luxury. Two cold potatoes on a plate and a bit of cooked herring. "Why, Charley, here's your dinner!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you eat it?"

"I forgot it, da."

Of course this implied that his appetite had failed. Sale did not like it: it was the first time the mid-day food left for him had been wholly untouched. Slicing a bit of bread into a small yellow basin, Sale poured some boiling water on it, covered it for a minute or two, then drained the water off, and put in some sugar, and the milk that remained. It may be remarked that Richard Sale did things neatly and tidily, quite different from the habits of his apparent class: as he was different in speech and manner. Charley eat a spoonful of the sop, and gave the basin back again. "I'm only thirsty, da."

He was lying covered up again, and had fallen asleep in his own place next the wall, for the mattress served for both of them, and the father was washing up the cups, when a strange voice was heard above the tongues of the natives, who seemed to be always keeping up a perpetual traffic in the passage, and were by no means choice in their language. Sale opened the door.

"Is there a sick boy here, named Charles Sale?"

It was the doctor, come at last. A young man, a Mr. Whatley, who had just set up in a neighbouring street, and hoped to struggle into practice. He had a shock head of hair, and a loud voice, in which he was wont to express decisive opinions; but he wanted neither for common sense nor innate kindliness. He came in, sniffing emphatically, saying in a word that he had been detained, and giving a keen look round the room. Sale began to explain the features of the boy's illness, but the doctor cut it short by unceremoniously taking the candle in his hand (leaving the bottle, which Sale made a faint apology for, but the candlestick had come to pieces a night or two ago), and holding it close to the sleeping face. A wan white face, with a faint streak of pink across the cheeks, and the dry lips open. He touched the child gently, feeling his skin and his pulse.

"Shall I wake him, sir?"

"Presently," replied Mr. Whatley. He put the candle back in the bottle, and stood against the side of the mantle-piece, his elbow resting on a projecting ledge of it, in silent disregard of the broken chair Sale offered. "Have you had advice for him before?"

"I've taken him to the dispensary. But—"

"Well?" for the man had stopped.

"The gentlemen there told me they could not do much for him, sir. Nothing, in fact. All he wanted was fresh air and exercise, they said, and good living."

"And have you given him the fresh air and exercise?" Looking round the room, he did not add, "and the living."

"How could I, sir? He is not strong enough to go about with me, and he's too big for me to carry. Now and then I've put him to sit on the street-flags in the sun, but it don't seem to answer. The street has got no good air in it, and in better streets the police would only hunt him away, and tell him to move on."

The young doctor gazed steadfastly at the speaker. That the man was superior to his apparent class, and could answer intelligence with intelligence, was unmistakable. Sale just mentioned that he had lost two children before, also his wife; this one, Charley, had been ailing for about eight months now, nothing seemed to nourish him. The doctor listened to all, never answering.

"What is it that's the matter with him, sir?"

"Well, I should say it was poison."

"Poison!" echoed Richard Sale.

"Poison," repeated Mr. Whatley. "He is being poisoned as fast as he can be, and the process is nearly over. Children die of it daily in London; and men and women too. You say you have lost two children already, and your wife: *they* died of poison; there can't be a doubt of it. I don't care *what* particular form the final end may take—low fever—typhus—cholera—consumption—the cause is poison, and it's bred in these horrible tenements. If I had my way, I'd blow the whole of such rookeries up sky-high with gunpowder."

"My wife used to say the place was poisoning her," observed Sale. "She was country-born. What she seemed to die of was decline: but she was always delicate."

"Decline!" wrathfully repeated Mr. Whatley.

"If I stopped in this hole of a room long, I should heave my heart out."

"There's no drainage, sir, to the place; there's nothing that there ought to be; and the stench naturally strikes on them not accustomed to it. At times it's hardly to be borne by us who live in it."

"I should think not. How you, an evidently intelligent and decent man, can live in it, is to me a mystery."

"What else am I to do, sir?" returned Sale, with the subdued accent he mostly spoke in. "There's nothing better to be had at the price I can afford to pay. I wish there was. The greater part of us that live in these places don't do it by choice, but because we can't help ourselves. Some don't care; they'd pig on contentedly to their lives' end; but most of us would like to do better. There's no chance for us: there's no decent dwellings to be had for the very poor."

The doctor could not gainsay this if Sale insisted on it, though he had a combative temper. Sale continued:

"It's growing worse every day, more difficult to get a lodging. What with so many of the old houses being pulled down for what they call improvements and for railways, and what with the increase of population, we shall soon have no homes at all."

"I'd go out and encamp in the fields; I'd lay under the arches of the bridges; I'd walk the streets all night, rather than drug myself to death in this tainted atmosphere!" cried the surgeon, speaking as if he were in a passion.

"No, sir, you wouldn't. It's easy enough to think this and that, but it's not easy to *do* it. A room, let it be as bad as it will, as bad as *this*, is a home, and open fields and bridges are not. Sir, believe me, we can't help ourselves: as long as there's no better places for us, we must put up with these."

"It will kill some of you. It will sap away your health and strength; and your life after it."

"Yes, sir; I dare say."

Mr. Whatley wondered what sort of man he had got hold of: the tone of voice was so quiet and resigned. Almost as if he took these grievances as a matter of course, against which he and the rest of the world were helpless. It was but a natural result of the state of things.

"You have been better off, have you not?" cried the surgeon.

"Not for this four or five years. I was a good workman once, earning my thirty-five shillings a week. I went in for respectability then, for improvement clubs, reading-rooms, and the like: my father was a printer in the country, and we had good schooling and training; which gave me a taste for such things. But I got rheumatic fever above five years ago, and was laid up for many months."

"And then?"

"It left my hands partly crippled, sir: in some weathers they're nearly useless still. I've had to do what I can since then; pick up odd jobs and live any way. Sometimes I get a job at Covent Garden Market: or hawk things about the streets when I've money to buy them first. I don't complain, sir; there's some worse off than me."

"Not in lodgings, I know," retorted the surgeon. "D'ye ever have a case of murder here?"

"I've not heard of one, sir. There's plenty of fighting and quarrelling. You may hear it going on now."

"A nice school to rear children in! decent men and women they'll grow up! If I lived in such a place, I should go in for drinking," concluded the young man with candour, as he took his arm from the ledge of the mantle-piece.

"As most of them do. About the child, sir—is it fever that he has got?"

"I tell you it's poison."

"He was delirious to-day."

"Yes: from weakness. I suppose you have fever in the house?"

"It's never out of it, sir; one sort or another. Never, at any rate, out of the locality."

"Just so. But this child's has been nothing but the chronic inward fever induced by the tainted atmosphere. It has nearly left him now."

"Will he get well, sir?"

Mr. Whatley knew that, far from getting well, the little life was at its close. It was one of those cases where the end comes so gradually, without adequate apparent cause, as to be unsuspected by ordinary observers. Sale waited for the answer, his lips slightly parted.

"Would you rather hear the truth?" asked the plain-speaking doctor.

There was a minute's silence. "Well—yes. Yes, sir."

"I am sorry to have to tell it you. You seem to value him—and that's what can't be said, I'll wager, of all the fathers in this place. He will not get well."

"But—what's killing him?" cried Sale, with a pause and a sort of breath-catching.

"I tell you: the foul air he has breathed. It must and does affect children, and this one—as I can see at a glance—had not sufficient natural strength to throw off the poison."

"And he'll not get well!" repeated the

father, who seemed to be unable to take in the fact.

"Jenny says so too. She says I'm going to heaven."

The interruption, quiet as it was, came on them with a start, and they both turned sharply. The child was lying, with his eyes wide open, his blue-bell in his hand; perhaps had been awake all along. Mr. Whatley bent down to the bed, and Sale held the candle.

"Who is Jenny, my little fellow?" asked he, all his roughness of manner gone, and touching the child as tenderly, speaking as gently, as if he had been lying in a satin cradle.

"She's the Bible-woman, sir," answered the boy, who had caught his father's correct diction. "She comes because I'm by myself all day, and reads to me and tells me pretty stories."

"Stories, eh. About Jack the Giant-killer?"

"No, sir. About heaven."

Mr. Whatley rose. He took a small white paper from his pocket, shot some powder from it into a tea-cup, and asked for fresh water—if there was such a thing. Sale brought some, which the doctor smelt and made a face over; and he put it to the powder and gave it the child to drink.

"He won't eat his food, sir," observed Sale.

"I dare say not. He's getting beyond it."

The boy held up the flower. "When Jenny gave me this, she said there'd be prettier blue-bells in heaven."

"Ay, ay," answered the young man, in a tone as though he were lost in some dream. "I'll look in again in the morning," he said to Sale, when the latter went out with him to the unsavoury alley. "Y—ah!" cried he, wrathfully, as he sniffed the air.

Sale seemed to want to say something.

"I've not got the money to pay you now, sir. I'll bring it to you, if you'll please to trust me, the very first I get."

And the young man, who was a quick reader of his fellow-men, knew that it would be brought, though Sale starved himself to save it. "All right," he nodded, "it won't be much. Look here, my man," he stopped to say, willing to administer a grain of comfort in his plain way, "if it were my child, I should welcome the change. He'll have a better home than this."

Sale went in again; to the stifling atmosphere and the dirty walls, in the midst of which the child was dying so peacefully. The boy did not seem inclined to sleep now; he lay in bed talking, a dull glazed light in the once feverish eyes. Sale drew the three-legged stool close, and sat down upon it. The lad put his hand into his father's, and the trifling action upset Sale's equanimity, who had been battling in silence with his shock of grief. Very much to his own discomfiture, he burst into tears; and he had not done it when his wife died.

"Don't cry, da. Is it for me?"

"It seems hard, Charley," he sobbed. "The three rest all taken, and now you; and me to be left alone!"

"You'll come next, da. Jenny says so. It's such a beautiful land; music and flowers and sweet fresh air. Mother's there, and Bessy and Jane; Jesus took them home to it because it was better than this, and he's coming for me. Jenny has told it me all."

Sale made no reply. He saw how it was—that others had discerned what he had not: the sure approach of death—and the good Bible-woman had been at her work preparing, soothing, reconciling even this little child. But it did seem very hard to the father.

"If I could have kept you all in a wholesome lodging, Charley, the illness mightn't have come on: on you or on them. God knows how I've strove to do my best. Things be against us poor, and that's a fact; these horrible tumble-down kennels be against us."

"Never mine, da: it'll be better in heaven."

Ah yes! yes, it will be better in heaven. And may God sustain all these unaided ones with that sure and certain hope as they struggle on. The boy slept at length; but he started continually; sometimes waking up and asking for water, sometimes rambling in speech. Sale sat and watched him through the night, he and his heavy heart.

You may be sure that the dawn could not penetrate quickly into that close place, shut in from the open light and air. It was candle-light there, but getting bright outside, when the boy started up, a gray look on his wan face, never before seen there.

"What is it, Charley? Water?"

The child looked about him as if bewildered; then he caught up the blue-bell that lay still at hand, and held it out to his father.

"Take it, da. I can see the others up there. They are better than this."

He lay down again, his little face to the wall, and was very still. So still that Sale hushed his own breath, lest he should disturb him. The sounds of the day were commencing outside: two women had already pitched upon some point of dispute, and were shrieking at each other with shrill voices. By-and-by Sale leaned over to look at the still face, and saw what had happened—that it was still for ever!

He went out later with his basket of roots. It is not for the poor to indulge grief in idleness; death or no death indoors, money must be earned. The world was as busy as though no little child, free from want now, had just been laid to rest; people jostled each other on the pavements; and the sun shone down, direct and hot, from the clear blue sky. As Richard Sale looked up, he wondered how long it might be before God removed him to the same bright world: and he took his stand meekly in a convenient spot for the sale of the flowers.

SIX SONNETS.

[I. **William Dunbar**, born 1460, died 1520. He was a Scottish poet, but there is little known as to the events of his life. He commemorated the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor in *The Thistle and Rose;* and received a yearly pension of £10, which was afterwards increased.

II. **Sir Philip Sidney**, born in Penshurst, Kent, 29th November, 1554; died in Arnheim, 7th October, 1586. A soldier, courtier, and poet, and eminent in the three characters. He was the author of the *Arcadia*, and the *Defence of Poesie*. The nobility of his nature is best illustrated by the anecdote related by Lord Brooke. He was governor of Flushing during the war between the Spaniards and the Hollanders. Wounded in one of the battles, he was leaving the field faint and bleeding when he was attracted by the cries of a dying soldier who craved water. Sidney gave the man his own supply, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

IV. **John Milton**, born in Bread Street, London, 9th December, 1608; died 8th November, 1674. *Paradise Lost* was first published in 1667, and the author, it is said, received £10 for his work. He became blind about the year 1654. Whilst his poems are to be found in almost every household, it is to be regretted that his prose works are seldom read. He published a *History of England* in 1670.]

I.

TO A LADYE.

Sweit rois of vertew and of gentilness;
Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes;
Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
And everie vertew that to hevin is deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercyles!
Into your garthe this day I did persew:
Thair saw I flouris that fresche wer of hew;
Baythe quhite and rid most lustye wer to seyne;
And halsum herbis upone stalkis grene;
Yet leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew.
I doute that Merche, with his caulde blastis keyne,
Has slayne this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
Quhois petewus deithe dois to my hart sic pane,
That I would vrak to plant his rute agane.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

II.

FEAR OF DEATH.

Since nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As nature's worke: why should we feare to die?
Since feare is vain but when it may preserve:
Why should we feare that which we cannot flie?
Feare is more paine than is the paine it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might:
While each conceit an ougly figure bears,
Which were not evil well view'd in reason's light.
Our only eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
And scarce discerne the dawne of coming day,
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to see,
Our life is but a step in dustie way.
Then let us hold the blisse of peacefull minde,
Since this we feele, great losse we cannot finde.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

III.

DEGENERACY OF THE WORLD.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy Times and dying days
Of this now doating World, when Good decays,
Love's quite extinct and Virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only prized, by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live orphan-like forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age
When gold was not yet known? and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven; 't had been my bliss,
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

DRUMMOND *of Hawthornden.*

IV.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice,
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

JOHN MILTON.

V.

WORLDLINESS.

The world is too much with us!—late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
Little there is in nature we call ours:
We have given away our hearts—a sordid boon:
That sea which bares its bosom to the moon,

Those clouds that will be weeping at all hours,
And are upgathered now like summer flowers,
For this—for everything—we are out of tune!
They move us not!—O God, I'd rather be
A Pagan, cradled in a creed outworn,
So might I—standing on this pleasant lea—
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn!
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his many-wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

VI.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead!—
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never!—
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

FACT AND FICTION.

"HERE BE TRUTHS."

"When the heathen philosopher had a mind to eat a grape, he would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning, thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open." These are "Facts;" and as such are detailed by Monsieur Touchstone the clown, "a great lover of the same." "Shepherd," quoth he, "learn of me: To have is to have;" another sage maxim, and much acted upon in these enlightened times. Touchstone's relish, however, for "matter of fact" is but the substratum of a vein of humour which puts him a little out of the pale of your true and veritable matter-of-fact people. They—God help them!—don't understand jokes. They would no more think of disguising a fact under a covering of fun, than an unsophisticated Costar Pearmain or Tummas Apple-tree would of metamorphosing a piece of fat bacon into a sandwich. They deal in simples, and love what's what for its own sake, as a patron of the "pure disinterestedness" system does virtue. In their vocabulary "whatever is, is right." "*Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli,*" might be their motto. They are of Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, who thought all poetry only "ingenious nonsense." They ask, with the professor of the mathematics who read Homer, "What does the Iliad *prove?*" They are the precise antipodes to the lady who doated on *Plutarch's Lives* until she unluckily discovered, that, instead of being romances, they were all true. With the Irish bishop, they think *Gulliver's Travels* a pack of improbable lies, and won't believe a word of them! Some of their favourite authors are David Hume, Sir Nathanael Wraxall, Pepys, Sir John Carr, Bubb Doddington, Sir John Mandeville, and John Wesley. While they eschew, as downright fables, the *Waverley Novels, The History of John Bull, Robinson Crusoe, The Annals of the Parish, Sinbad the Sailor, Adam Blair,* and *Humphrey Clinker.* If they meet with a book that is dull, "it is useful, for it contains matter-of-fact." If they happen to meet with one that is not dull, they say the same thing. They never for a moment, as other worthies sometimes do, mistake their imagination for their memory; for which there is perhaps a sufficient reason, "if philosophy could find it out." In short, all imaginative literature they call "*light reading;*" at the same time they are unaccountably shy of calling their own peculiar favourites *heavy,* which is odd enough, considering that they seem to estimate usefulness (upon which they lay mighty stress) a good deal by weight, and prefer, as in duty bound, "a pound of lead to a pound of feathers." They are most gravelled by the metaphysics, of which they are rather at a loss what to make. They contrive, however, to avoid studying them as being something "not tangible." To conclude—they write themselves under the style and title of "Lovers of Fact," and are yclept "matter-of-fact people" by the rest of Europe.

That

"Facts are chiels wha winna ding,
An' downa be disputed,"

is a truth which Burns has, after his own manner, long ago asserted, and which will not be readily controverted. But still this is no more a reason for loving them, than it is for a henpecked husband to love his better-half, because he dare not contradict her. "Facts are indisputable things," quoth Doctor Dryasdust. Very true; but so much the worse; for, in that case, there is an end of the conversation. Rosalind knew better when she recommended "kissing" as "the cleanliest shift for a lover lacking matter;" for if it be resisted, argues she, "this breeds more matter"—a result the very reverse of the doctor's definition. It is a strange thing, but in all ages divers potent, grave, and reverend signors seem to

have got it into their heads that "a fact," as they call it, has a sort of intrinsic value, as a fact, *per se*. They attach a mystical and peculiar value to it, as mortals (before the new birth of the political economists) used to do to *gold*, without reference to its uses, its origin, or its adjuncts. Adam Smith and Peter Macculloch have put the gold-doctrine to flight; but the other, its twin brother, remains there still, "unbated and envenomed." "Facts," say they triumphantly, "are true; now Fiction is untrue." Very well, doctor; and suppose it were the reverse. Suppose the "Fact" was untrue and the Fiction true—what then? This is a sort of query that sometimes makes a man's head spin like a teetotum; and what an effect were this to befall a head that never spun anything but almanacks during life? "Tilly Vally!"—The value of a Fact lies not in its being what it is, but in the effect it produces. A historical series is valuable, not because it is true, but because, being true, it, in consequence, produces certain effects upon the human mind. Could that same effect be produced by a fictitious narrative, it would be just as good. The same effect cannot be so produced, to be sure; and what does this prove? It proves that truth is capable of producing certain effects, of which fiction is incapable. This is all very well; but it happens to be true also of fiction, and to a much greater extent. This is no joke; but of it more by-and-by.

If we take a series of historical or other truths, its value seems to lie in this, that, being true, it forms, as it were, an extended experience. It serves as a rule of action for those who read it. To do this, the truth of the series is no doubt absolutely necessary. It is essential to the process. But it is in the effect upon the mind that the value really resides; and the truth of the record is only one aid, amongst others, to the production of that end. The sagacious personages who are, for the most part, accustomed to dogmatize upon this subject, take it broadly for granted that Fiction is something directly the opposite of Fact. They make them out at once to be as light and darkness, virtue and vice, or heat and cold. This is short-sighted work. There are no fictions absolute. None which do not in their essence partake of Fact. For all Fiction is, and must be, more or less, built upon nature. Nor have the most extravagant any very distant resemblance to it. We can only combine. It is beyond the power of man to invent anything which shall have no smack and admixture of reality throughout its whole. If it were possible, it would be incomprehensible. The wildest inventions are only partial departures from the order of nature. But to nature they always look back, and must ultimately be referred. They are no more independent of her, than a balloon is of the earth, although it may mount for a while above its surface. The connection between them may not be so obvious, but it is no less certain.

Fact, then, is the primary substratum—the primitive granite—upon which all Fiction is formed. And this being so, Fiction has always more or less of the advantages of truth, besides superadded advantages peculiar to itself. In its employment we have this privilege. We can, at will, produce such a concatenation of supposed and yet natural events, as may be requisite to bring about the effect, and teach the lesson we wish. We can always do *poetical* justice. We need never want an instructive catastrophe. We escape that want of result to which accidental series are so liable; nor do we bring it about, as sometimes it happens in real life, through an unworthy instrument. The murderer who escapes at Newgate is punished upon the stage. Historical ruffians become heroes in an epic; and love, sometimes selfish in its origin, is ever pure in its poetry. The effect arising out of a good tragic or epic poem springs from the same principle as if it were from history. The experience we derive from it, though nominally artificial, is essentially, and to all intents, real. Fiction only enables us to render the effect more direct and complete than events might have done. We *conduct* the lightning where we want it; but it is not the less lightning. The "vantage-ground" gained by this faculty is unquestionably enormous. We can not only command the sequence of incident and the tides of passion, but we can exhibit them again and again, as often as we please. A century might have elapsed before the gradual progress of wickedness, and the torments of guilty ambition, were exhibited as fully and as much *to* the life, as they are in Macbeth and Richard. A million of Italian intrigues might have been concocted and enacted, before treachery and jealousy were so completely anatomized as in Othello. But this is not all. In real life, be the series of events what they will, they are rarely manifested to any in their completeness. Dark deeds and intricacies of passion have few witnesses; and even these seldom witness the entire detail. They are only seen in their integrity in newspaper narratives and judicial reports; and then the passions of the actors are buried and lost in the verbiage of an editor or the dry technicality of legal inquiry. Now, in a theatre,

Macbeth murders and repents three times a week. Boxes, pit, and galleries are witnesses to the subtle poison of his ambition and the terrible shrinkings of his remorse. The LESSON which in nature would have been imprinted but once, is *stereotyped* by the art of the poet, and diffused amidst thousands who else had never known either its import or its name.

In the circle of the sciences the reign of Fact would, at the first blush, seem to be fully established. Fiction there would either seem to be an open usurper, or at best a sort of Perkin Warbeck—a pretender who can only hope to succeed by counterfeiting the appearance of another. They, however, who acquiesce in this, see a short way into the question. The exact sciences, beautiful and invaluable as they are, seldom embrace the whole, even of the subjects of which they profess to treat.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your—*philosophy*.

The simplest natural objects have bearings which calculation does not touch, and appearances and relations which definition fails to include. They must have a poor conception of "this goodly frame the earth,"—of "this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire," who think that these, in all their infinitude of variety and beauty, can be ranged in categories, and ticketed and labelled in definitions. Can we get an idea of the splendour and odour of the flower by looking out genus and species in Linnæus? Do we hear the roar of the waterfall, or behold the tints of the rainbow, in the theory of acoustics, the law of falling bodies, and the prismatic decomposition of the solar ray? Can we strain an idea of a storm at sea out of an analysis of salt-water and the theories of the tides and winds? Can we compass the sublimity of the heavenly vault by knowing every constellation, and every star of every magnitude, of every name, and of every character, Latin or Greek, upon the celestial globe? Can geography or geology show us Mont Blanc in his unapproachable majesty, or Chamouni in her beauty? It is in vain to ask these questions. Of the sublimer qualities of objects, science (so called) affords no ideas. It gives us substance and measurement, but for the aggregate intellectual effect, we must resort to imaginative description and the painting of the poet. He who never saw Dover Cliff, will find it in *King Lear*, and not in the *County History* or the *Transactions of the Geological Society*. To him who never beheld a shipwreck, Falconer and Alexander Stevens are better helps than the best calculation of the strength of timber, as opposed to the weight of a column of water multiplied into its velocity. If we want a full perception of the power of the beautiful, Professor Camper's facial angle, and Sir Joshua's waving line, sink to nothing before Shakespeare's Imogen or Cleopatra, or Kit Marlowe's description of Helen, in the play of *Faustus*. All the topographical quartos that ever were written afford no such prospects as the *Lady of the Lake* or Thomson's *Seasons*. The true lover of flowers had rather read Lycidas, or Perdita's description of her garden, than hunt for "habitats" in herbals or botanists' guides;—and whether Glencoe and Borrodale be primary or secondary formations, their sublimity and grandeur remain the same, in freedom and in contempt of systems and scientific arrangements.

All this, however, is still not directly to the question. The point is—has Fact or Fiction produced the most important changes in society? This is the real *gist* of the matter, and as this is answered, so must the dispute terminate. It sounds perhaps somewhat like a paradox, yet the reply must be given in favour of the latter. Let us look at it. The exact sciences have, without doubt, most changed the outward and bodily frame and condition of society. But the great mutations of the world have not their origin in these things. They spring from those causes, whatever they may be, which soften the manners, modify the passions, and at once enlarge and purify the current of public thought. The Spartan legislator who punished the poet for adding another string to his lyre, well knew this. A people are the most quickly affected through their imaginative literature. A few ballads have altered the character and destiny of a nation. The Troubadours were amongst the most early and most successful civilizers of Europe. The obscure writers of romances, fabliaux, and metrical legends were the most potent changers of the face of society. Upon a barbarous and treacherous brutality, they gradually ingrafted an overstrained courtesy and the most romantic maxims of love and honour. Romance, the mother of chivalry, at length devoured her own offspring, *Don Quixote* and the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* put down the errant-knights and the paladins; and what Archbishop Turpin and the author of *Amadis* began, Cervantes and Fletcher ended. Looking at the literature of England, it is certain that the plays of Shakspeare and his fellows have produced a greater effect upon the English mind than the *Principia* of Newton. Had the laws of attraction never been demon-

strated, and the planetary system of Ptolemy remained uncontroverted, the general intellect would have been much as it is. These great truths come little into common use. They do not mix themselves with our daily concerns. We love, hate, hope, fear, and revenge, without once considering, or caring, whether the earth revolves from west to east, or from east to west. Whatever stimulates or purges our passions—whatever gives a higher pulse to generosity, or a deeper blush to villany—whatever has enriched pity with tears, or love with sighs—whatever has exalted patriotism and laid bare ambition—*that it is* which ferments and works in the mind of a nation, until it has brought it to the relish of its own vintage, be it good or evil. Such were the writings of Shakspeare and his great contemporaries, Spenser, Marlow, Fletcher, Chapman, Deckar, and "the immortal and forgotten Webster." In all ages, the imaginative writers, when they had scope, have exhibited the same powers of changing and moulding the habits of a nation. The Puritanical authors of the Commonwealth turned England into a penitentiary; and the wits and poets of Charles II., by way of revenge, next turned it into a brothel—until the poetical satires of Pope, and the moral wit of Addison, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay, again helped to "purge it to a sound and pristine health." Look over the page of history where we will, and the footsteps of the poet, the dramatist, and the essayist, may be traced as plainly as those of the lawgiver and the philosopher. Amongst the light stores of the playwright, the novelist, and the ballad-maker, must the historian and the antiquary look for materials, as well as amidst the graver annals of their predecessors. He who wishes to ascertain Hannibal's route across the Alps, must read Silius Italicus as well as Polybius. He who wishes to behold the true features of the Rebellion of Forty-five, must read the *Jacobite Relics* as well as the *Culloden Papers*. The antiquary who would illustrate the idiom, manners, and dress of Queen Elizabeth's reign, must go to Shakspeare, Lyly, and Heywood. Nay, even the politician who would construct a perfect commonwealth, must read Plato, More, Sir John Harrington, Swift, and Lord Erskine, as well as Montesquieu or Locke.

There is yet another view to be taken of this question, and that perhaps the most decisive. It is this—that Fiction has probably contributed in a double proportion to the sum of human delight. If then rational and innocent enjoyment be the end of life—(and if it be not, what is?)—there is little more to be said. There are, to be sure, certain worthy and, upon the whole, well-meaning persons, who make a loud outcry about what they exclusively call "*Utility.*" If, however, you happen to ask them of what use is utility, excepting to administer to the pleasure and comfort of mankind, they ("bless their five wits") are at a nonplus. They have confounded themselves and others with a notion that things necessary, or which cannot be done without, are therefore more useful than things which can. This they take to be an axiom. It happens only to be a mistake. It arises out of a confused perception of the real scope and meaning of the term *Usefulness*. They forget that their sort of usefulness is negative and collateral, not positive and intrinsic. It is only a consequence of the imperfection and infirmity of human nature, which requires certain things to enable it to enjoy certain other things. This, however, only is a negative merit, being the filling up a defect, and not the addition of a positive good. Necessaries are better than superfluities, *quoad* the infirmity of our nature—but *not in the abstract*. To supply, or rather avoid a defect, is a negation, as far as enjoyment is concerned. To obtain a positive pleasure is "the very *entelechia* and soul" of our being. Were this not so, we might as well assert that the child's A, B, C, are better than all the learning to the acquisition of which they are necessary—that the foundation is better than the house, water than wine, oaten cake than ambrosia, a jakes than a summer-house. That the sum of intellectual pleasure afforded by Fiction is beyond that obtained from other sources, is tolerably plain. It is evident in this, that imaginative compositions will bear almost infinite repetition, whilst other descriptions of writing hardly endure repeating at all. We make ourselves acquainted with a series of facts, and having done so, are contented, excepting in as far as we may make them the means of arriving at other facts. The only passion to be gratified is curiosity, and that can only be *once* gratified. We take a pursuit, and having got as far as we can, the delight is for the most part at an end. Not so with works of the imagination. They address themselves, in turn, to every feeling and passion of our nature; and as long as we retain those feelings, so long are we enchained by them. There are few minds by which they cannot more or less be felt and appreciated, and, once felt, they never fail us. Poetry may be said to be the only thing of this world which is at once universal and immortal. Time obscures every other monument of human thought. History becomes obsolete, doubtful, and for-

gotten. Sciences are changed. But poetry, never fading, never dies. The events of Homer's life are in irrecoverable oblivion. His very birthplace is unknown; and of his heroes and his wars, not a trace remains to prove that such have ever been. Yet he and they live, breathe, and act as freshly in his poetry at this hour as they did two thousand years ago. The hearts that have leaped at the tale of his Achilles, would march ten thousand such armies; and the tears that have dropped over the parting of his Hector and Andromache, might almost make up another Scamander. Well may we exclaim with a living bard:—

——"Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,
The Poets"——

They whose courtesies come without being sought, who mingle themselves like friends amid our everyday pursuits, and sweeten them we scarcely know how—Who enhance prosperity and alleviate adversity; who people solitude and charm away occupation—Who, like flowers, can equally adorn the humblest cottage or the proudest palace—Who can delight without the aid of selfishness, and soothe without the opiate of vanity—Please when ambition has ceased to charm, and enrich when fortune has refused to smile.

If we glance over the everyday literature of the time, it is amusing to observe how the imaginative and metaphysical have gone on predominating. Turn to a popular treatise or an essay in a popular periodical, and ten to one it contains reflections on the modifications of character, inquiries into the changes of the human mind, or an analysis of some one or other habit, mood, or passion. The tangible has given way to the abstract. Dry details of Druidical monuments, and openings of barrows and cromlechs; queries as to whether fairy rings are caused by lightning or mushrooms; histories of old churches and market-crosses, annals of water-spouts and land-floods; heights of mountains and depths of lakes; meteors, fire-balls, and falling stars; lunar rainbows; *lusus naturæ;* elopements; deaths, births, and marriages—have all yielded to compositions in which the feelings such objects produce form as large a portion of the subject as the things themselves; and what has been felt and thought is treated of as fully as what has been seen and done. This is the progress of the mind. Facts are only the precursors of abstractions; and thus may it proceed until, in the fulness of time, our very children may prefer setting afloat a metaphysical paradox to blowing an air-bubble.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

BALLAD OF CRESENTIUS.

[Laetitia Elizabeth Landon, born in Chelsea, London, 14th August, 1802; died at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, 15th October, 1838. At an early age she gave evidence of her literary abilities. She says: "I cannot remember the time when composition, in some shape or other, was not a habit. I used to invent long stories, which I was only too glad if I could get my mother to hear. These soon took a metrical form; and I used to walk about the grounds, and lie awake half the night, reciting my verses aloud." Her father's neighbour was Mr. William Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. To him several of her compositions were submitted, and he could scarcely believe that they were the productions of the girl he had seen in the next garden, bowling a hoop with one hand, whilst the other held a book. He published a number of her poems in the *Gazette*, under the signature L. E. L., and they immediately attracted attention to the new poet. Miss Landon then produced her first volume, *The Improvisatrice*, which was in every respect successful. *The Troubadour* followed, and her fame spread rapidly over the world. Family difficulties rendered the exercise of her pen a necessity, and she worked with untiring industry in prose and verse for the *Literary Gazette* and the annuals. Her poems are marked by a melancholy, which at times becomes morbid; yet in social intercourse she displayed the liveliest disposition. She published three novels: *Francesca Carrara: Romance and Reality;* and *Ethel Churchill*. She married Mr. George M'Lean, then governor of Cape Coast Castle, on the 7th June, 1838, and five months afterwards died from the effects of an overdose of prussic acid.]

I look'd upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now;
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh;
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many dint, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near:
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SCREEN, OR "NOT AT HOME."

[Amelia Opie, born in Norwich, 12th November, 1769; died in that city, 2d December, 1853. She was the daughter of James Alderson, M.D., and became the wife of John Opie, the painter, whose genius elevated him from the position of a poor carpenter's son in Cornwall, to that of professor of painting to the Royal Academy. Mrs. Opie wrote several novels, soon after her marriage, of which the most notable are *Father and Daughter*, *Adelaide Mowbray*, and *Simple Tales*. She also contributed prose and verse to various magazines and annuals. She became a member of the Society of Friends in 1825, and became distinguished by her philanthropic labours for the welfare of the poor.]

The widow of Governor Atheling returned from the East Indies, old, rich, and childless; and as she had none but very distant relations, her affections naturally turned towards the earliest friends of her youth; one of whom she found still living, and residing in a large country town.

She therefore hired a house and grounds adjacent, in a village very near to this lady's abode, and became not only her frequent but welcome guest. This old friend was a widow in narrow circumstances, with four daughters slenderly provided for; and she justly concluded that, if she and her family could endear themselves to their opulent guest, they should in all probability inherit some of her property. In the meanwhile, as she never visited them without bringing with her, in great abundance, whatever was wanted for the table, and might therefore be said to contribute to their maintenance, without seeming to intend to do so, they took incessant pains to conciliate her more and more every day, by flatteries which she did not see through, and attentions which she deeply felt. Still, the Livingstones were not in spirit united to their amiable guest. The sorrows of her heart had led her, by slow degrees, to seek refuge in a religious course of life; and, spite of her proneness to self-deception, she could not conceal from herself that, on this most important subject, the Livingstones had never thought seriously, and were as yet entirely women of the world. But still her heart longed to love something; and as her starved affections craved some daily food, she suffered herself to love this plausible, amusing,

agreeable, and seemingly affectionate family; and she every day lived in hope that, by her precepts and example, she should ultimately tear them from that "world they loved too well." Sweet and precious to their own souls are the illusions of the good; and the deceived East Indian was happy, because she did not understand the true nature of the Livingstones.

On the contrary, so fascinated was she by what she fancied they were, or might become, that she took very little notice of a shame-faced, awkward, retiring, silent girl, the only child of the dearest friend that her childhood and her youth had known,—and who had been purposely introduced to her only as Fanny Barnwell. For the Livingstones were too selfish, and too prudent, to let their rich friend know that this poor girl was the orphan of Fanny Beaumont. Withholding, therefore, the most important part of the truth, they only informed her that Fanny Barnwell was an orphan, who was glad to live amongst her friends, that she might make her small income sufficient for her wants; but they took care not to add that she was mistaken in supposing that Fanny Beaumont, whose long silence and subsequent death she had bitterly deplored, had died childless: but that she had married a second husband, by whom she had the poor orphan in question, and had lived many years in sorrow and obscurity, the result of this imprudent marriage;—resolving, however, in order to avoid accidents, that Fanny's visit should not be of long duration. In the meanwhile they confided in the security afforded them by what may be called their "passive lie of interest." But, in order to make "assurance doubly sure," they had also recourse to the "active lie of interest;" and, in order to frighten Fanny from ever daring to inform their visitor that she was the child of Fanny Beaumont, they assured her that that lady was so enraged against her poor mother, for having married her unworthy father, that no one dared to mention her name to her; as it never failed to draw from her the most violent abuse of her once dearest friend. "And you know, Fanny," they took care to add, "that you could not bear to hear your poor mother abused."—"No; that I could not, indeed," was the weeping girl's answer; and the Livingstones felt safe and satisfied. However, it still might not be amiss to make the old lady dislike Fanny, if they could; and they contrived to render the poor girl's virtue the means of doing her injury.

Fanny's mother could not bequeath much money to her child; but she had endeavoured to enrich her with principles and piety. Above all, she had impressed her with the strictest regard for truth;—and the Livingstones artfully contrived to make her integrity the means of displeasing their East Indian friend.

This good old lady's chief failing was believing implicitly whatever was said in her commendation: not that she loved flattery, but that she liked to believe she had conciliated good-will; and that, being sincere herself, she never thought of distrusting the sincerity of others.

Nor was she at all vain of her once fine person, and finer face, or improperly fond of dress. Still, from an almost pitiable degree of *bonhommie*, she allowed the Livingstones to dress her as they liked; and, as they chose to make her wear fashionable and young-looking attire, in which they declared that she looked "so handsome! and so well!" she believed they were the best judges of what was proper for her, and always replied, "Well, dear friends, it is entirely a matter of indifference to me; so dress me as you please;" while the Livingstones, not believing that it was a matter of indifference, used to laugh, as soon as she was gone, at her obvious credulity.

But this ungenerous and treacherous conduct excited such strong indignation in the usually gentle Fanny, that she could not help expressing her sentiments concerning it: and by that means made them the more eager to betray her into offending their unsuspicious friend. They therefore asked Fanny, in her presence, one day, whether their dear guest did not dress most *becomingly?*

The poor girl made sundry sheepish and awkward contortions, now looking down, and then looking up;—unable to lie, yet afraid to tell the truth.—"Why do you not reply, Fanny?" said the artful questioner. "Is she not well dressed?"—"Not in *my* opinion," faltered out the distressed girl. "And pray, Miss Barnwell," said the old lady, "what part of my dress do you disapprove?" After a pause, Fanny took courage to reply, "All of it, madam."—"Why? do you think it too young for me?"—"I do." "A plain-spoken young person that!" she observed in a tone of pique! —while the Livingstones exclaimed, "Impertinent! ridiculous!" and Fanny was glad to leave the room, feeling excessive pain at having been forced to wound the feelings of one whom she wished to be permitted to love, because she had once been her mother's dearest friend. After this scene, the Livingstones, partly from the love of mischief, and partly from the love of fun, used to put similar questions to Fanny,

in the old lady's presence, till, at last, displeased and indignant at her bluntness and ill-breeding, she scarcely noticed or spoke to her. In the meanwhile Cecilia Livingstone became an object of increasing interest to her; for she had a lover to whom she was greatly attached, but who would not be in a situation to marry for many years.

This young man was frequently at the house, and was as polite and attentive to the old lady, when she was present, as the rest of the family; but, like them, he was ever ready to indulge in a laugh at her credulous simplicity, and especially at her continually expressing her belief, as well as her hopes, that they were all beginning to think less of the present world, and more of the next; and as Lawrie, as well as the Livingstones, possessed no inconsiderable power of mimicry, they exercised them with great effect on the manner and tones of her whom they called the *over-dressed* saint, unrestrained, alas! by the consciousness that she was their present, and would, as they expected, be their *future* benefactress.

That confiding and unsuspecting being was meanwhile considering that, though her health was injured by a long residence in a warm climate, she might still live many years; and that, as Cecilia might not therefore possess the fortune which she had bequeathed to her till "youth and genial years were flown," it would be better to give it to her during her lifetime. "I will do so," she said to herself (tears rushing into her eyes as she thought of the happiness which she was going to impart), "and then the young people can marry directly!"

She took this resolution one day when the Livingstones believed that she had left her home on a visit. Consequently, having no expectation of seeing her for some time, they had taken advantage of her long vainly-expected absence to make some engagements which they knew she would have excessively disapproved. But though, as yet, they knew it not, the old lady had been forced to put off her visit; a circumstance which she did not at all regret, as it enabled her to go sooner on her benevolent errand.

The engagement of the Livingstones for that day was a rehearsal of a private play at their house, which they were afterwards, and during their saintly friend's absence, to perform at the house of a friend; and a large room called the library, in which there was a wide commodious screen, was selected as the scene of action.

Fanny Barnwell, who disliked private and other theatricals as much as their old friend herself, was to have no part in the performance; but, as they were disappointed of their prompter that evening, she was, though with great difficulty, persuaded to perform the office, for *that night only*.

It was to be a dress rehearsal; and the parties were in the midst of adorning themselves, when, to their great consternation, they saw their supposed distant friend coming up the street, and evidently intending them a visit. What was to be done? To admit her was impossible. They therefore called up a new servant, who only came to them the day before, and who did not know the worldly consequence of their unwelcome guest; and Cecilia said to her, "You see that old lady yonder; when she knocks, be sure you say that *we are not at home;* and you had better add, that we shall not be home *till bed-time;*" thus adding the *lie of* CONVENIENCE to other deceptions. Accordingly, when she knocked at the door, the girl spoke as she was desired to do, or rather she improved upon it; for she said that her ladies had been out all day, and would not return till two o'clock in the morning."—"Indeed! that is unfortunate;" said their disappointed visitor, stopping to deliberate whether she should not leave a note of agreeable surprise for Cecilia; but the girl, who held the door in her hand, seemed so impatient to get rid of her, that she resolved not to write, and then turned away.

The girl was really in haste to return to the kitchen; for she was gossiping with an old fellow-servant. She therefore neglected to go back to her anxious employers; but Cecilia ran down the back-stairs, to interrogate her, exclaiming, "Well; what did she say? I hope she did not suspect that we were at home." "No, to be sure not, miss;—how should she?—for I said even more than you told me to say," repeating her additions; being eager to prove her claim to the confidence of her new mistress. "But are you sure that she is really gone from the door?"—"To be sure, miss."—"Still, I wish you could go and see; because we have not seen her pass the window, though we heard the door shut."—"Dear me, miss, how should you? for I looked out after her, and I saw her go down the street under the windows, and turn . . . yes,—I am sure that I saw her turn into a shop." But the truth was, that the girl, little aware of the importance of this unwelcome lady, and concluding she could not be a *friend*, but merely some *troublesome nobody*, showed her contempt and her anger at being detained so long, by throwing to the street-door with such violence, that it did not really close; and the old lady,

who had ordered her carriage to come for her at a certain hour, and was determined, on second thoughts, to sit down and wait for it, was able, unheard, to push open the door, and to enter the library unperceived;—for the girl lied to those who bade her lie, when she said that she saw her walk away.

In that room Mrs. Atheling found a sofa; and though she wondered at seeing a large screen opened before it; she seated herself on it, and, being fatigued with her walk, soon fell asleep. But her slumber was broken very unpleasantly; for she heard, as she awoke, the following dialogue, on the entrance of Cecilia and her lover, accompanied by Fanny. "Well —I am so glad we got rid of Mrs. Atheling so easily!" cried Cecilia. "That new girl seems apt. Some servants deny one so as to show one is at home."—"I should like them the better for it," said Fanny. "I hate to see any one ready at telling a falsehood."—"Poor little conscientious dear!" said the lover, mimicking her, "one would think the dressed-up saint has made you as methodistical as herself." "What, I suppose, Miss Fanny, you would have had us let the old quiz in."—"To be sure I would; and I wonder you could be denied to so kind a friend. Poor dear Mrs. Atheling! how hurt she would be, if she knew you were at home!"—"*Poor dear,* indeed! Do not be so affected, Fanny. How should you care for Mrs. Atheling, when you know that she dislikes you!"—"*Dislikes* me! Oh yes; I fear she does!"—"I am *sure* she does," replied Cecilia; "for you are downright rude to her. Did you not say, only the day before yesterday, when she said, 'There, Miss Barnwell, I hope I have *at last* gotten a cap which you like.'—'No; I am sorry to say you have not?'"—"To be sure I did;—I could not tell a falsehood, even to please Mrs. Atheling, though she was my own dear mother's dearest friend."—"Your mother's friend, Fanny! I never heard *that* before;" said the lover. "Did you not know that, Alfred!" said Cecilia; eagerly adding, "but *Mrs. Atheling* does not know it;" giving him a meaning look, as if to say, "and do not you *tell* her."—"Would she *did* know it!" said Fanny mournfully, "for though I dare not tell her so, lest she should abuse my poor mother, as you say she would, Cecilia, because she was so angry at her marriage with my misguided father, still I think she would look kindly on her once dear friend's orphan child, and like me, in spite of my honesty."—"No, no, silly girl; honesty is usually its own reward. Alfred, what do you think? Our old friend, who is not very penetrating, said one day to her, 'I suppose you think my caps too young for me;' and that true young person replied, 'Yes, madam, I do.'"—"And would do so again, Cecilia;—and it was far more friendly and kind to say so than flatter her on her dress, as you do, and then laugh at her when her back is turned. I hate to hear any one mimicked and laughed at; and more especially my mamma's old friend."—"There, there, child! your sentimentality makes me sick. But come; let us begin."—"Yes," cried Alfred, "let us rehearse a little, before the rest of the party come. I should like to hear Mrs. Atheling's exclamations, if she knew what we were doing. She would say thus:" . . . Here he gave a most accurate representation of the poor old lady's voice and manner, and her fancied abuse of private theatricals, while Cecilia cried, "Bravo! bravo!" and Fanny, "Shame! shame!" till the other Livingstones, and the rest of the company, who now entered, drowned her cry in their loud applauses and louder laughter.

The old lady, whom surprise, anger, and wounded sensibility had hitherto kept *silent* and *still* in her involuntary hiding-place, now rose up, and, mounting on the sofa, looked over the top of the screen, full of reproachful meaning, on the conscious offenders!

What a moment, to them, of overwhelming surprise and consternation! The cheeks, flushed with malicious triumph and satirical pleasure, became covered with the deeper blush of detected treachery, or pale with fear of its consequences;—and the eyes, so lately beaming with ungenerous satisfaction, were now cast with painful shame upon the ground, unable to meet the justly indignant glance of her whose kindness they had repaid with such palpable and base ingratitude! "An admirable likeness indeed, Lawrie," said their undeceived dupe, breaking her perturbed silence, and coming down from her elevation; "but it will cost you more than you are at present aware of.—But who art thou?" she added, addressing Fanny (who though it might have been a moment of triumph to her, felt and looked as if she had been a sharer in the guilt), "Who art *thou,* my honourable, kind girl? And who was your mother?"—"Your Fanny Beaumont," replied the quick-*feeling* orphan, bursting into tears. "Fanny Beaumont's child! and it was concealed from me!" said she, folding the weeping girl to her heart. "But it was all of a piece;—all treachery and insincerity, from the beginning to the end. However, I am undeceived before it is too late." She then disclosed to the detected family her

generous motive for the unexpected visit; and declared her thankfulness for what had taken place, as far as she was herself concerned; though she could not but deplore, as a Christian, the discovered turpitude of those whom she had fondly loved.

"I have now," she continued, "to make amends to one whom I have hitherto not treated kindly; but I have at length been enabled to discover an undeserved friend, amidst undeserved foes. . . . My dear child," added she, parting Fanny's dark ringlets, and gazing tearfully in her face, "I must have been *blind*, as well as blinded, not to see your likeness to your dear mother.—Will you live with me, Fanny, and be unto me as a DAUGHTER?"—"Oh, most gladly!" was the eager and agitated reply.—"You artful creature!" exclaimed Cecilia, pale with rage and mortification, "you knew very well she was behind the screen."—"I know that she could *not* know it," replied the old lady; "and you, Miss Livingstone, assert what you do not yourself believe. But come, Fanny, let us go and meet my carriage; for, no doubt, your presence here is now as unwelcome as mine." But Fanny lingered, as if reluctant to depart. She could not bear to leave the Livingstones in anger. They had been kind to her; and she would fain have parted with them affectionately; but they all preserved a sullen, indignant silence, and scornfully repelled her advances. —"You see that you must not tarry here, my good girl," observed the old lady, smiling; "so let us depart." They did so; leaving the Livingstones and the lover, not deploring their fault, but lamenting their detection;—lamenting also the hour when they added the lies of CONVENIENCE to their other deceptions, and had thereby enabled their unsuspecting dupe to detect those falsehoods, the result of their avaricious fears, which may be justly entitled the LIES OF INTEREST.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he—bold knight as ever fought—
Their father—took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land.
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, Father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The Irish rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, "Nay let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near, the shore was steep,
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

WORDSWORTH.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

[Hon. Mrs. Caroline E. S. Norton, born 1808, died 1877, the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her first literary efforts were produced in 1829, and after that period she distinguished herself in poetry and fiction. Among her latest works were *The Lady of La Garaye*, a poem; and *Old Sir Douglas*, a novel.]

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given:
Obedient—easy to be reconciled:
And meekly cheerful,—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying:
Nor leaving in thy turn: but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou art oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in the glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found;
But thought that love with *thee* had reach'd its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "the emperor," by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—
And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing:
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—
But in the mother's heart found room for ALL!

MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

I know a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
Than any story painted in your books.
You are so glad? It will not make you gladder;
Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

"Is it a fairy story?" Well, half fairy—
At least it dates far back as fairies do,
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,
Two very dainty people, rosy white,
Sweeter than all things else except each other!
Older yet younger—gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
And think with yearning tears how each light hand
Crept toward bright bloom and berries—I shall never
Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I missed them
First in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;
But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,
My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,
For their small sakes, since my most bitter loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered
By robins, out of apple flowers they knew,
Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine hovered,
Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were—what yours are. At this you wonder.
Their pictures are—your own, as you have seen;
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
Lost leaves—why, it is your dead selves I mean!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.[1]

[1] Mrs. Piatt was born at Lexington, U.S., in 1835. She is a contributor to the principal American magazines, and was joint author, with her husband, of *The Nests at Washington and other Poems*, 1864.

MARTHA THE GIPSY.

[**Theodore Edward Hook**, born in London, 22d September, 1788; died at Fulham, 24th August, 1841. He was the author of sixteen novels and numerous other works. *Maxwell*, *Jack Brag*, and *Gilbert Gurney*—the latter is autobiographical—are considered his best novels. It was as a wit and a practical joker that he made the greatest reputation, and in this character he won the patronage of the Prince Regent, who secured for him in 1812 the appointment of accountant-general and treasurer at the Mauritius. Hook had no knowledge of accounts, and in 1819 he was obliged to return to England, as a deficiency of about £12,000 was discovered in the treasury, and the government claimed repayment from the treasurer. A friend hoped that he had not been obliged to come home on account of ill health; Hook regretted to say "they think there is something wrong in the chest." He was quite unable to refund the money; but the prosecution was not pressed until after he had made himself obnoxious to the Whig party by his articles in the *John Bull*, of which he was the editor, and in 1824 he was imprisoned for the debt. He was discharged in 1825, and continued a brilliant but sad career as the reigning wit of society. The last dinner-party he attended was in July, 1841, when he looked at himself in a mirror and said, "Aye, I see, I look as I am—done up, in purse, in mind, and in body, too, at last." His powers as an improvisatore are reported to have been marvellous.[1]]

> ————————These midnight hags,
> By force of potent spells, of bloody characters
> And conjurations, horrible to hear,
> Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
> And set the ministers of hell to work.

London may appear an unbefitting scene for a story so romantic as that which I have here set down: but, strange and wild as is the tale I have to tell, *it is true;* and therefore the scene of action shall not be changed; nor will I alter nor vary from the truth, save that the names of the personages in my domestic drama shall be fictitious. To say that I am superstitious would be, in the minds of many wise personages, to write myself down an ass; but to say that I do not believe *that* which follows, as I am sure it was believed by *him* who related it to me, would be to discredit the testimony of a friend as honourable and brave as ever trod the earth. He has been snatched from the world, of which he was a bright ornament, and has left more than his sweet suffering widow and his orphan children affectionately to deplore his loss. It is, I find, right and judicious most carefully and publicly to disavow a belief in supernatural visitings; but it will be long before I become either so wise or so bold as to make any such unqualified declaration. I am not weak enough to imagine myself surrounded by spirits and phantoms, or jostling through a crowd of spectres as I walk the streets; neither do I give credence to all the idle tales of ancient dames, or frightened children, touching such matters: but when I breathe the air, and see the grass grow under my feet, I cannot but feel that *He* who gives me power to inhale the one, or stand erect upon the other, has also the power to use, for special purposes, such means and agency as he in his wisdom may see fit; and which, in point of fact, are not more incomprehensible to us, than the very simplest effects which we every day witness, arising from unknown causes. Philosophers may pore, and, in the might of their littleness, and the erudition of their ignorance, develop and disclose, argue and discuss; but when the sage, who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible by all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the ranks of the incredulous. However, a truce with *my* views and reflections: proceed we to the narrative.

In the vicinity of Bedford Square lived a respectable and honest man, whose name the reader will be pleased to consider Harding. He had married early; his wife was an exemplary woman; and his son and daughter were grown into that companionable age at which children repay, with their society and accomplishments, the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy. Mr. Harding held a responsible and respectable situation under government, in an office in Somerset House. His income was adequate to all his wants and wishes; his family was a family of love; and perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desires of what may be fairly called middling life, no man was ever more contented or better satisfied with his lot than he. Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her

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[1] In his recently published *Book of Memories*, Mr. S. C. Hall tells the following pathetic anecdote. At a party during Hook's latter years, of which he had been the mainspring of mirth throughout the night, he was seated at the piano sustaining the fun to the last. A servant opened the shutters and the morning light shone upon the wit and a fair-haired boy who was standing beside him. Hook paused, laid his hand on the boy's head, and in tremulous tones improvised a verse, of which these were the concluding lines:—

> "For *you* is the dawn of the morning,
> For *me* is the solemn good-night."

fine black eyes, could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness of her cheek —too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of her indigenous complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother, with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill-suited to the perils and troubles of this world, demanded. George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of rude health and fearless independence. His character was frequently the subject of his father's contemplation, and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits and propensities, the promise of future success in active life. With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness and their perfect satisfaction with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had, as was natural, attracted the regards and thence gradually chained the affections of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to *her*, had he been poor and penniless. The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downing Street whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, were convinced he would so ably fill), and at last turn out an ambassador, as mighty and mysterious as my Lord Belmont, of whom probably my readers may know—nothing. The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding were agreed that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families, seeing that the united ages of the couple did not exceed thirty-nine years; and seeing, moreover, that the elder Mr. Langdale, for private reasons of his own, wished his son to attain the age of twenty-one before he married; and seeing, moreover still, that Mrs. Langdale, who was little more than six-and-thirty years of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay, as much as possible, a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma.

How curious it is, when one takes up a *little bit* of society (as a geologist crumbles and twists a bit of earth in his hand to ascertain its character and quality), to look into the motives and manœuvrings of all the persons connected with it; the various workings, the indefatigable labours which all their little minds are undergoing to bring about divers and sundry little points, perfectly unconnected with the great end in view; but which, for private and hidden objects, each of them is toiling to carry. Nobody but those who really understood Mrs. Langdale understood why she so readily acquiesced in the desire of her husband to postpone the marriage for another twelvemonth. A stranger would have seen only the dutiful wife according with the sensible husband; but I knew her, and knew that there must be more than met the eye or the ear in that sympathy of feeling between her and Mr. Langdale, which was not upon ordinary occasions so evidently displayed. Like the waterman, who pulls one way and looks another, Mrs. Langdale aided the entreaties and seconded the commands of her loving spouse, touching the seasonable delay of which I am speaking; and it was agreed, that immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding. The affair got whispered about; George's fortune in life was highly extolled—Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by everybody of their acquaintance; and already had sundry younger ladies, daughters and nieces of those who discussed these matters in divan after dinner, begun to look upon poor Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr. Frederick Langdale could see in her: she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimated, shy, bashful, and awkward; nay, some went so far as to discover she was absolutely awry. Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving on; and their hearts grew as one; so truly, so fondly were they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribands and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gaily along before the breeze, when Mr. Harding was one day proceeding from his residence to his office in

Somerset Place, and in passing along Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, was accosted by one of those female gipsies who are found begging in the streets of the metropolis, and especially in the particular part of the town in question. "Pray, remember poor Martha the Gipsy," said the woman; "give me a halfpenny for charity, sir." Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the Mendicant Society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor: moreover, he was a magistrate—moreover, he had no change; and he desired the woman to go about her business. All availed him nothing; she still followed him and reiterated the piteous cry, "Pray, remember poor Martha the Gipsy." At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman—for even subordinates in government hate to be solicited importunately—Mr. Harding, contrary to the usual customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant. "Curse!" said Martha: "have I lived to this? Hark ye, man—poor, weak, haughty man! Mark me, look at me!" He did look at her; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes, blacker than jet and brighter than diamonds, glared like stars upon him; her black hair, dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks; and a row of teeth, whiter than the driven snow, displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of contempt, which mingled in her passion. Harding was rivetted to the spot; and what between the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance and the dread of a disturbance, he paused to listen to her. "Mark me, sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again! Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!"

There was a solemnity in this appeal which struck to his heart, coming as it did only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching; and wishing, he knew not why, to soothe the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her. "There, my good woman, there," said he, stretching forth his hand. "Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now? I—I that have been cursed? 'tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you." Saying which, she tossed her ragged red cloak across her shoulder and hurried from his sight, across the street, by the side of the chapel into the recess of St. Giles'. Harding felt a most extraordinary sensation: he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course, fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion, and he proceeded to his office in Somerset House, and performed all the official duties of reading the opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and of signing his name three times before four o'clock. Martha the Gipsy, however, although he had *pooh-poohed* her out of his memory, would ever and anon flash across his mind; her figure was indelibly stamped upon his recollection, and though, of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant, illiterate being like a gipsy, still his feelings —whence arising I know not—prompted him to call a hackney-coach and proceed *en voiture* to his house, rather than run the risk of encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually labouring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people at which, I am given to understand, a more than ordinary unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place; when all the world is shut out, and the two beings, who are in truth but only one, commune together, freely and fully, upon the occurrences of the past day. At this period, the else sacred secrets of the drawing-room coterie, and the *tellable* jokes of the after-dinner convivialists, are mutually interchanged by the fond pair, who, by the barbarous customs of uncivilized Britain, have been separated during part of the preceding evening. Then it is that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man—how he has carried his point in such a quarter—what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another; while the communicative wife gives *her* view of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus in recounting, in arguing, in discussing, and descanting, the blended interests of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and perhaps eventually realized.

A few friends at dinner and some refreshers in the evening had prevented Harding from saying a word to his beloved Eliza about the gipsy; and perhaps till the "witching time," which I have attempted to define, he would

not have mentioned the occurrence, even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision: and when the company had dispersed and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed upon—wondered at his subsequent willingness to give to such an undeserving object, while he had three or four soup-tickets in his pocket—was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadle—and, ridiculing the impression which the hag's appearance seemed to have made upon her husband's mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends to Norwood when she was a girl, and when one of those very women had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true—and, in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and impiety of putting faith in the sayings of such creatures, she fell fast asleep. Not so Harding: he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was and in distress, why did his passion conquer his judgment? Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal the sting of malediction? However, is was useless to regret *that* which was past—and, wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better-half into that profound slumber which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably insured her. The morning came and brightly beamed the sun—that is, as brightly as it can beam in London. The office hour arrived; and Mr. Harding proceeded, *not* by Charlotte Street, to Somerset House, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is quite impossible to describe the effect produced upon him by the apprehension of encountering her; if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled, and feared to look round lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her unexpectedly; in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again. The words she had uttered rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had they taken of him, that he had written them down and sealed the document which contained them. "Thrice shall you see me before you die! My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!" "Calais" was not imprinted more deeply on our queen's heart than these words upon that of Harding; but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings, and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them at the very bottom of his desk.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was unremitting in his attentions to Maria; but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was clouded. Her health, always delicate, now appeared still more so, and at times her anxious parents felt a solicitude upon her account, new to them; for symptoms of consumption had shown themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them lightly to the fond mother and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties, and pleasures, and gaieties in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy. That Mr. Langdale's *punctilio*, or Mrs. Langdale's excessive desire for apparent juvenility, should have induced the postponement of Maria's marriage, was indeed a melancholy circumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl's mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected, which lovers always feel, bore down her spirits and injured her health; whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to take immediately after their union, would have restored her to health, while it insured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr. Harding's rencontre with Martha; and habit, and time, and constant avocation, had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset House; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and, selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits and witnessed its destruction in the fire with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was, as usual, with his betrothed, and Mrs. Harding enjoying the

egotism of the lovers (for, as I said before, lovers think their conversation the most charming in the world, because they talk of nothing but themselves), when his curricle was driven up to the door to convey him to Tattersall's, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; and Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse. To this sweeping dictum Mr. Harding, however, was not willing to assent; and therefore, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one, the worthy father-in-law elect proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneer's at Hyde Park Corner, it being one of those few privileged days when the labourers in our public offices make holiday. The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to show due deference to his elder friend, gave the reins to Mr. Harding, and, bowing their adieu to the ladies at the window, away they went, the splendid cattle of Mr. Langdale prancing and curvetting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils. The elder gentleman soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question; and, in turning into Russel Street, proposed giving the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words, in the alarm which Harding felt, Frederick did not take the reins which he (perfectly confounded) tendered to him. They slipped over the dashing iron between the horses, who, thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and, plunging forward, dashed the vehicle against a post and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone: the off-horse kicked desperately, as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow on the head. Harding, whose right arm and collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand and saw Frederick weltering in blood, apparently lifeless, before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage, and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-in-law beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and an unmoved countenance—

MARTHA THE GIPSY.

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon Mr. Harding than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground. Assistance was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion, and, in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants. Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little; a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone (which was the extent of his misfortune) were, by skilful treatment and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement; but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman whose anger he had incurred had, if not the power of producing evil, at least a prophetic spirit, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind: and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the gipsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him; while her constitution was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow. Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health: the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremor excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to dissipate the gloom which hung over his mind.

When Frederick at length was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him: she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst, while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of the disease, talked anticipatingly of future happiness when Frederick would be sufficiently re-established to visit her. At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a sug-

gestion instantly attended to, but, alas! too late; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal. In this terrible state, separated from him whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek, and her eye was sunken, and her parched lip quivered with pain. It was at length agreed that, on the following day, Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her:—his varied fractures were reduced and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings at one, and the physician advised, by all means, that Maria should be apprised of and prepared for the meeting, the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the wary caution, with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure so important, as the medical man thought, to her recovery—careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished: the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears and sank down upon her pillow. At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushing countenance. "Draw the blind down, my love," said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window. A shriek of horror burst from him—"She is there!" exclaimed he. "Who?" cried his astonished wife. "She—she—the horrid she!" Mrs. Harding ran to the window and beheld on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—MARTHA THE GIPSY.

"Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away," said Mrs. Harding. Harding drew down the blind. "What evil is at hand!" sobbed the agonized man. A loud scream from Mrs. Harding, who had returned to the bedside, was the horrid answer to his painful question. Maria was dead! Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one in its importance of horror. What could surpass this? Before the afflicted parents lay their innocent child, stretched in the still sleep of death—neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a horrid dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street. The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to her grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful; it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and, at the moment, so unexpected; for although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had reinvigorated the hope which those who so dearly loved her entertained of her eventual recovery. (Of this distressed young man I never, indeed, heard anything till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet, which, if I wanted to work out a proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.)

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made the most complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he held; and, having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood where he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird-woman. George, of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his *début;* and it was somewhat observable that the Langdales, after the death of Maria, had not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings during their stay in England, but that the

mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son. Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially, by endeavouring to place his son where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation from whose honourable revenue he could live like a gentleman, and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the Continent; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha was decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of nature; and the quiet, domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seemed, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother appeared to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income. There appeared, strange to say, in this affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome; and the consent of the Hardings, requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony if they were willing it should take place, was presently obtained by George; and, at the close of the second year which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again united in that house, the very sight of which recalled to their recollection their poor unhappy daughter and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated gipsy. The charm, however, had no doubt been broken. In the two past years Martha was doubtless either dead or gone from the neighbourhood. They were a wandering tribe: and thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that, when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang, and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general feeling, founded upon religion, and perpetuated by the memory of the blessing granted to the world by the Almighty, a universal amnesty is proclaimed; when the cheerful fire and the teeming board announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day. It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling carriage and four to spend the honeymoon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials; and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c., should meet on Twelfth-night to celebrate, in a juvenile party, the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home. When that night came it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters: it was a pleasure to behold *them* pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us, and the most accomplished prince in Europe, annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim; and merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled, and for a season forgot his care; yet, as he glanced round the room, he could not suppress a sigh when he recollected that, in that very room, his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years. Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge twelfth-cake; and gilded kings and queens stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material. Many and deep were the wounds the mighty cake received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character-cards, illustrated with pithy mottoes and quaint sayings, were distributed; and, by one of those little frauds which such societies tolerate, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen; and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often, but vainly, sought to find upon his countenance since the death of his dear Maria.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve,

and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "king," and granted; and Mrs. George Harding, on this night, was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens" —an ancient quaintness, which, by custom and usage, ever since she was a little child, she had annually *performed* upon this anniversary; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that show of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a very pretty downy-cheeked girl, prepared to commence, when a noise, resembling that producible by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building, down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar. All the children were in a moment on their feet huddled close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not, who stirred not: it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fireplace—there they rested. When the servants came they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife; and then, turning to the servant, observed carelessly that it must have been some noise in the street; and, desiring him to withdraw, entreated the bride to pursue her song. She did; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit anything like apprehension before their offspring, felt glad when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-in-law kissed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the commonplace circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man. When he reached his bedroom he spoke to his wife, and entreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity. "What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall, I know not; but it is impending over us this night!" "My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what fancy is this?" "Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!" "Who?" "MARTHA THE GIPSY." "Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to-day!" "True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fireplace, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in." "My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination." "Be what it may," said he, "I have seen her, human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit; all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and, after a fitful feverish hour or two, fell into a slumber. From that slumber never woke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning. "Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant, "but he was dead."

This story was told me by my friend Ellis in walking from the city to Harley Street late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford Square, at the dark and dreary corner of it, where Caroline Street joins it. "And there," said Ellis, pointing downwards, "is the street where it all occurred." "Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel." "Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the party, and heard the noise." "But you did not see the spectre?" cried I. "No," said Ellis, "I certainly did not." "No," answered I, "nor anybody else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us; I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me. I was startled. "Pray, remember old MARTHA THE GIPSY," said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke—I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece. "Thanks, my bonny one," said the woman; and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline Street, into Russel Street, singing, or rather yelling, a joyous song. Ellis did not speak during this scene; he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford Street, and the lights and passengers of Tottenham Court Road reassured us. "What do you think of *that?*" said Ellis to me. "SEEING IS BELIEVING," was my reply. I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford Square in the evening since.

SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

Thomas Heywood, died 1649. Although, as he himself tells us, he had "either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays," scarcely anything is known of his life. His most notable production was, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, which has been highly commended by Schlegel and other critics.]

I sought thee round about, O thou my God,
In thine abode.
I said unto the Earth "Speake, art thou He?"
She answer'd me,
"I am not."—I enquired of creatures all,
In generall,
Contain'd therein;—they with one voice proclaime,
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I askt the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know.
I askt the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abysse;
Even from the shrimpe to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I askt the aire if that were He? but lo!
It told me *No.*
I from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,
If any feather'd fowle 'mongst them were such?
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full quire,
Answer'd—"To finde thy God thou must look higher."

I askt the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
Said "We obey
The God thou seek'st." I askt, what eye or eare
Could see or heare;
What in the world I might descry or know
Above, below:
—With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by him were made."

I askt the world's great universal masse,
If that God was?
Which with a mighty and strong voice reply'd,
As stupify'd,
"I am not He, O man! for know, that I
By him on high
Was fashion'd first of nothing, thus instated,
And sway'd by him, by whom I was created."

A scrutiny within myself I, than,
Even thus began:—
"O man, what art thou?"—What more could I say,
Than dust and clay?
Fraile, mortal, fading, a meere puffe, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urne;
Form'd from that earth to which I must returne.

I askt myself, what this great God might be
That fashion'd me?
I answer'd—The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternall,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for he doth give
To all that live,
Both breath and being: he is the Creator,
Both of the water,
Earth, aire, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claimes,
He keeps the scrole, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discover'd be),
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight
Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest;
In which to our weake senses thou com'st nearest.

O make us apt to seeke, and quicke to finde,
Thou God, most kinde!
Give us love, hope, and faith in thee to trust,
Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat;
Most Good, most Great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest

MASANIELLO, THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.[1]

Tomaso Anello, or, as he is more generally called, Masaniello, was the son of a fisherman of Amalfi, where he was born about the year 1623. He followed the occupation of his father, was clad in the meanest attire, went about barefoot, and gained a scanty livelihood by angling for fish, and hawking them about for sale. Who could have imagined that in this poor abject fisher-boy the populace were to find the being destined to lead them on to one of the most extraordinary revolutions recorded in history? Yet so it was. No monarch ever had the glory of rising so suddenly to so lofty a pitch of power as the barefooted Masaniello. Naples, the metropolis of many fertile provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes. Naples, inhabited by more than 600,000 souls, abounding in all kinds of resources, glorying in its strength. This proud city saw itself forced, in one short day, to yield to one of its meanest sons such obedience as in all its history it had never before shown to the mightiest of its liege sovereigns. In a few hours the fisher lad was at the head of 150,000 men; in a few hours there was no will in Naples but his; and in a few hours it was freed from all sorts of taxes, and restored to all its ancient privileges. The fishing wand was exchanged for the truncheon of command, the sea-boy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He made the town be entrenched; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger from without; and he established a system of police within, which awed the worst banditti in the world into fear. Armies passed in review before him; even fleets owned his sway.

During the viceroyship of the Duke of Arcos the Neapolitans were much oppressed by heavy taxes on the necessities of life. At length, in 1647, the viceroy mortgaged to certain merchants the duty on fruit, at once the luxury and staple of life to the temperate Neapolitans.

Masaniello saw with grief his countrymen obliged to sell their beds, and even abandon their offspring, in order to pay the odious impost. At length his sense of the public misery was worked up to the utmost by an outrage on his own family. His wife was carrying a small quantity of contraband flour home for her children when she was seized and dragged to prison; nor was it until he was obliged to sell his furniture, and pay 100 ducats, that he could obtain her release. He now resolved to rescue his country from slavery; he harangued the fruit-dealers in the market-place, urging them not to buy a single basket of the growers until the duty was taken off. He then assembled a number of boys, who went wailing through the streets, and calling out for redress. When remonstrated with by some of his neighbours, and jested with by others, he replied, "You may laugh at me now; but you shall soon see what the fool Masaniello can do: let me alone, and give me my way, and if I do not set you free from all your taxes, and from the slavery that now grinds you to death, may I be cursed and called a villain for ever!"

In the meantime Masaniello's army of boys amounted to 5000, all active and docile youths, from the age of sixteen to that of nineteen. He armed each with a slender cane, and bade them meet him in the market-place next morning, Sunday, July 7, 1647—a day when a sort of mock fight and storming of a wooden tower used to take place between the Neapolitan youths in the respective characters of Turks and Christians. It was during the confusion occasioned by this custom that Masaniello ran in among the children and the mob and cried out, "No taxes! no taxes!"

In vain did the magistrates attempt to quell the mob. Masaniello armed his troops with the plunder of the tower, and harangued them.

"Rejoice," said he, "my dear companions and countrymen, give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption, and the time of our deliverance, draweth nigh. This poor fisherman, barefooted as he is, shall, like another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh, the Egyptian king, free you from all gabels and impositions that were ever laid on you. It was a fisherman—I mean St. Peter—who redeemed the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of Christ; and the whole world followed that deliverance, and obtained their freedom from

[1] From the *Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction*. This once popular periodical was one of the early pioneers of cheap literature, and it ran a very successful career from November, 1822, till 1849. It was first edited by Mr. Thomas Byerly, the Reuben of the *Percy Anecdotes* (the *Percy Anecdotes*, by Sholto and Reuben Percy, 20 vols.) At his death it was placed in the hands of a Mr. Ray for six months; then it was entrusted to Mr John Timbs, who carried it on until 1840. Upon his retirement the editorship passed successively into the hands of Mr. D. M. Aird, Mr. Gaspey, and Mr. J. B. St. John.

NAPLES

FROM THE WEST

BLACKIE & SON LONDON, GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

the same bondage. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello—I am the man—shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom, from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. Shake off, therefore, from this moment the yoke. Be free, if you have but courage, from those intolerable oppressions under which you have hitherto groaned. To bring this glorious end about, I do not care for myself, if I am torn to pieces, and dragged about the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it; let all the blood in this body flow cheerfully out of these veins; let this head fly from these shoulders at the touch of the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place, on a pole to be gazed at, yet shall I die contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour sufficient for me to think that my blood and life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the saviour of my country."

Masaniello ceased to speak, and the shouts of the multitude attested the spirit that his words had excited. The firing of the toll-house, with all the account-books that were kept there, and many commodities that belonged to the farmers of the customs, was a signal for a general conflagration of all that was rare, precious, and curious throughout Naples. The houses of the nobility were ransacked; their fine furniture and valuable pictures, their libraries, wardrobes, jewels, and plate, were all brought forth into the streets, and thrown into immense fires, which were fed every moment by additions of the most costly fuel that luxury could supply. The house of a man who had originally carried bread up and down the streets of Naples, but becoming a favourite of the viceroy's had been enabled to acquire immense wealth by dealing in the funds, was sought out by the mob with peculiar eagerness. They assembled round his gates with lighted torches in their hands, forced an entrance, and, stripping the rooms as they went along, threw the furniture, books, papers, and everything that they could lay their hands on, out of the windows. Twenty-three large trunks were thus hurled into the streets, and being forced open by the violence of the fall, displayed the richest tissues and embroideries in gold and silver to the eyes of the beholders, who notwithstanding immediately consigned them to the flames, along with a cabinet full of oriental pearls; exclaiming, as they had done before, that they were wrung from the heart's blood of the people, and should perish in flames, as the extortioners themselves ought to do.

The viceroy became alarmed, and solicited an interview; Masaniello, in the meantime, organized his forces, which assumed all the appearance of a well-disciplined army, amounting to 114,000 men. While a negotiation was going on with the viceroy, an attempt was made to assassinate Masaniello by some of the viceroy's troops, who discharged a shower of musket-bullets at him, one of which singed the breast of his shirt.

Becoming distrustful by this act of treachery, Masaniello issued several sumptuary laws, making every person leave off wearing cloaks or long garments, under which daggers could be concealed. He demanded a treaty from the viceroy, to secure their liberties, which was granted.

The treaty was accordingly solemnly read in the cathedral church, amidst countless multitudes of people, and Masaniello afterwards went to pay his respects to the viceroy at his excellency's particular request. He would have gone in his mariner's dress, as usual, but at the persuasion of the archbishop he consented to lay it aside, and appeared on horseback, attired in a white habit, splendidly embroidered, a magnificent plume of feathers waved from his hat, and in his hand he carried a drawn sword; thus accoutred he rode in front of the archbishop's carriage. His brother, also richly habited, rode on his right hand; one of his colleagues, Arpaja, tribune of the commons, on the left; and the other, Julio Genevino, last; followed by a hundred and sixty companies of horse and foot, consisting in all of about fifty thousand men. All eyes were fixed on Masaniello as he passed, all hearts sprang towards him, all voices joined in pronouncing him "the saviour of his country." The way before him was strewed by grateful hands with palm and olive branches, the balconies were hung with the richest silks to do him honour as he passed, and the ladies threw from them the choicest flowers and garlands, accompanying their homage with the most respectful and admiring obeisances. The air was filled with the sweetest music, and Naples, which for three days before was a scene of the most appalling anarchy and tumult, now presented nothing but images of peace and joy.

A day was fixed for ratifying the treaty in public; but that day saw a wonderful change in Masaniello; his incessant fatigue and anxiety, his want of rest, and neglect of food, were too much for a frame merely mortal, and his vigorous mind became affected. The viceroy took advantage of this circumstance, proclaimed his authority at an end, and promised a reward of ten thousand ducats to any one who should

cause him to be destroyed. Naples was never deficient in assassins even without so large a bribe.

His disordered reason displayed itself in several acts of wanton cruelty, with which, till then, his power, absolute as it was, had never been sullied: he wandered about the streets in rags, without anything on his head, and with only one stocking on: in this humiliating state he went to the viceroy, and complained of hunger; a collation was ordered for him, but he declined waiting for it, and ordering his gondola, went on the water, probably to seek relief from his feverish sensations. Unfortunately thirst preyed upon him, and in the course of a few hours he drank twelve bottles of Lachrymæ Christi; an excess which, to one of his temperate habits and long privation, was enough in itself to bring on insanity; and which increased his disorder to so alarming a degree, that the next day he rode furiously up and down the streets, wounding every one he met with his drawn sword, summoning the nobles to kiss his naked feet, striking and insulting his colleagues, and committing every outrage and inconsistency.

Masaniello attended church on the festival of "our Lady of Carmine," July 16; here he told the archbishop that he was ready to resign his office and authority to the viceroy; the archbishop promised him everything he desired, and with fatherly kindness commanded one of the monks to take him to the dormitory, and prevail upon him to refresh himself with a little sleep. Unfortunately his eminence left the church as soon as he saw his order executed; and scarcely was he gone when the assassins rushed in, calling out, "Long live the King of Spain, and death to those who obey Masaniello!" Few as the conspirators were, the cowardly people made no attempt to oppose them; but, on the contrary, fell back for them to pass, and they went accordingly straight to the convent, searching everywhere for Masaniello. He, unhappy man, hearing himself loudly called, and thinking his presence was required on some public matter, started from the pallet on which he had thrown himself, and ran out to meet his murderers, crying, "Is it me you are looking for, my people? behold I am here;" but all the answer he received was the contents of four muskets at once, from the hands of his four detestable assassins: he instantly fell, and expired, with the reproachful exclamation "Ah, ungrateful traitors!" bursting from his dying lips. His murderers then cut off his head, and, fixing it on the top of a pike, carried it to the viceroy, after which it was thrown into one ditch, and his body into another, with numerous indignities bestowed upon it, whilst ten thousand of his late followers stood stupidly by, without making a single effort to redeem it from disgrace.

Thus fell Masaniello, after a reign of nine days, from the 7th to the 16th of July. It was a reign marked with some excesses, and with some traits of personal folly; yet as long as it is not an everyday event for a fisher-boy to become a king, the story of Masaniello of Naples must be regarded with equal wonder and admiration, as exhibiting an astonishing instance of the genius to command existing in one of the humblest situations of life, and asserting its ascendency with a rapidity of enterprise to which there is no parallel in history.

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF MY INFANCY.

[John Leyden, M.D., born in Denholm, Roxburgh, 8th September, 1775; died in the island of Java, 28th August, 1811. He was distinguished as an oriental scholar and a poet. He was a friend of Scott, and assisted in collecting materials for the *Border Minstrelsy*. His intense abstraction whenever he had a book in his hand is said to have suggested the character of "Dominie Samson." He was the author and editor of numerous important works. His death occurred shortly after his appointment to the judgeship of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs of Calcutta. His poetical works were published in 1819, with a memoir.]

My native stream, my native vale,
And you, green meads of Teviotdale,
  That after absence long I view!
Your bleakest scenes that rise around,
Assume the tints of fairy ground,
  And infancy revive anew.

When first each joy that childhood yields
I left, and saw my native fields
  At distance fading dark and blue,
As if my feet had gone astray
In some lone desert's pathless way,
  I turn'd, my distant home to view.

Now tired of Folly's fluttering breed,
And scenes where oft the heart must bleed,
  Where every joy is mix'd with pain;
Back to this lonely green retreat,
Which infancy has rendered sweet,
  I guide my wandering steps again.

And now, when rosy sunbeams lie
In thin streaks o'er the eastern sky,

Beside my native stream I rove:
When the gray sea of fading light
Ebbs gradual down the western height,
I softly trace my native grove.

When forth at morn the heifers go,
And fill the fields with plaintive low,
Re-echoed by their young confined;
When sunbeams wake the slumbering breeze
And light the dew-drops on the trees,
Beside the stream I lie reclined,

And view the water-spiders glide
Along the smooth and level tide,
Which, printless, yields not as they pass;
While still their slender frisky feet
Scarce seen with tiny step to meet
The surface blue and clear as glass.

I love the rivulet's stilly chime
That marks the ceaseless lapse of time,
And seems in Fancy's ear to say—
"A few short suns, and thou no more
Shalt linger on thy parent shore,
But like the foam-streak pass away!"

Dear fields, in vivid green array'd!
When every tint at last shall fade
In death's funereal, cheerless hue,
As sinks the latest fainting beam
Of light that on mine eyes shall gleam,
Still shall I turn your scenes to view.

MRS. MELLOR'S DIAMONDS.

[George Augustus Sala, born in London 1827. His father was a Portuguese gentleman, and his mother an eminent vocalist. For some time he studied art with the intention of becoming a painter; but having made several successful ventures in literature, he afterwards devoted himself entirely to that profession, and the celebrity which he rapidly achieved justified the alteration of his plans. The vivacity and marvellous fertility of his genius maintain his wide-spread popularity. He has displayed his power as an essayist, novelist, traveller, and journalist, and in each character has won new laurels. His principal works are—*A Journey due North—being Notes of a Residence in Russia in the Summer of* 1856; *Twice Round the Clock, or the Hours of the Day and Night in London*, 1859; *The Baddington Peerage*, 1860; *Hogarth and his Times*, 1860; *Dutch Pictures*, 1861; *Captain Dangerous*, 1863; *My Diary in America in the Midst of War*, 1865; *Under the Sun, Essays written in Hot Countries*, 1872; *Paris Herself Again*, 1879. Mr. Sala was sometime editor of *Temple Bar;* and has long been connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, to which as special correspondent he has contributed letters from various foreign countries. The following lively sketch of London life was published in *Belgravia.*]

Murder, they say, will out. Surbiton P. Mellor, Esq., had never murdered anybody, and had not the slightest intention to become an assassin; but, lest you should imagine that some dark and terrible mystery environed his being, I may as well tell you briefly and frankly who as well as what he was. He was just a shrewd pushing young man of the nineteenth century (seventh decade), who had made his way, and meant to go a great deal farther if he could. Perhaps his Christian name was Samuel, with or without the Surbiton following or preceding. His father's name had been certainly Mellor—at least he was under that designation declared a bankrupt, under that designation and as a coal merchant, in the year 1836. He never paid any dividend, never got his certificate, and taking to drinking, died. *Exit* Mellor senior. His widow struggled through a dubious existence in a lodging-house in Salisbury Street, Strand; and when she quitted this vale of tears, poor soul, she had nothing to leave her children—a boy and a girl, aged respectively twenty-two and eighteen—save the fag-end of a lease, and a thin remnant of remarkable ramshackle furniture. The boy Surbiton had been for some time earning a meagre living in the counting-houses of divers city firms. The girl—I think her name was Rosa—"went out" as an assistant in a linen-draper's shop in Regent Street; then she went to keep the books at an hotel in Liverpool; then she married a red-faced gentleman who travelled in hemp, hogs' bristles, or sponges, or ever-pointed pencils, or something in that line; and then she and her husband emigrated to Australia, and drifted down the great stream of oblivion. Such breakings-up of families among the smaller middle-classes are common enough. The brother was as fond of his sister as need be; but he could not be always tracing her footsteps. He had his way to make in the world, and she had hers; and he had equitably divided with her the product of the ramshackle furniture and the fag-end of the lease in Salisbury Street. He formed new connections, and got on, and prospered. If sister Rosy had come back to him likewise prosperous, he would of course have been delighted to see her. If she had returned sick and poor, he would have done his duty by her, no doubt; but Rosy had written once or twice, at long intervals, and he had been too busy to answer by return of post; and so, by degrees, the bond of blood faded away to the very palest of pink shadows. Now and again Surbiton would think of the old days when he and his sister used to go to Miss Tattworth's morning seminary in Maiden Lane, and when they used to play in the back parlour of the dingy house in Salisbury Street, the shrill scolding of their mother (who had a temper)

breaking in from time to time on their sports; but these recollections grew dimmer and less frequent every year. The world is so very wide, and the claims of "business" are so very absorbing. Rosy at the Antipodes perhaps had likewise her business to mind. We cannot always be thinking of old times; and tenacity of memory may be very often one of the results of idleness.

Surbiton Mellor continued to gain ground in the race of life; but he was far advanced towards thirty ere letters addressed to him began to be addressed Surbiton P. Mellor, Esq. He was all kinds of things commercial: clerk to a wholesale druggist, sampler to a tea-dealer, traveller to a tobacco-manufacturer, book-keeper to a fashionable West-end tailor. He had done law-writing; he had tried his hand at school-teaching; he had made the round of the provinces delivering lectures in "ventilation" of the features of a newly-formed Life Assurance Company. His first important rise in the world was his appointment as secretary to the Company for Manufacturing Lavender-water from Irish Bog-peat. That led to connection with the Joots Testimonial Committee (Joots was a commercial philanthropist, who was testimonialized to the extent of ten thousand pounds as a reward for having made a fortune of half a million by "amalgamating" impecunious companies). Subsequently he became secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Snuff-taking; and was one of the most active promoters of the Anti-Pale Ale League. The road to success was now open; for the chairman of the League happened to be Harpie Wyndford, Esq., who was said to be the son either of the Marquis of Malagrowthie's bailiff or of his butler. When H. Wyndford, Esq., promoted the Æolian and Hyperborean Joint-stock Bank, and was appointed paid secretary thereof, what was more natural than that he should prefer to a confidential post therein a young man whose shining capacity for business he had fortunately discerned? From a cashier in the chief office Surbiton P. Mellor speedily became manager of the Primrose-hill branch. There, the murder is all out now. Mr. Mellor had simply "got on" in the world. He may not have been ashamed of his origin, or of his early struggles; but where was the need of his alluding to them? No one impeached him: what had he to answer? If a man has a wooden leg, or a great scar on his face, some inquisitive people may conceive that they have a right to inquire how he came by those hurts; but Surbiton Mellor was neither a Greenwich pensioner nor Le Balafré. His success was his own, his money was his own; and both were honestly earned. He had a thousand a year as manager of the branch bank, but that was only a portion of his income. He speculated widely and profitably. He had the revenue of a gentleman, and he lived like one, continuing to pay as keen attention to business as he did to pleasure. At the commencement of his career he was—notwithstanding a magnificent handwriting and ability to pronounce his *h*'s correctly—profoundly illiterate; but, like many other young men of the nineteenth century (seventh decade), he had educated himself to a very fair intellectual status. He had taught himself French and German out of Ollendorff; had always utilized his annual holidays in continental trips; had made careful epitomes of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill; and *Chambers' Educational Course* and the *Penny Cyclopedia* had done the rest. He read the morning and evening newspapers very carefully, and could hold his own in any society. He went to the theatre very frequently, and could talk about Shakspeare and about burlesques. He had taken surreptitious lessons from an instructress who taught adults to dance in twelve lessons; and a three-guinea course at a Brompton riding-school had enabled him to bestride a livery-stable hack in Rotten Row without tumbling off. He had even been seen driving a mail phaeton in Piccadilly very creditably. Wherever he had learned the charioteer's accomplishment I must confess that I do not know; but technics have their intuitions, and there are some men who do excellently well that which they have never been taught to do.

Up to the age of thirty Surbiton P. Mellor had remained a gay young bachelor, occupying, since his prosperity had become a substantial fact, an elegant suite of chambers in Parliament Street, Westminster. In process of time it occurred to him that his position demanded that he should take a house, that the house in question should be elegantly and expensively furnished, and that a wife would be a very excellent adjunct to the mansion and to the *ameublement* in question. The house was soon found, and a handsome sum paid for a long lease, with the faculty of purchasing the freehold when convenient. Nor was there much difficulty in securing a wife as elegant and as expensive as the furniture of her destined home. There is a curious section of society in London which seems to bear a close affinity to first-class upholstery, first-class millinery and dress-making, first-class china, glass, and table-linen, and *dîners à la Russe* sent in from the pastry-cook's. In this society are to be found numbers of young ladies—comely, healthy, virtuous,

accomplished, well-dressed, well-groomed—whom you have only to pick out, choose, and agree with the manufacturer as to the terms of purchase, and the article will be sent home with the promptitude and despatch expected in the delivery of a new brougham or a grand pianoforte. There is the demand, and there is the supply to meet it. The article is superfine, and fitted with the newest improvements. Nothing is lacking—a big church-service, a handsome trousseau, bride's-maids, brothers, sisters, a father and mother in law, and a distant relative in India, from whom the article has expectations. With any appreciable amount of ready money the article bride is perhaps not always provided; but vast numbers of the Surbiton Mellors of the nineteenth century are perfectly well contented with the money they have themselves made or are making, and will endure the pennilessness of their spouses if they are pretty. The manager of the Primrose-hill branch bank, being bidden to a dinner, to be followed by a carpet-dance, at Mr. Harpie Wyndford's residence, Wimbledon Common, did there and then fix his eyes and affections upon Miss Maude Fenton, youngest (and seventh) daughter of Captain Fenton, half-pay R.N. The young people being properly introduced, it became transparently obvious to everybody in the particular circle of society in which they moved, that Surbiton Mellor intended to propose to Miss Fenton so soon as ever he could in common decency pop the question. The girl was as fully aware of this as her mother and her feminine cronies were. The wedding breakfast and the wedding outfit might, with scarcely any deviation from propriety, have been ordered within a fortnight after that dinner and carpet-dance at Wimbledon. Through a proper respect for *les convenances*, the courtship was spread over two or three months; but during that period Surbiton Mellor was very philosophically occupied in furnishing and decorating his new house in Occidental Grove, and in looking after the building of his new brougham; while Miss, on her part, you may be sure, did not lose her time. Young ladies who have been well brought up have an immensity of things to do before they are married. There are old letters to burn, old scores to be settled, old "foolish nonsenses" to be stifled—for ever. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* Ah, William the Conqueror; ah, Rudolph of Hapsburg, you think yourselves the founders of your line; but there were kings of hearts before you, and the wedding breakfast often contains some curious baked meats which were served at the funeral of your predecessor.

The love-making was of the most conventional description. Everything was done that should have been done; but nothing more. If Surbiton had anything to say, he wrote to his intended, and he wrote affectionately; but he was too busy a man to waste time in talking about hearts and darts, or the sun, moon, and stars, or in indulging in vehement declamations concerning the fervour of a passion which he knew full well would ere long be legitimately gratified. Either absence or obstacles, jealousy or doubt, are essential as fuel in feeding that furnace in which real *billet-doux* are cooked; love's freshest honey must be taken with the bitter wax of the comb to give a zest to the sweetness; Cupid's morning rolls must be munched in secret to be toothsome; and the ink with which amorous epistles are made should be diluted with stolen waters. Thus the finest love-letters extant in the world are those written by Héloïse to Abelard, and by Mirabeau to Sophie—letters which, by persons in good society and who respected themselves, would never have been written at all.

It was a *mariage de raison*, if you will, this union between the prosperous bank manager and the pretty penniless, half-pay captain's daughter. For my part, I am content to maintain that it was a marriage of the nineteenth century (seventh decade), and not of a three-volume novel. Perhaps out of ten weddings which take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, not more than one has had the slightest tinge of romance in its preliminary courtship; and perhaps nine out of the alliances turn out well, and the tenth—the romantic one—turns up some day in Lord Penzance's dolorous court. For sound, earnest, and intense matrimonial hatred, commend me, as a rule, to the parties in a love-match. Nor be so foolish as to assume that reason and calmness—and a little prosiness maybe—are qualities at all incompatible with conjugal love—the well-ordered respectable love which suffices to cause a young man and woman to pass thirty or forty years of married life without open scandal and without secret explosions, to rear up a numerous family, and to go down at last to the grave esteemed by all their relatives and friends. Surbiton Mellor nurtured naturally sanguine hopes that such would be his matrimonial course. There was no skeleton in his closet: he was no Barnes Newcome; he had never compromised himself; he owed no more debts of love than he did debts of money; he was prepared to be very fond of his wife, and had already made up his mind that his eldest son should be christened Surbiton. So in due

course of time—the furnishing and decoration of the house at Bayswater being satisfactorily completed—Surbiton P. Mellor led Maude Matilda Wilhelmina Fenton to the altar of St. James's, Piccadilly, or St. George's, Hanover Square, I forget which; and the Rev. Bajazet Bergamotte, M.A., assisted by the Rev. Arthur Gwynplaine, B.D., joined them together in the bonds of holy matrimony; and there were no cards; and the young couple spent their honeymoon in the Engadine, and found the baths of St. Maurice full of the most delightful company.

There was no madness in the Mellor-Fenton alliance—no love madness, at least. Surbiton was never troubled with the slightest approach to jealousy as regarded his wife. He knew very well that, being in society and handsome and showy, she must have admirers. He would as soon have thought of forbidding them to admire her as of covering up his handsome furniture, or locking up his wine-cellar. He was an attentive husband, but not an uxorious one. He was eminently reasonable, always in the way when wanted, never inopportunely present. I believe that the man was really and sincerely attached to his wife; that he had early discovered her one weak point, and that her weakness was not of a nature to excite any Othello-like suspicions on his part.

Murder will out, I have already had the honour to observe in these pages. Let me make a clean breast of it as regards Mrs. Surbiton Mellor's foible. The poor woman was desperately extravagant: her prodigality in dress was well-nigh inconceivable. When I hint that she thought nothing of giving 2½ guineas a pair for her stays, my lady readers will understand the scale of her sumptuary lavishness. Her expenditure in every other respect was on a commensurate scale. An extravagant person must always be poorer than a workhouse pauper. At the beginning of the fifth year of her wedded life Mrs. Surbiton Mellor was desperately in debt, and was as desperately dunned on every side.

Was her husband aware of her weakness, her folly, her madness? We shall see.

It is difficult for any person, man or woman, to go to the deuce financially, without some active and obliging Mephistopheles to show the way, make it smooth for you, open the gates, clear the tolls and bridges, and do other friendly acts for you, until you are safely landed in the place whence Dante returned, but where Eurydice remained. Mrs. Surbiton Mellor's Mephistopheles was a certain Madame Schumakers, a prodigious fat Dutchwoman from Amsterdam, and who looked well-nigh as solid and substantial as the Stadt Huis of the Batavian capital. She was the most mysterious of women, carrying jewelry of great value in a dirty market-basket, point-lace in her umbrella, and undertaking all kinds of cloudy tasks—from providing false plaits and rouge for ladies of quality to smuggling cigars and schiedam under her crinoline on board the Rotterdam steamers. She lived anywhere and, as it seemed, everywhere—now to be heard of at Brighton; now lurking about Bath or Cheltenham; now prowling about the corridors of the Grand Hôtel, Paris; now sending in occult messages to ladies stopping at the Quatres Saisons at Hombourg, or attending the *petits levers* of duchesses in Belgravia Square. I have met Madame Schumakers myself in the verandah of the Continental Hotel, Saratoga, U.S., where she told me she was "fixing" ladies' hair at a dollar per *coiffure;* and she lent me three sovereigns once to go down to the Derby, on condition that I left four pounds ten for her on the ensuing Saturday at the bar of the Shoulder of Mutton, Lower Norcott Street, Lambeth Marsh.

Poor Maude Matilda Wilhelmina had given herself up, body and soul, to this abdominous hag, this Witch of Endor *qui avait pris du ventre.* She was altogether in the Schumakers' hands, who, besides providing her with innumerable articles of finery, lent her money to pay something on account to the fashionable tradespeople when they became disagreeably pressing for the settlement of their little accounts. Of course the articles were supplied at extravagant prices, and the loans advanced at exorbitant rates of interest. The woman was always at Mrs. Mellor's elbow; she had always something to sell or something to lend; until (as commonly happens when you have dealings with Mephistopheles) she suddenly announced one fine morning, at the very height of the season of 186—, that she would not advance another sixpence or another pocket-handkerchief to her customer; and that unless she was forthwith paid the sum of one hundred pounds in cash, on account of her long outstanding claims, the amount of which, she declared, exceeded five hundred pounds, she would forthwith repair to the office of the branch of the Æolian and Hyperborean Joint-stock Bank, and inform Surbiton P. Mellor how matters stood; "an' den," said Madame Schumakers, in conclusion, "dere will pe der duyvel's dondershine!"

This threat happened to have been uttered on precisely the same morning which had brought Mrs. Mellor by post a number of polite

but most pressing inquiries from, among other West-end tradesmen, Messrs. Tulle and Tabbinet of Regent Street, Messrs. Goer, Gauffer, and Gigot of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and Madame Coraline of the Burlington Arcade —as to whether Mrs. Surbiton P. Mellor would at once forward them cheques for the amounts as per margin, or whether they should instruct their solicitors to make application to Mr. Surbiton P. Mellor. The poor woman was in despair. She had spent her last quarter's pin-money to the last farthing weeks before. Only five days previously her husband had presented her with a cheque for fifty pounds, "for the missionaries," as he jocosely said. Alas! she had paid five-and-forty pounds at once to the cannibals, and they were still hungering for her flesh and her blood.

"How am I to find a hundred pounds?" she cried desperately. "I could as easily find a hundred millions. I can't give you a hundred pence; and if you speak to my husband I shall be utterly and entirely ruined."

"Bah!" replied the Dutchwoman; "fat vor you drubble yourself so moch, mein tear! It is easy enov. De moneys is comeatterful. You af your tiamonds."

"My diamonds!"

"Yes, surely. De peautiful tiamonds Mr. Mellor (de gind shentlemans!) he puy you only last year, an' gif you on your boffday when you vash dwenty-doo."

"But Mr. Mellor likes me to wear those diamonds. He was looking at them in my jewel-case only this morning, and admiring them; and I am to wear them this very night at the French plays."

"Bah, I say agen. Fat a tear liddle stoopid lof of a laty you are! Dere is tiamonds and tiamonds. Bring me de britty liddle dings, and I vill ged dem match by vour o'glock dis fery avternoon; and I vill lent you vivdy bounds more, and geep them in bledge, and lent you de oders vich is baste, and your hovspond he not know nefer one tam ding aboud de drick ve blay. Ah, ah! Ha!" And Madame Schumakers took snuff like an ogress—if ogresses ever took snuff, which I believe they did.

What was the wretched Maude Matilda Wilhelmina to do? What but bow down before the demon and obey her? This interview, I may observe, took place about noon in the upper room of a house in Newman Street, Oxford Street, where Madame Schumakers, trading under the name of Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and Co., announced herself, with her partner and the company, to be dealers in articles of vertu. Her victim took a four-wheeler. This time she did not haggle with the cabman; for she had purposely left her house on foot, and hastened back to Gallipoli Villa. She rushed upstairs to her bedroom, keeping the cab at the door; and an hour afterwards Madame Schumakers, *alias* Van Tromp, *alias* De Ruyter, *alias* Co., was in possession of Mrs. Mellor's Diamonds.

Now these diamonds, the birth-day present of Surbiton P. Mellor, Esq., and which had cost at Messrs. Hancock's no less a sum than seven hundred and fifty pounds, consisted of a necklace, two bracelets, a locket, a spray for the hair, and a pair of ear-rings, all in brilliants of the purest water. They were to be held in pledge by Madame Schumakers for the sum of four hundred pounds, which she alleged to be due to her, and were to be restored to Mrs. Mellor on the payment of four hundred and fifty pounds; the balance being advanced to that demented woman in cash, and Madame Schumakers very generously charging nothing at all for interest. Meanwhile Mrs. Mellor took home a morocco-case, containing a suite of diamonds, which certainly appeared to be the exact counterpart of her real gems; and in this suite she attended, as previously arranged, the performance of the French plays with her attached husband, and was infinitely admired for the splendour of her *parure*.

A few evenings afterwards—they were to dine at home and alone—Mr. Mellor was, contrary to his established habits, fully three-quarters of an hour late. When he did come, it was in a state of great disorder, and with a pale and disturbed countenance. For a long time he remained silent, and the dinner was sent down untasted. Then he hastily swallowed a glass of sherry; and after pacing the room for some time, thus addressed himself to speech:

"Mall"—this was her *petit nom*—"I have some terrible news to tell you."

She turned pale, and felt ready to swoon; she thought for a moment that the bank had broken. It was not that, however, but, so far as her husband was concerned, even a worse calamity. He explained that he had recently embarked in very hazardous speculations, and that those speculations had proved unlucky. He was, he said, on the very verge and brink of ruin. He had embezzled a large amount of the funds of the bank, and an investigation—which might take place at any moment—would inevitably lead to his arrest on a criminal charge. He had raised money, he said, on all his available property. There was a bill of sale on the fine furniture in Gallipoli Villa,

the lease of the house was mortgaged; but he still lacked four hundred pounds to complete the deficiency in his accounts.

"Four hundred pounds," he concluded, would save me, or at least give me time to turn myself round. There are those diamonds of yours, Mall. I gave seven hundred and fifty pounds for them, and surely they ought to be good for four hundred. Mall, my own dear true wife, you must let me have those diamonds, and we must pawn them. It grieves me to the heart to do so, for you looked superb in them last night."

She blushed, turned pale, stammered, equivocated, asked what the world would say, and whether there were no other means of tiding over the difficulty. She was told that there were none; and as for the world, her husband cried out passionately that it might say what it liked, and go hang. She offered him all her other trinkets; he told her disdainfully that, altogether, they would not fetch a hundred pounds, and that he must have the diamonds. She said faintly that she could not let him have them. He stared at her for some moments in blank amazement; and then, passing from entreaty to command, insisted on having the jewels forthwith; adding that, if she did not instantly obey him, he would take them from her by force. Sick with terror and apprehension of discovery, the wretched woman went upstairs and returning, brought the morocco-case, and laid it tremblingly on the dining-room table. He opened the *étui*, and sarcastically admired the sheen and sparkle of the gems. Then he told her that early the next morning they must be taken to the pawnbrokers; but that she should go with him, and assure herself that he had been telling the truth. She remembered the falsity of the stones, and the marrow in her spine turned cold.

After a night spent in infinite and sleepless wretchedness, the cheerless morning came; and Mr. and Mrs. Mellor drove in their elegant brougham down to Beaufort Buildings, Strand, at the corner of which, at the time of which I speak, was the well-known pawnbroking establishment of Mr. Amos Scantleberry. They entered the "private office," in which loans of too much importance to be discussed in the vulgar boxes where the poor pawned their clothes were negotiated, and the diamonds were submitted to Mr. Amos Scantleberry, who was reputed to be one of the best judges of precious stones in Europe. That gentleman examined Mrs. Mellor's "diamonds" minutely, weighed and tested them, and did not hesitate for the moment in advancing on them the sum required—four hundred pounds sterling. He paid over the amount at once in crisp bank-notes, and a bond for the loan, at a rate of interest agreed upon, was made out. This document Mr. Mellor handed to his wife, telling her sardonically, that she might very soon redeem her finery if she would only practise a little economy for a time. He seemed to have become a very different personage from the Surbiton P. Mellor of the day before yesterday, and of the four happy years of their married life. At the pawnbroker's door he handed her into her brougham, and saying that he had an engagement in the city, left her.

She went home half-distracted. In the course of a few hours she was certain the spurious nature of the gems must be discovered, and her husband would be prosecuted for fraud. What was she to do? Why had she not told him the truth in the first instance? He would not have killed her, had she confessed that her real diamonds were in the custody of Madame Schumakers. But then those embezzled funds belonging to the bank, and the awful peril he was in? It was too late, and something must be done. She sat for hours revolving in her mind scheme after scheme, but none seemed practicable. At length, with shame and horror and ghastly loathing, she hit upon one which appeared feasible. She could borrow eight hundred pounds; somebody had told her so over and over again. Why had she not gone to him when the hag Schumakers pressed her? Because she was afraid and ashamed. But the worst was come now, and she must brave it.

Somebody lived in very grand style in the Albany—and in very grand style too—and was highly curled, oiled, ringed, chained, pinned, and locketed. Somebody's name was Mossby—Mr. Algernon Mossby; and somebody else—by whom may be meant everybody or anybody—declared that the name of Algernon Mossby was only an elegant paraphrase of the less aristocratic appellation of Abraham Moses. Mr. Mossby was a frequent visitor at Gallipoli Villa; Mr. Mossby had horses and carriages and a yacht; Mr. Mossby was a gay man, a fashionable man; and Mr. Mossby admired Mrs. Surbiton P. Mellor to distraction, and had frequently insinuated that not only was his heart laid at her feet, but that his purse was at her command.

She had been a good and true wife to her husband, and had never given the oily, impudent, much bejewelled Jew any undue encouragement. She was determined to give him none now, dire as was her extremity. She went nevertheless to his chambers in the

Albany within an hour after leaving Mr. Scantleberry's establishment; and she fell on her knees before Mr. Algernon Mossby, and besought him to save her from utter ruin and destruction. Mr. Mossby behaved with thorough gallantry. He admitted that eight hundred pounds was a very large sum, but he thought, he said, that he could at once oblige her with a cheque for the amount. For all security he merely required her note of hand, payable on demand for the sum of eight hundred pounds and for "value received."

"That is enough, my dear Mrs. Mellor," said Mr. Algernon Mossby, as he handed her the cheque and locked up the promissory note in his cash-box. "I will make my demand all in good time. That little scrap of writing is quite sufficient to ruin your reputation if produced; and I have no doubt, that ere I produce it we shall have arrived at a very satisfactory understanding. Allow me to conduct you to the door; the staircase is rather dark."

Half-distraught she hastened to Mr. Scantleberry's, stopping on her way at the bank to get the cheque cashed. She had still the fifty pounds which the Dutchwoman had advanced to her on the previous day; and with the eight hundred lent to her by Mr. Algernon Mossby, she felt that one great peril was at least surmounted. Mr. Scantleberry seemed somewhat surprised to see her; but on her producing the loan-bond and the requisite money, handed her over the diamonds. She hurried then to Madame Schumakers in Foley Street, who was delighted to see her; the more so, she said, as she was starting for Rotterdam that very evening. To her Mrs. Mellor handed the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds, and received her jewel-case and her own diamonds. Now she felt relieved. She would hasten back to Mr. Scantleberry's, re-pawn her diamonds, and then give Mossby back half his money. He would surely wait for the rest. It was four in the afternoon ere she reached Beaufort Buildings, and in a few half-incoherent words explained that, through unforeseen events, she was compelled to renew the transaction of the previous day. The pawnbroker bowed, observed that such things frequently happened in the way of business, and proceeded to examine the jewels—merely, he observed, as a matter of form. Mrs. Mellor felt perfectly at ease as he weighed and tested them; in this, at least, there was no fraud, she thought.

Suddenly the pawnbroker fixed upon her a searching glance.

"These are not the stones you brought me yesterday, madam," he said.

"At all events," Mrs. Mellor faltered out, "they are my own jewels, and fully worth the sum I ask upon them."

"I only know," replied Mr. Scantleberry, very slowly and deliberately, and handing her back her "diamonds," "that the stones you brought me yesterday were genuine, and of great value—and that these are FALSE."

"False!"

"False, madam; you may take them to any lapidary—to any judge of precious stones in London, and he will tell you that they are not worth ten pounds. There has been some very ugly mistake here." And with a low bow Mr. Scantleberry retired into his back office.

She found herself, she knew not how, in the street. She was now utterly, entirely ruined. She had no diamonds at all, either in pledge or in her own possession; and the accursed Mr. Algernon Mossby of the Albany held her note of hand for eight hundred pounds "for value received." She would go home, she thought, and kill herself.

"No, my darling," said Surbiton P. Mellor that night, when she had thrown herself at his feet, and with passionate tears and outcries confessed all; "you are *not* ruined; no harm has come to you at all, or to me either, for the matter of that. I have merely been reading you a little lesson, to cure you of your one fault—extravagance. The diamonds I gave you on your birthday were false. I knew that, sooner or later, they would come into the possession of that Dutch beldame Schumakers; I found the hag out, and took her into my pay; I intrusted to her the real diamonds, which she gave you as imitation ones. They were the real stones we pawned, and the sham ones which you afterwards vainly endeavoured to pledge. As to Mr. Algernon Mossby, he is my very good friend and agent to command. Here is your note of hand; and it may relieve your mind to know, that I was concealed in the next room throughout your interview with that obliging gentleman in the Albany. He will come no more to this house, and he has five hundred good reasons for holding his tongue. Now, then, come and give me a kiss, and to-morrow morning I'll give you your real diamonds and your sham ones too. Only, under any circumstances, don't take either the genuine or the spurious ones to Foley Street, to Beaufort Buildings, or to the Albany."

The cure was efficacious and complete. Mrs. Surbiton P. Mellor has since made considerable additions to her jewel-case; but she has ceased to raise money either on the hypothecation of her personal effects or on notes of hand.

HOME AT LAST.

Sister Mary, come and sit
Here beside me in the bay
Of the window—ruby-lit
With the last gleams of the day.
Steeped in crimson through and through,
Glow the battlements of vapour;
While above them, in the blue,
Hesper lights his tiny taper.
Look! the rook flies westward, darling,
Flapping slowly overhead;
See, in dusky clouds the starling
Whirring to the willow bed.
Through the lakes of mist, that lie
Breast-deep in the fields below,
Underneath the darkening sky,
Home the weary reapers go.
Peace and rest at length have come,
All the day's long toil is past;
And each heart is whispering "Home—
Home at last!"

Mary! in your great gray eyes
I can see the long-represt
Grief, whose earnest look denies
That to-night each heart's at rest.
Twelve long years ago you parted—
He to India went alone;
Young and strong and hopeful-hearted—
"Oh he would not long be gone."
Twelve long years have lingered by;
Youth, and strength, and hope have fled,
Life beneath an Indian sky
Withers limb and whitens head;
But his faith has never faltered,
Time his noble heart has spared;
Yet, dear, he is sadly altered—
So he writes me. Be prepared!
I have news—good news! He says—
In this hurried note and short—
That his ship, ere many days,
Will be anchored safe in port.
Courage!—soon, dear, will he come—
Those few days will fly so fast;
Yes! he's coming, Mary—Home—
Home at last.
. . . . . .
Idle words!—yet strangely fit!
In a vessel leagues away,
In the cabin, ruby-lit
By the last gleams of the day,
Calm and still the loved one lies;
Never tear of joy or sorrow
Shall unseal those heavy eyes—
They will ope to no to-morow.
Folded hands upon a breast
Where no feverish pulses flutter,
Speak of an unbroken rest,
That no earthly tongue may utter.
And a sweet smile seems to grow—
Seems to hover on the lip,
As the shadows come and go
With the motion of the ship.
Rest and peace at length have come—
Rest and peace how deep and vast;
Weary wanderer—truly Home—
Home at last.

TOM HOOD.

STANZAS.

There is a tongue in every leaf!
A voice in every rill!
A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air;
A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through everything we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, everywhere,
In all things—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall
At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turned in sullen mood
From all these things whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew—
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

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[1] Son of Thomas Hood, the author of "The Song of the Shirt." This poem is from "*The Daughters of King Daher, and other Poems.*"

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart.—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

[Mary Russell Mitford, born at Alresford, Hampshire, 16th December, 1786; died at Swallowfield, near Reading, 10th January, 1855. The extravagance of her father, Dr. Mitford, dissipated a considerable fortune which her mother had possessed, and also made away with £20,000 which Miss Mitford, at the age of ten, had obtained as a prize in a lottery. It was the pecuniary difficulties of her family which suggested to her the idea of authorship as a profession, and in 1806 she began her literary career with a volume of *Miscellaneous Verse*, which was favourably received everywhere except in the *Quarterly*. In the succeeding year she made a more ambitious venture, and issued *Christina, or the Maid of the South Seas*, a narrative poem founded on the romantic incidents which followed the mutiny of the *Bounty*. Her genius and persevering energy achieved the greatest success in poetry, drama, and fiction. Of her plays the most notable are, *Julian, a Tragedy*, first performed in 1823 with Macready in the part of hero; *The Foscari, a Tragedy*, 1826; *Rienzi*, 1828; and *Charles the First*. But of all her works the most widely appreciated is *Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*. The first of these sketches appeared in the *Lady's Magazine*, 1819; they were subsequently collected, and with the additions made to them from year to year formed five volumes—the first having been published in 1824, the last in 1832. In the *Noctes*, Christopher North speaks of Miss Mitford as "that charming painter of rural life;" and the Shepherd says, "Oh, sir, but that leddy has a fine and bauld hand, either at a sketch or finished picture." Her *Recollections of a Literary Life* (1852) form a work full of useful memoranda about books, places, and people. Bentley and Son have recently published in three volumes a life of Miss Mitford, "told by herself in letters to her friends." It is edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, and has an introductory memoir by the late Rev. William Harness, her literary executor.]

I had taken refuge in a harvest-field belonging to my good neighbour, Farmer Creswell: a beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath—enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile harebells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears—around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonized with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology—of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral in the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother; and, having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle as fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for, although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the county, yet the fair Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse or a favourite grayhound. She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper: was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not such a handy little creature anywhere; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet, out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind—nobody was like his Dora. So said and so thought Farmer Creswell; and, before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that, in due time, she should marry his son Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now, Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair speci-

men of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile: his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was undoubtedly the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the very highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son, Walter, who was, in person, a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him also in many points of character; was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favourite sister, and might, very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished: but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement; to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was absurd—and restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way—and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died, and, deprived of a home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and, in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow, unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son nor the birth of his grandson seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation, and blameless deportment, of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighbourhood was zealous to relieve and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended on her dear cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from the silk frock to a penny tartlet. Everything that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her to those whose claim seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter in the harvest field: the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:—

"And so, madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face. "Only look at him!" continued she, "and think of that dear boy and his dear mother living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all, I that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. So tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often,

at meal-times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him, then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter; and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, ma'am; I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humour; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him: for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father? No heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that his will not. Only,"—pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I'm half afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants anything to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets especially. I remember when my Lady Countess came on purpose to see our white peacock that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow Marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five the other day when dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern—and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened! Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry!" said Dora in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At this moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog in a neighbouring field; and, fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon to learn her success; and passing the harvest-field in my way, found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday-clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself; a pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora, and I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart.

"Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel!"

"Did he say Gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms and hugged him, just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy: he put up his little hands and stroked it; and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed;—and, oh! how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he would never have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf and cried; and I cried too. Very strange, that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat: "very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flowers—"very strange that I should cry when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry

with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

WYOMING.

On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew:
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While hark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay.
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn![1] what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar![2]

[1] Scotland.
[2] The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee;
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life—to plant fair freedom's tree.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress,
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—O think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace—imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me!
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words—but knew not what they were.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale reside in Albemarle Street. The colonel's movements may be said to form the two sides of an obtuse-angled triangle: that is to say, he rides into Hyde Park before dinner, and to the Opera-house in the Haymarket after it. Mrs. Nightingale reads the English poets: she possesses them all neatly bound, placed upon a species of literary dumb-waiter. When tired of Sir Walter Scott, she has only to give her satin-wood machine a jerk, and *Cain a Mystery* tumbles into her lap. About two-and-thirty years ago, Jack Nightingale (as he was then called) quitted Westminster School. His most intimate crony at that establishment was George Withers, a fair round-faced boy with flaxen hair. Old General Nightingale, Jack's father, used to call him "the sweet little cherub," partly with reference to the chubby-cheeked ornaments of old tombstones, and partly to Dibdin's celebrated ballad, which introduces that bodiless personage at the close of every stanza. The cherub would often accompany young Nightingale to dine with the General, in Hertford Street, May Fair. Upon these occasions, the latter would take upon him to cross-examine his visitant in Latin. The general seldom advanced into the Roman territories beyond "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," but he continued, nevertheless, to make George Withers sit very uneasy upon his chair. Be that as it may, the friendship of the two boys was most exemplary: I am as fond of new quotations as the author of *Saint Ronan's Well*, and shall therefore satisfy myself with asserting that

> "In infancy their hopes and fears
> Were to each other known."

Time makes terrible havoc with school friendships. Jack Nightingale quitted Westminster, and became a member of his father's profession; George Withers entered the church, and became curate of Scoresby, in Yorkshire. For the first six months nothing could be more constant than their correspondence. Many a one shilling and ninepence of theirs did my lords the Joint Postmaster pocket: after that period the attachment hung fire, like the New Post-office itself in St. Martin's le Grand. Something of importance was continually occurring to abbreviate their epistles: Jack Nightingale had to try on a new hussar cap, and George Withers had to bury an old woman.—"So no more at present from," &c. &c. The case is by no means a singular one. Gibbon, when living at Lausanne, was always hammering out an excuse for not writing to his friend Lord Sheffield. The fault, in these cases, seems to consist in attempting to apologize: why not boldly leave off writing at once, and imitate the man with a toothache, who, after being pestered with seven civil inquiries from a friend, couched in the accustomed phrase, "How do you find yourself *now?*" at length answered, "When there is any alteration I will let you know."

The revolutionary French war now broke out, and Cornet Nightingale joined his regiment in Flanders. Two letters, "like angel visits" (another new quotation), were despatched by him to his clerical Orestes, from before Valenciennes. In one of these the following phrase occurred, "Our troops have sat down before the town."—George Withers in his reply observed, "I am very glad to hear it, for the poor fellows must have been sadly tired." Our military Pylades took this as a joke, but I confidently believe that it was written in sober seriousness. George Withers had heard talk of camp-stools, and concluded that the Duke of York had provided his weary troops with a due assortment of them. Upon the firing of these two epistolary shots, both batteries were silenced.

After a lapse of upwards of thirty years, one fine Saturday afternoon, in the last variable month of March, when Colonel Nightingale had availed himself of a gleam of sunshine to take his canter in the park, his lady, busied at her rotatory book-stand, heard a hard double rap at the street door. The two heavy concussions made her think it was either a twopenny postman or a twopenny creditor. In either case the affair excited but little emotion. John, however, in a few seconds entered the drawing-room, and informed his mistress that a fat man wished particularly to see Colonel Nightingale or his lady. "Show him up," said Mrs. Nightingale, "but leave the door ajar, and remain within call." The door was re-opened, and in walked the Rev. George Withers. He begged pardon for intruding; but, being summoned up to town to attend a trial (here he produced the subpœna), he could not for the life of him avoid calling upon his old friend and school-fellow, whom he had not seen for thirty years and upwards: he had had a vast deal of trouble in finding him out: at the Horse Guards he was referred to the United Service Club: he had turned, by mistake, into a large glass shop, in what used, thirty years

ago, to be called Cockspur Street, but the name was now changed to Pall Mall East, why he could not devise: the man at the counter was very civil, that he must say for him, but could give him no information: the two sentinels fronting Carlton Palace had contented themselves with shaking their heads: but at length, Mr. Samms the bookseller, at the corner of St. James's Street, had cast his eye over a little thick red book, called Boyle's *Court Guide*, and had directed him to the proper place. Mrs. Nightingale received Mr. Withers, notwithstanding the decided *mauvais ton* of his aspect, with great politeness. She intimated that she had often heard the colonel speak of his friend Withers, and how delighted he should be to meet with him again: the colonel was riding in Hyde Park; but she hoped and trusted that Mr. Withers would name an early day for partaking of a family dinner in Albemarle Street. Mr. Withers looked a little duller than usual at this *sine die* adjournment, and said that he must go back to Scoresby on the morrow. Mrs. Nightingale hereupon hoped that Mr. Withers would so far oblige them as to partake of their humble fare to-day. The reverend gentlemen acquiesced with alacrity; and after many bows, and backing against a frail mahogany table, surmounted with a chess-board, whereby knights and pawns were precipitated to the ground, took his departure to the New Hummums.—"I have invited a friend to dine with you to-day," said Mrs. Nightingale, as her spouse with splashed boots entered the room. The brow of Colonel Nightingale lowered—"My dear, how could you be so dreadfully inconsiderate: are you aware that it is opera night?" "True," rejoined the lady, "but the gentleman is obliged to quit town to-morrow." "He must be a very extraordinary gentleman if he induces me to postpone Catalani." "I think, notwithstanding, that that consequence will follow, when you learn who it is." "And pray, who is it?" "What do you think of George Withers." "What, my old crony at Westminster?" "Yes, he." "My dear Augusta, you have acted with your accustomed good sense. George Withers! I shall be delighted to see him! Why, it is nearly twenty years since we last saw each other." "For nearly twenty, read upwards of thirty," thought Mrs. Nightingale, but she was too good a wife to give the erratum utterance.

Precisely at half-past six the same sort of heavy double-rap at the door denoted that George Withers had arrived. The schoolfellows advanced with delight to accost each other, but in the act of shaking hands mutually gave a start of astonishment. Good heaven! said Nightingale to himself, is it possible that this can be Withers? and, Good heavens! said Withers to himself, is it possible that this can be Nightingale?—a sympathy of ejaculation which could only proceed from friendship of such a long standing. Dinner was immediately announced, and Mrs. Nightingale was destined to be *amused* by an eager recital of their mutual "hairbreadth 'scapes" at their ancient seminary. "Do you remember Sam Talbot?"—"To be sure I do. What is become of him?"—"He married a planter's daughter, and settled in Tobago."—"Where's Lawrence?"—"Which of them, Charles or Robert?"—"Robert I meant."—"He is a barrack-master at Colchester."—"And what's become of Charles Enderby, who broke his leaping-pole, and fell into Drayton's ditch in Tothill Fields?"—"Oh, he has purchased half a million of swampy acres in the back settlements of America!"—"Indeed! well he always had a turn that way. Do you remember his battle with Frank Parsons? he certainly would have scalped him if he had not worn a wig." Discourse like this is highly entertaining to the parties interested; but they are apt, in the hurry of colloquy, to keep all the entertainment to themselves. Mrs. Nightingale, independently of her dislike to these exclusive reminiscences, found serious internal fault with the Reverend George Withers' style of eating. The food unquestionably reached his mouth, but somehow it never got there as it should have done. His four-pronged silver fork lay idle upon the table-cloth, while his knife was doing all the duty which polite custom has thrown upon its silver associate, passed to and fro from his mouth to his plate with fearful impetuosity. "I have one chance yet," sighed the lady to herself; "he will cut his own tongue out in a minute—I plainly perceive that nothing else can check his garrulity." Still the conversation ran in the same channel.—"Do you remember this?" and "Do you remember that?" ushered in every speech. At length the Reverend Mr. Withers asked the friend of his heart, whether he remembered how he served the Italian image-men? Nightingale had forgotten it. "Oh, then I must recall it to your memory," said the divine. "There was a party of us, madam (turning to the lady of the mansion), at our window, when in came a man into Dean's yard with a set of plaster images upon a board, balanced upon his head. These Italians are certainly admirable artists. Such correct grouping of figures, such harmony! Let me see, there were Socrates,

Mendoza, Necker, Lord Howe, Milton, a gilt lion, Count Cagliostro, Whitfield, and a green parrot, all cheek-by-jowl together. The man —oh, you must remember it, Jack—walked under the window, crying, 'Image, image, who'll buy my image?' when you—O, you must recollect—threw a basin of water upon his board. Away floated Whitfield and the green parrot: Mendoza gave Milton a knock-down blow: the gilt lion fell tooth and nail upon Count Cagliostro: and Necker could not find ways and means to keep his place—Lord Howe was the only officer who kept the deck." "Yes, yes, now I do remember it," exclaimed Colonel Nightingale, laughing heartily. It would have been better if he had remained serious. The opening of his fauces set Mr. Withers' tongue afloat upon a very ticklish topic. "Why, Jack," exclaimed the relentless clergyman, "you have got a new tooth." The colonel reddened; but the ecclesiastic proceeded. "Well, that's droll enough; you certainly *had* lost a tooth: I think it was your left eye-tooth."—"Do *you* retain your wise ones?" inquired the caustic colonel. "Yes, both of them," replied the matter-of-fact divulger of secrets. "You must remember the loss of yours; it was on the left side: Frank Anderson knocked it out with a cricket-ball." There are certain secrets which men keep even from their wives. For "twice ten tedious years" the colonel had been hugging himself in the certainty that the affair in question was confined to Chevalier Ruspini and himself. "Will you take a glass of champaign, sir?" said the master of the mansion. The movement was most dexterous. The Rev. Mr. Withers had made a "god of his belly" too long to allow the thoughts of any teeth, save his own, to cross his Bacchanalian devotions.

When the summons of "Coffee is ready" had induced the two school friends to rejoin Mrs. Nightingale in the drawing-room, all former incidents had been pretty well exhausted, and they now proceeded to discuss "things as they are." But in this species of duet they by no means chimed harmoniously together. Withers thought Scoresby and its concerns were the concerns of all mankind; and Nightingale could not imagine that anybody upon earth had anything to think of save Rossini and his prima donna of a wife, Lindley's violoncello, Garcia in *Agorante*, and Catalani in *Il Fanatico per la Musica*. "I have news to tell you," said the country parson to the frequenter of the Italian opera, "which I am sure you will be glad to hear."—"Indeed, what is it?"—"My black sow has produced me seven of as pretty pigs as ever you saw in your life. Then I've another thing to tell you: I enlarged my pig-sty seven feet four inches: four inches? I really think it was five: yes, it certainly was five. This caused the building to project a little, and but a little, upon the footpath that leads the back way, up town from the Red Lion to Mrs. Marshall's meadow. Well, now, what do you think Tom Austin did? He told Richard Holloway that I had been guilty of a trespass: whereupon Holloway, by advice of Skinner his attorney, pulled down four planks of the new part of the pig-stye, and let the whole litter out into the village! Little Johnny Mears caught one of them—it was the black and white one—and Smithers, the baker, contrived to get hold of five more; but I have never set eyes upon the seventh from that day to this! The poor black sow took on sadly. Dick Holloway ought to be ashamed of himself. He is a fellow of very loose habits, and never sets out his tithes as he should do. But what can you expect from a Presbyterian?" "This bald unjointed chat" made Colonel Nightingale fidget up and down like the right elbow of Mr. Lindley pending the agony of his violoncello accompaniment to the "Batti Batti" of the now forgotten Mozart. The colonel had hitherto with marvellous patience, from complaisance to his guest, foreborne to mount his own hobby: finding, however, that the latter was in no hurry to dismount, he resolved, *coute qui coute*, to vault into his own proper saddle. The following dialogue forthwith ensued. I copy it verbatim, as a model of school friendship standing firm, in its community of tastes, amid the wreck of thirty years and upwards. "I am, I own, extremely partial to Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraide:* Garcia in *Agorante* excels himself: the critics object to his excess of ornament; but I own this has always appeared to me to be his chief merit."—"When the black sow litters again, I shall keep a sharp look-out upon Master Holloway; and if he pulls down any more planks from my pig-sty I mean to put him into the Spiritual Court."—"Catalani's spiritual concerts are not particularly well attended, and I am not sorry for it: Bochsa has started his oratorios with all the talent in town, and therefore ought to be encouraged. By-the-by, Madame Vestris is a woman of most versatile talent. Her mock *Don Giovanni* is admirable: not that I approve of any mockery of the Italian Opera: profaneness cannot be too steadily discouraged. But it is not a little surprising, that a woman who can act that sprightly comic extravaganza should be able to depict the jealous and indig-

nant Princess Zomira."—"We have a club of clergymen who meet once a month at Kettering to shake hands and exchange sermons: last Friday month I gave one of mine to Doctor Pringle, whose grandfather was chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and received one of his in exchange. I intended to look it over on Sunday morning before church, but"—"How extremely well Madame Vestris, Camporese, and Garcia, execute that trio in the first act, 'Sara l'alma delusa schernita:' when Madame Vestris comes in with her 'O l'indegno qui dove perir,' I declare she stands her ground most womanfully: the fact is, that the sweetness of Italian music"—"But Hannah and I were busy hunting the black sow out of the cucumber beds: we were so busy, crying, 'Hey tig! tig!' that we did not hear the bell toll: so up I walked into the pulpit without ever once looking at the sermon"—"Those orange-tawny stuff curtains are a disgrace to the Opera house"—"well I began reading it, and to my great surprise I found that it had been preached by Doctor Pringle's grandfather immediately after the great earthquake at Lisbon. I therefore found myself under the disagreeable necessity of thus addressing my congregation at Kettering:—'When I look around me, and behold the effects of the late horrid devastation of nature: trees torn up by the roots; houses toppling to their foundation; men and cattle ingulfed in the earth, and the whole horizon rocking like the ocean in its most tempestuous moments.' You cannot imagine the sensation I excited: the women fanned themselves and fainted; and the men muttered to each other, 'Dear me! something unpleasant must have occurred since we entered the church!'—I never preached with so much effect either before or since."

The regular amble of the Rev. George Withers' hobby had now contrived to distance the curvature and prance of Colonel Nightingale's. The colonel pulled up, and lifting a small gold watch from his right waistcoat pocket, muttered to himself—"Ah, the wretch! it is half-past ten, and Catalani must have sung her second Cavatina.—Where do you lodge, Sir?" said the host, coldly to his guest—"At the New Hummums."—"Indeed! are you aware that they close their doors at a quarter past eleven?"—"You don't say so?"—"Yes, I do: but you may find very pretty accommodation at 'the Finish:' the street strollers and market-gardeners speak of it in high terms." This hit told: the Reverend George Withers looked at his watch, and made a rapid retreat. "Well!" cried the colonel the moment the door was closed, "so much for school friendship: did you ever see such a vulgar dog—such an idiot too—so blind to his own interest: if he had but held his tongue two minutes, I could have given him my opinion of 'Rossini's Zelmira.' I am one Opera night out of pocket by him, and that is enough to make me detest him to my dying day. Such illiberality too—did you hear him say,—'What can you expect from a Presbyterian!'—How I hate a man who vilifies a whole tribe for the faults of an individual!—I have long thought it, and I now know it—All men who live in the country are fools."

JAMES SMITH.

THE OCEAN GRAVE.

[Mrs. John Hunter (Anne Home), born in Hull, 1742; died in London, 7th January, 1821. She was the wife of the celebrated anatomist, and the authoress of several songs which have been popular. Of these, *My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair*, is perhaps the best known. A collection of her poems appeared in 1802.]

Friends! when I die, prepare my welcome grave,
Where the eternal ocean rolls his wave;
Rough though the blast, still let his freeborn breeze,
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,
Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray
Weep tear-drops sparkling with a heavenly ray,
A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,
And nature deepen while it soothes the gloom.

O let that element whose voice had power
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,
Which through my life my spirit loved so well,
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell.

The gen'rous ocean, whose proud waters bear
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously;
Emblem of God! unchanging, infinite,
Awful alike in loveliness and might,
Rolls still untiring like the tide of time,
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime:
And as the sun, which from each lake and stream
Through all the world, where'er their waters gleam,
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,
To bid each climate know its want no more.

Exiled on earth, a fettered prisoner here,
Barr'd from all treasures which my heart holds dear,
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desired,
Whilst hope hath fled which once each vision fired;
Dead to all joy, still on my fancy glow
Dreams of delight which heavenward thoughts bestow,
Not then in death shall I unconscious be
Of that whose whispers are eternity.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

There is no vice that causes more calamities in human life, than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenuous persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps into the gulf of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the moneys in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befall the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner, he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady when she learned the nature of this connection, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope; and that, at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini to the richest nobleman in the Popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed to sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villanous part his betrayer had taken: for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most

vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood, and with these expressions he sought to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer, as well as a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a by-place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped sometime in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas! poor bankrupt," says he, "thou hast been plucked too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is now all that its malice hath left me."

Thus in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly: and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt, for a moment, if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially,—yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any

rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were, therefore, before long united, to the contentment of all Rome; her wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate windfall which had so befriended him, Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand: but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

THOMAS HOOD.[1]

FIDELITY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

One eve of beauty, when the sun
  Was on the streams of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
  The ripples of the mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
  A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
  A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
  Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
  I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more
  What could Diana's motto be?
The Syren wrote upon the shore—
  "Death, not inconstancy!"

And then her two large languid eyes
  So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
  And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
  With such an eye and such a hand:
But one week more, and I believed
  As much the woman as the sand.

[1] National Tales, London, 1827, 2 vols. 8vo.

VERSES.

[**Andrew Marvell**, born at Kingston-upon-Hull, 15th November, 1620; died 16th August, 1678. He was a politician and a poet, the friend of Milton, and the steady opponent of the court party in parliament. He was elected one of the members for Hull in 1660, and continued to represent that city in parliament till his death. Charles II. is reported to have attempted to bribe him and failed, although Marvell's circumstances were comparatively poor. No temptation could move him from the principles he held, and his prose works, satirical and political, exercised much influence on the government of the day. His miscellaneous poems, with portrait and memoir, were published in 1681, and there have been various editions issued since.]

Why should man's high aspiring mind
  Burn in him, with so proud a breath;
When all his haughty views can find
  In this world, yields to death;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
  The rich, the poor, and great, and small,
Are each but worms' anatomies,
  To strew his quiet hall.

Power may make many earthly gods,
  Where gold, and bribery's guilt, prevails;
But death's unwelcome honest odds
  Kicks o'er the unequal scales:
The flatter'd great may clamours raise
  Of power,—and their own weakness hide,
But death shall find unlooked-for ways
  To end the farce of pride.—

An arrow, hurtel'd ere so high
  From e'en a giant's sinewy strength,
In time's untraced eternity,
  Goes but a pigmy length—
Nay, whirring from the tortured string,
  With all its pomp of hurried flight,
'Tis, by the skylark's little wing,
  Outmeasured, in its height.

Just so, man's boasted strength and power
  Shall fade, before death's lightest stroke;
Laid lower than the meanest flower—
  Whose pride o'ertopt the oak.
And he, who like a blighting blast,
  Dispeopled worlds, with war's alarms,
Shall be himself destroyed at last,
  By poor, despised worms.

Tyrants in vain their powers secure,
  And awe slaves' murmurs with a frown;
But unawed death at last is sure
  To sap the Babels down—
A stone thrown upward to the sky,
  Will quickly meet the ground agen:
So men-gods, of earth's vanity,
  Shall drop at last to men;

And power, and pomp, their all resign—
Blood-purchased thrones, and banquet halls,
Fate waits to sack ambition's shrine
As bare as prison walls,
Where the poor suffering wretch bows down
To laws a lawless power hath past;—
And pride, and power, and king, and clown,
Shall be death's slaves at last.

Time, the prime minister of death,
There's nought can bribe his honest will;
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still:
Each wicked scheme for power, all stops,
With grandeur's false and mock display,
As eve's shades, from high mountain tops,
Fade with the rest away.

Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud,—triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadows' length:
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find, in the unhonoured grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave.

MADAME SIMPLE'S INVESTMENT.

I.

In 186— there were at Paris, as well as in the departments, a hundred lotteries for charitable purposes.

Monsieur and Madame Simple, retired herbalists, enjoyed, on a third floor in the Rue Chalot, about three thousand francs a year, of which they scarcely spent two-thirds. They arose at nine, breakfasted, went to the Jardin des Plantes to look at the bears, the monkeys, and the two elephants; returned to dinner at five, played a game at piquet, and went to bed when the drums beat the retreat. How was it possible for them to spend more?

On Sundays they passed the day at Belleville, where they had hired a square patch of garden, in the middle of which rose a sort of cabin, christened with the title of "country house." Their friends and messmates consisted of a pug-dog named Pyrame, who was Madame's spoiled child; a cat called Minette, especially petted by Monsieur; and a family of turtle-doves, a source to both of the most delightful recollections, particularly when the cock entertained the hen with his interminable series of salutations. In short, their life to them was a succession of cloudless days, varied every year with one or two important events, such as the happy hatching of a pair of little turtles, or the imprudent propensity which Minette manifested to hunt after nocturnal adventures in early spring. The Simples, therefore, were as happy as it was possible for people to be, when Madame took it into her head to lay out the joint savings of her husband and herself in the purchase of a ticket in each lottery. Madame Simple, who was now and then tickled by dreams of luxury and grandeur, was not sorry to sow the seed of emotions in the somewhat too uniform furrow of her existence.

Madame Simple's hopes were not disappointed. Her husband announced to her thirty-three times that they had won the principal prize in each lottery, thereby affording her thirty-three different emotions, which varied according to the importance of the sum, from trembling to convulsion, from exclamation to fainting. The result of the whole was, that the good works of Monsieur and Madame Simple brought them in the trifle of one million two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

II.

The clock struck nine. M. Simple sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Wake up, Goody!"

"I am not asleep," replied Madame Simple with importance; "I am reflecting."

"Let us make haste and dress. We shall be too late to see the monkeys let out."

"You well deserve the name which you have given me, Monsieur Simple! When people have sixty thousand francs a year, they do not amuse themselves with such nonsense as monkeys. We will go shopping this morning along the Boulevards, as far as the Madelaine. I must have a thousand francs' worth of lace."

"To open a shop with, Goody dear?"

"To trim a satin mantelet, Monsieur Simple."

"That will indeed be a fine mantelet then."

"I mean we should have plenty of other smart things too. Do you fancy we are to live any longer in this stupid, humdrum way, in a sort of public barrack, where twenty lodgers elbow each other on the staircase?"

"Nobody has ever elbowed me."

"But that might happen. In short, I have long and maturely meditated upon our new position, as well as on the changes which it ought to cause in our existence. My plans are arranged."

"But, Goody—"

"I must remark, once for all, Monsieur,

that there is nothing so vulgar as for married people to call each other Goody, Totsy, duck, or —"

"By Jove! I do it out of affection."

"But when people have sixty thousand francs a year, they show their affection in a more genteel form of words."

"Very likely, my honey; but habits to which one has been accustomed for thirty years are not shaken off in half an hour."

"Certainly, you will not do it in a hurry, if you are as long about it as you are in dressing."

"I am ready now, darling duck."

"Make haste and get your breakfast. I want to be off."

Madame Simple was an extremely expeditious person. Her plan was no sooner conceived than executed; and the happy couple were soon installed, as if by enchantment, in a grand hotel in the *Chaussée d'Autin*. Four servants, in splendid liveries, loitered about the door; a *calèche* and a *coupé* stood in the coach-house; and four magnificent horses pawed the floor of the stable. M. Simple regarded all these fine things with an air of complete astonishment. He wandered from room to room, walked on the tips of his toes, as if he had been in a sick man's chamber. He wiped off with his sleeve any dust of snuff which he might happen to let fall upon the furniture; and his wife had the greatest possible difficulty in making him understand that he need not take off his hat when he spoke to his servants.

III.

M. Simple wished to get up. Following the instructions his wife had given him, he pulled a bell-rope which hung at his bed's head. At the end of five minutes he repeated the operation. After another five minutes, as nobody came, he pulled at the rope for the third time. At last Jacque, the *valet-de-chambre*, showed himself, puffing as if he had put himself out of breath by coming in such an extraordinary hurry; so that M. Simple, instead of making any remarks about his negligence, internally pitied the fate of poor servants, who are compelled to throw themselves into a perspiration to satisfy the impatient demands of their masters.

Jacque took a good quarter of an hour to collect and arrange the requisites for M. Simple's toilet. He employed a second in shaving him and brushing his hair, a third in pulling on his boots, a fourth in tying his cravat, and a fifth in assisting him with his waistcoat and coat. M. Simple had the pleasure of spending an hour and a half in an operation which formerly took him only twenty minutes to complete. But, in recompense for that, his pantaloons girded him so tightly that he could scarcely breathe; his cravat made him feel as if he were in the pillory; and his corns, imprisoned in tight-fitting boots, gave him horrible pain. Nevertheless, on perceiving, unexpectedly, his own image reflected in a mirror, he had the self-command to subdue all outward indication of the tortures he suffered, and to make himself a respectful bow, believing the figure to be some stranger of distinction who had come to visit him.

IV.

Dinner-time arrived, and M. Simple sat down to the table.

"Dear, dear! what can this be, ducky?" he said, as he tasted some soup which was perfectly unknown to him in regard to colour, taste, and smell.

"It is cray-fish soup, delicately seasoned."

"Delicately poisoned, you mean, my darling. Now that we are rich, there is no reason why we should not have a hotch-potch every day, with a chicken in it too, as good Henry IV. used to say."

"You deserve to have been born in those primitive times! A hotch-potch! The idea of requiring a cook, who has served in Milord Plumpudding's kitchen, to make a hotch-potch!"

"Ah! Our cook has —"

"People who have a cook who has cooked for Milord Plumpudding ought not to dine like everyday folks."

"What a pity! I should have been very well satisfied with a hotch-potch."

At the second course M. Simple opened his eyes in astonishment, and let his hands fall upon his lap in complete despair.

"Take something, my dear; help yourself to something!" said Madame Simple.

"Quite impossible, Goody! I have not room for a morsel more. I have already done honour to two dishes."

"Our ordinary private little dinners will consist of six. We cannot have less now that we are worth —"

"Of course; six be the number, my love, since our position requires it; but you will allow me to observe that there is no compulsion to eat of every one of them."

"That is to say, you would cause Milord Plumpudding's cook the vexation of supposing that his ragouts had failed, and that you are dissatisfied with his exertions!"

"Do you think it would have that effect upon Milord Plumpudding's cook?"

"Only put yourself in his place."

"That is all I require," thought M. Simple. "I am sure he does not feel obliged to taste of every mess he makes."

During the night M. Simple was exceedingly unwell. "Whatever my wife may say," he muttered to himself, "hotch-potch would not have disagreed with me in this way."

V.

"Dear! did you observe how certain persons smiled yesterday when they heard our name mentioned?"

"I confess I paid no attention to them."

"Even our very servants, whenever they have to pronounce it, find it difficult to keep a serious countenance."

"Our servants are — ridiculous servants then."

"No, 'tis our name that is ridiculous!"

"My father's name!"

"Your father had not sixty thousand francs a year."

"He was an honest gardener, glad enough to get six days' journey-work every week, at the handsome rate of three francs a day."

"To be sure; to be sure! People don't talk of those things except when they are alone, and that as little as possible, for fear of contracting the habit of doing so. I said at the time that it was a matter of necessity for us to change our name."

"Renounce my father's name!" cried M. Simple, crimson with indignation.

"Pray, who asks you to renounce it? Continue Simple as long as you like; only be so in more fashionable style. Do you fancy, for instance, that it would be any affront to your father's memory to have us announced, when we enter a drawing-room, as Monsieur and Madame Simplencour?"

"I should have no objection, my darling duck; but you have pitched upon quite a grand alteration. If you had had the modesty to propose Simplenbourg, I might have said something to it!"

"Oh, no! That sounds Germanified. I am a Frenchwoman. France for ever! I stick to Simplencour!"

"And I to Simplenbourg!"

The discussion was long, and ended in a compromise. It was agreed that henceforth Monsieur and Madame Simple should bear the name of Monsieur and Madame de Simplenville.

VI.

"By Jove!" said M. de Simplenville to himself one day, "as my wife is gone out alone this morning, I have a great mind to devote a couple of hours to my friend Counardin. The dear fellow may very likely think that I scorn his acquaintance now that I am become a millionaire. I will pay him a visit, to show him he is mistaken; and will go in my carriage, to flatter his vanity. I remember that, when I was an herbalist, I was very proud of seeing a carriage stop at my door. Jacque!"

"Monsieur."

"Tell Jean I want the carriage."

"Impossible, Monsieur. Madame has taken the *calèche*, and it is Jean who drives her."

"Then tell Pierre to let me have the *coupé* in half an hour."

"Monsieur forgets that Saidee was in harness yesterday and caught cold, and that the veterinary surgeon forbid her going out for a week."

"Oh! then I will make my call on foot."

But, while proceeding on his way, M. de Simplenville discovered that certain habits are contracted with marvellous facility; and that, in point of fact, to do without a carriage is much easier for the man who has no such conveyance in the world, than for him who believes he has two at his service. While M. de Simplenville was amusing himself with this disconsolate reflection, a shower of mud from the wheels of a passing *calèche* bespattered him from head to foot.

"Stupid ass!" he shouted, with upraised cane, to give the insolent driver a good drubbing. But he refrained from striking. He recognized Jean upon the box; and to spoil a livery that had been paid for out of his own pocket,—M. de Simplenville was incapable of such an action!

"At least, Totsy," he said to Madame de Simplenville, who put her head out of the carriage-window,—"at least, open the door and give me a lift home."

"Extremely sorry, my dear, to be obliged to refuse."

"But if I walk through the streets in this state, I shall soon have the rabble shouting after me."

"But you do not mean, I suppose, to seat yourself inside a *calèche* lined with white satin, in such a condition as that! Go, my dear, and dry yourself in the sunshine."

Jean touched his horses with his whip, and the carriage was off at full speed. M. de Sim-

plenville contrived to get taken up in a hackney cabriolet, which was not so nice about its lining. During his ride he had plenty of time to reflect on the pleasure of having a carriage of his own.

VII.

Dinner was over. M. de Simplenville was delighted to be once more alone with his wife, as in old times, which had seldom been the case since he came to his fortune; so he said to her, rubbing his hands, "Suppose we have a game of piquet, darling dear."

"You are crazy, my dear; this is opera-night!"

"Again?"

"When people hire a quarter of a box by the year, and pay a couple of thousand francs for it, they do not stop at home to play piquet."

"This, for instance, is one chapter of our budget which I should have great pleasure in striking out with my pen."

"A pretty idea!"

"Certainly; because I don't like music."

"And am I particularly fond of it, Monsieur?"

"Well, what then?"

"But I pretend to be fond of it. It is one of the exigencies of our position."

M. de Simplenville resigned himself to his fate. During the first act he drummed with his fingers upon his knees, and read the programme backwards. At the second act his head fell gently on his breast. At the third he snored like a drummer after a long day's march.

"Wake up, dear!" exclaimed his wife, tapping him on the back. "This is the second time that the conductor has looked at us and frowned."

"Tierce to the king!" answered M. de Simplenville, without opening his eyes. The unhappy man was enjoying in imagination the pleasure which he was forbidden to taste in reality.

VIII.

One day Madame de Simplenville said to her husband, "My dear, you will accompany me this morning."

"To go and see the monkeys?" And M. de Simplenville's countenance brightened at the very thought. The lady regarded him with a haughty look, which said as plain as possible, "Poor dear man! He has sold too many simples not to continue simple for the rest of his days!"

"No, dear!" she answered. "No, 'tis not the monkeys that we are to see. I am going to introduce you to-day into a world where you ought to have figured long ago."

"I don't know what world you are talking about; but it is all one to me, if it is an amusing one."

"It is not a question of amusement, Monsieur, but of philanthropy."

"The name does not sound very entertaining!"

"No more is the thing. It is not for the sake of selfish amusement that we are made the depositaries of a large fortune, but to render ourselves useful to mankind at large. Now, I do not know whether it has ever struck you that you are utterly good for nothing in a philanthropic sense, and of no earthly service to any living creature."

"I confess that this fact had completely escaped my observation."

"Well, people whose authority in such subjects is incontestable have already made the discovery for you. And they had only to indicate the circumstance to me to make me resolve immediately that your nullity and insignificance should forthwith cease."

"My nullity and insignificance!"

"Here is your diploma as a member of the society for the mutual safeguard of the respective rights of man and animals. This morning the installations take place. We will be present on that occasion."

M. de Simplenville went as he was bid. The meeting was a protracted one. The president spoke two hours and a half, giving the history of all sorts of societies, past, present, and future, without saying a single word about that which had caused them to assemble. At last the discussion began; and the speakers went into the heart of the question. Then came a rolling fire of propositions, considerations, observations, recriminations, exhortations, and explanations.

Amongst other philobestial arrangements, the meeting voted the following:—

"1. Man having the incontestable right to hunt the rabbit, and the rabbit the no less incontestable right to live, a prize-medal shall be awarded to the sportsman who, in the course of a season, shall have fired the greatest number of shots and killed the smallest number of rabbits.

"2. Since one of the chief duties of the members of this society consists in propagating, by their own proper example, the principles which they profess touching the respect due to animals, they pledge themselves individually

to sentence themselves to fines, graduated according to the gravity of the cause,—so much for forgetting to feed their dog at the regular hour; so much for treading on pussy's toes, and double the sum if it happens to be her tail, &c. &c. &c.

"3. Seeing that, without pigs, a state of nonentity is the ultimate condition and fate of all bacon, ham, black-pudding, and sausages; seeing the important part which these various eatables play in human alimentation,—this society, desirous of reconciling the interests of pork-butchers with the rights of a not less interesting animal, hereby offers a prize of three hundred francs to the author of the best treatise on the art of killing pigs without making them squeal."

"What is your opinion, my dear, of these respectable gentlemen whose eloquence you have just been listening to?" was Madame de Simplenville's question to her husband as soon as the meeting was dissolved.

"My opinion, Goody, is, that the monkeys are a great deal more amusing."

IX.

Notwithstanding M. de Simplenville's irreverent opinions, he was obliged to practise all the duties, and participate in all the privileges, of the aforesaid Philobestial Society. And since Goody, who had been seized with the crotchet that her husband should remain a nobody no longer, was not a woman to take half-measures, before long there was not a benevolent, industrial, or learned society to which he did not belong in some shape or other. In this way M. de Simplenville soon found himself at once president of the Society of Utilitarian Botanists, instituted for the amelioration of the conditions of the colossal cabbage, the monster beet-root, and the phenomenal carrot; secretary to a joint-stock company which had secured the patent of an invention whose basis consisted in doubling the superficial area of land by raising artificial mounts all over its surface; reporter to a society for the propagation of sound literature, the object of which was the exclusive publication and distribution of the works of its members,—all writers of equal ability and industry; and, lastly, questor to a temperance society, founded for the suppression of drunkenness,—the test required to be admitted a member consisting in swallowing four bottles of wine and an equal number of glasses of *absinthe*, without manifesting the slightest unsteadiness of body or mind.

But all the while that Madame de Simplenville was in ecstasies at seeing her husband hold so high a position—if not in society, at least in societies,—the poor man himself fell into a deplorable state. What with presiding over the meetings, the summing up of the reports, the keeping of the registers, and the classification of documents, his time was filled to such a degree that he had not a moment to collect his thoughts. He was reduced to the state of an automaton. Nevertheless, an observer might have remarked that he occasionally ground his teeth, and looked desperately fierce, when he heard people say, "What a lucky fellow is M. de Simplenville! What a capital thing it is to have a large fortune!" At such times he invariably muttered to himself, "What the deuce was I thinking about when I put into those horrid lotteries?"

X.

One day M. de Simplenville said to Madame, "I am harassed,—worn out,—morally as well as physically; and I feel that I want to be sent out to grass, exactly like an old broken-down cab-horse. Ah, if I could only go into the country!"

"Good heavens! I ought to have thought of that," exclaimed Madame de Simplenville. "The idea never entered my head; and it is Easter week already,—the fashionable time for ruralizing! But it is impossible to bear everything in mind."

She soon made the discovery and the acquisition of a country-seat on the banks of the Marne, flanked by four pepper-box turrets, and known as the Chateau de la Jobardière, which gave her the right of henceforth styling herself Madame de Simplenville de la Jobardière. A gleam of joy illumined M. de Simplenville's woebegone countenance.

"I shall get a little rest at last," he said, stretching himself in delight on the cushions of the carriage which bore him to his new domain.

But, alas! he must have been made of very primitive materials if he fanced that people with sixty thousand francs a year go into the country to breathe the morning air, to loll on the grass in the noontide shade, to live at their ease, and go to bed early,—in one word, to rest themselves. As to Madame de Simplenville de la Jobardière, she was richly endowed with every instinct of gentility, and understood the principles of country life quite as well as she did the routine of life in town. Her husband, as usual, was obliged to conform. No sooner had they reached their chateau than there was a round of calls to

make on all the neighbours to entreat them to come and augment by their presence the pleasure they anticipated from their country residence. Nor must we omit to mention that similar invitations had been given to all their Paris acquaintances. In a very short time the Chateau de la Jobardière became the general rendezvous for girls looking out for husbands, young men sharp-set after well-portioned damsels, the male and female relations of each; with multitudinous crowds of parasites, who, with a very small income of their own, manage to taste at other people's houses all the enjoyments which wealth can furnish.

Now, in the midst of such a rabble as this, let us just see what was the kind of repose permitted to poor M. de Simplenville de la Jobardière. In the morning he had to gather and arrange bouquets for all the dowagers and old maids. When out for a walk the aforesaid ladies begged him to take charge of their hats and shawls, converting him into a species of walking clothes-press. Every day he had regularly to travel four or five leagues to inform a husband that he would have to do without his wife for a week, to beg a mother's permission to rob her of her daughter, to act the sheriff's officer, and apprehend and bring back, living or dead, the fashionable man of the neighbourhood, without whose presence every fishing-party would end without a bite, every picnic would be spoiled by a shower, every dinner would turn out as dull and silent as a funeral entertainment. It may, perhaps, very naturally be inquired what the servants were doing at the Chateau de la Jobardière. But their number, though far too great in town, was utterly insufficient in the country. They had to wait upon twenty, thirty, and forty people at once. Every service which they were unable to perform fell to the lot of M. de Simplenville de la Jobardière. He, consequently, was the head-servant of his own establishment, and by far the hardest worked of any. Chance did sometimes leave him a few moments of liberty, which he was obliged to devote to keeping guard in the park, the garden, or the orchard, in order to put a little restraint on his numerous visitors, who treated flower-beds, borders, and ripening fruits with no more pity than a swarm of locusts.

"What could I be thinking of, gracious goodness! when I put into those horrid lotteries!" was the unceasing exclamation uttered from morning till night by M. de Simplenville de la Jobardière.

One day—one fatal day—it rained. The company were assembled in the drawing-room, and were devising the means of battling with the weariness which bad weather brings in country quarters. Some one proposed private theatricals. A shout of delight welcomed the motion. The very next day they went to work. To M. de Simplenville de la Jobardière was assigned the task of erecting the theatre, planning the decorations, arranging the seats and the mode of lighting. He had parts to copy in round-hand text, to save the eyesight of the various actors. He was chosen referee and umpire in the endless disputes which Thalia is sure to inspire in little theatres as well as in great ones. And besides that, he had to study a long, stupid part, which it was unanimously decided he alone was capable of filling.

It was too much! For some time past the measure had been full; nothing now could hinder the vessel from overflowing.

In the middle of a dark night, during which he saw dancing before his eyes a medley of bouquets, hats, shawls, benches, side-scenes, and lamps, all performing a sort of witch-like jig, M. de Simplenville de la Jobardière suddenly jumped out of bed, stole out of the chateau with nothing on but his shirt and his cotton night-cap, crossed the park, made straight for the open country, with his arms folded, his head resting upon his breast, walking on with that solemn pace which budding tragedians delight to imitate. After devoting a considerable time to this gymnastic but unhealthy exercise, he reached the foot of a lofty mountain. Then he climbed from rock to rock, constantly maintaining the same pace and attitude. Arrived at the summit, he found himself on the edge of a precipice whose depth it was impossible to fathom. He halted a moment, glanced a look of bitter scorn at the world behind him, and, with one loud, resounding yell, cast himself headlong into the abyss!

XI.

At eight o'clock next morning the sunshine was playing on the white curtains of her bed, when Madame Simple sat up and looked about her.

"Old ducky darling!" said she impatiently.

Monsieur Simple stretched out first one arm and then the other.

"Wake up, my pet! make haste and wake, else we shall be too late to see the monkeys let out."

M. Simple rubbed his eyes, looked first at his wife, then at the bed, and then all around the chamber. Everything was in its usual

state,—the pair of turtles cooing in their cage, Pyrame grunting at his mistress' feet, and Minette stretched carelessly on the hearth. He then pronounced the voluptuous "Ah!" which a man utters when he feels his bosom relieved of a heavy load. M. Simple discovered with joy that he had been the victim of a frightful nightmare!

"Oh, yes, Goody!" he said, pausing in the operation of washing his face: "let us go and see the monkeys; and to-night we will play our game of piquet. Happiness lies in peace and contentment, and not in the plagues and worries of wealth. Preserve me from such another dream!"

Old and New, 1871.

SONG.

[**Henry Neele**, born in London, 20th January, 1798; died 7th February, 1828. He was an attorney by profession, but his entire sympathies were given to literature. During his brief career he produced various poems, tales, and sketches, and wrote an interesting work entitled the *Romance of History*. Unhappily his reason became affected, and in a fit of insanity he destroyed his own life. A complete edition of his works was published in 1829.]

"Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"
"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"
"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more."
"To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;
On the grass-green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set 'mid clouds and vapours dank.

On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he press'd that night.

THE RED-NOSED LIEUTENANT.[1]

Five-and-twenty years ago I was just five-and-twenty years of age. I was thus neither young nor old; in addition, I was neither handsome nor ugly, neither rich nor poor, neither active nor indolent, neither a Socrates nor a simpleton. More ordinary men than I had been married for love, poorer men had got credit and rolled on their carriage-wheels till it was out, and greater fools had been cabinet councillors. Yet all this did not satisfy me. Years had swept along, and I was exactly the same in point of publicity at five-and-twenty that I had been at fifteen. Let no man say that the passion for being something or other in the world's eye is an improbable thing. Show me that man, and I will show him my Lord A. driving a mail-coach, the Earl of B. betting at a boxing-match, the Marquis of C. the rival of his own grooms, and the Duke of D. a director of the opera. My antagonist has only to look and be convinced; for what could throw these patricians into the very jaws of public jest but the passion for publicity? I pondered long upon this, and my resolution to do something was at length fixed. But the grand difficulty remained,—what was the thing to be done? what was the *grand chemin d'honneur*—the longest stride to the temple of fame, the royal road to making a figure in one's generation? The step was too momentous to be rashly taken, and I took time enough, for I took a year. On my six-and-twentieth birthday I discovered that I was as wise and as public as on my birth-day before, and a year older besides! While I was in this state of fluctuation my honoured uncle arrived in town and called upon me. Let me introduce this most excellent and most mutilated man. He had commenced his career in the American war—a bold, brave, blooming ensign. What he was now I shall not describe; but he had taken the earliest opportunity of glory, and at Bunker's Hill had lost an eye. He was nothing the worse as a mark for an American rifle; and at Brandywine he had the honour of seeing La Fayette run away before him, and paid only a right leg as his tribute to the victory.

[1] From the *Forget-me-not*, 1827.

My uncle followed on the road to glory, gaining a new leaf of laurel and losing an additional fragment of himself in every new battle, till with Burgoyne he left his nose in the swamps of Saratoga, whence, having had the good fortune to make his escape, he distinguished himself at the siege of York Town, under Cornwallis, and left only an arm in the ditch of the rampart. He had returned a major, and after lying on his back for two years in the military hospital, was set at liberty to walk the world on a pair of crutches, and be called colonel. I explained my difficulty to this venerable remnant of soldiership. "Difficulty!" cried he, starting up on his residuary leg, "I see none whatever. You are young, healthy, and have the use of all your limbs—the very thing for the army!" I glanced involuntarily at his own contributions to the field He perceived it, and retorted, "Sir, I know the difference between us as well as if I were the field-surgeon. I should never have advised you to march if you had not limbs enough for the purpose; but you have your complement." "And therefore can afford to lose them, my good uncle," said I. "Nephew," was the reply, "sneering is no argument, except among civilians. But if a man wants to climb at once to a name, let him try the army. Have you no estate? why, the regiment is your freehold; have you no education? why, the colour of your coat will stand you in place of it with three-fourths of the men and all the women; have you no brains? why, their absence will never be missed at the mess; and as for the field, not half a dozen in an army ever exhibit any pretensions of the kind." This was too flattering a prospect to be overlooked. I took the advice; in a week was gazetted into a marching regiment, and in another week was on board his Majesty's transport No. 10 with a wing of the gallant thirty —— regiment, tacking out of Portsmouth on our way to Gibraltar. Military men have it that there are three bad passages —the slow, the quick, and the neither quick nor slow; pronouncing the two former detestable, the latter ——! the storm making a man sick of the sea; the calm making him sick of himself—a much worse thing; and the alternation of calm and storm bringing both sicknesses into one. My first passage was distinguished by being of the third order. I found my fellow-subalterns a knot of good-humoured beings—the boys with the habits of men, the men with the tricks of boys—all fully impressed with the honour of the epaulette, and thinking the man who wore two instead of one the most favoured of all things under the sun. We at length came in sight of the famous Rock. It loomed magnificently from the sea; and every glass was to the eye as the lines and batteries, that looked like teeth in its old white head, rose grimly out of the waters. The veterans of the corps were in high delight, and enumerated with the vigour of grateful recollection the cheapness of the wines, the snugness of the quarters, and the general laudible and illaudible pleasantries of the place. The younger listened with the respect due to experience, and, for that evening, an old red-nosed lieutenant, of whom no man had ever thought but as a lieutenant before, became the centre of a circle—a he bluestocking surrounded with obsequious listeners, by virtue of his pre-eminent knowledge of every wine-house in the garrison. Such is the advantage of situation! Nine-tenths of mankind, till they are placed on the spot of display, what are they but red-nosed lieutenants?

At Gibraltar, like Thiebault in Frederic's paradise at Potsdam, we conjugated from morning till night the verb, "*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuie,*" through all its persons, tenses, and moods. At length we were ordered for Egypt. Never was regiment so delighted. We supped together upon the news, and drank farewell to Gibraltar and confusion to —— in bumpers without measure. In the very height of our carousal my eye dropped upon my old friend's red nose. It served me as a kind of thermometer. I observed it diminished of its usual crimson. "The spirit has fallen," thought I; "there is ill luck in the wind." I took him aside, but he was then too far gone for regular counsel; he only clasped my hand with the fervour of a fellow-drinker, and muttered out, lifting his glass with a shaking wrist, "Nothing but confoundedly bad brandy in Egypt for love or money." We sailed; were shipwrecked on the coast of Caramania, and surrounded by natives. Soldiers are no great geographers; the line leave that business to the staff, the staff to the artillery, the artillery to the engineers, and the engineers to Providence. At our council, which was held on a row of knapsacks, and with one pair of trousers among its seven sages, it was asserted, with equal show of reason, that we were in Africa, in Arabia, in Turkey, and in the Black Sea. However, our sheepskin friends were urgent for our departure.

We finally sailed for Egypt; found the French building fortifications on the shore; and, like a generous enemy, landed just where they had provided for our reception. But the world knows all this already, and I disdain to

tell what everybody knows. But the world does not know that we had three councils of war to settle whether the troops should land in gaiters or trousers, and whether they should or should not carry three days' pipe-clay and blacking in their knapsacks. The most valuable facts are, we see, often lost for want of our being a little behind the curtain. The famous landing was the noisiest thing conceivable. The world at a distance called it the most gallant thing, and I have no inclination to stand up against universal opinion. But whether we were fighting against the sandhills, or the French, or the sun in his strength; whether we were going to the right, or the left, or the rear; whether we were beating or beaten, no living man could have told in two minutes after the first shot. It was all clamour, confusion, bursting of shells, dashing of water, splitting of boats, and screams of the wounded,—the whole passing under a coverlet of smoke as fuliginous as ever rushed from furnace. Under this "blanket of the dark" we pulled on, landed, fought, and conquered; and for our triumph, had every man his length of excellent sand for the night, the canopy of heaven for his tent, and the profoundest curses of the commissariat for his supper. On we went day after day, fighting the French, starving, and scorching, till we found them in our camp before daybreak on the memorable 21st of March. We fought them there as men fight in the pit of a theatre, every one for himself. The French, who are great tacticians, and never fight but for science sake, grew tired before John Bull, who fights for the love of the thing. The Frenchman fights but to manœuvre, the Englishman manœuvres but to fight. So, as manœuvring was out of the question, we carried the affair all after our own hearts. But this victory had its price, for it cost the army its brave old general, and it cost me my old red-nosed lieutenant. We were standing within half a foot of each other, in front of the little ruin where the French Invincibles made a last struggle; they fired a volley before they threw themselves on their knees, according to the national custom of earning their lives, when I saw my unlucky friend tumbled head over heels, and stretched between my legs. There was no time for thinking of him then. The French were hunted out, *la bayonette dans le cul;* we followed, the battle of Alexandria was won, and our part of the success was to be marched ten miles off to look after some of their fragments of baggage. We found nothing, of course; for neither in defeat nor in victory does the Frenchman ever forget himself. In our bivouac the thought of the lieutenant came over me: in the heat of the march I could not have thought of anything mortal but my own parched throat and crippled limbs. Absurd as the old subaltern was, I "could have better spared a better man." We had been thrown together in some strange ways, and as the result of my meditations I determined to return and see what was become of the man with the red nose. Leave was easily obtained, for there was something of the odd feeling for him that a regiment has for one of those harmless madmen who sometimes follow its drums in a ragged uniform and formidable hat and feather. It was lucky for the lieutenant that I rode hard, for I found him as near a premature exit as ever hero was. A working-party had already made his last bed in the sand, and he was about to take that possession which no ejectment will disturb, when I felt some throbbing about his heart. The soldiers insisted that as they were ordered out for the purpose of inhuming, they should go through with their work. But if they were sullen, I was resolute; and I prevailed to have the subject deferred to the hospital. After an infinity of doubt I saw my old friend set on his legs again. But my labour seemed in vain; life was going out; the doctors prohibited the bottle; and the lieutenant felt, like Shylock, that his life was taken away when that was taken "by which he did live." He resigned himself to die with the composure of an ancient philosopher. The night before I marched for Cairo I sat an hour with him. He was a changed man, talked more rationally than I had believed within the possibility of brains so many years adust with port, expressed some rough gratitude for my trouble about him, and finally gave me a letter to some of his relatives in England. The regiment was on its march at daybreak; we made our way to Cairo, took possession, wondered at its filth, admired its grand mosque, execrated its water, its provisions, and its population; were marched back to storm Alexandria (where I made all possible search for the lieutenant, but in vain); were saved the trouble by the capitulation of the French; were embarked, landed at Portsmouth just one year from our leaving it, and, as it pleased the wisdom of Napoleon and the folly of our ministry, were disbanded. I had no reason to complain, for though I had been shipwrecked and starved, sick and wounded, I had left neither my life nor my legs behind. Others had been less lucky, and from the losses in the regiment I was now a captain. One day in looking over the relics of my baggage,

a letter fell out: it was the red-nosed lieutenant's. My conscience reproached me, and I believe for the moment my face was as red as his nose. I delivered the letter; it was received by a matron at the head of three of the prettiest maidens in all Lancashire, the country of beauty—a blonde, a brunette, and a younger one who was neither, and yet seemed alternately both. I liked the blonde and the brunette infinitely, but the third I did not like, for I fell in love with her, which is a very different thing. The lieutenant was her uncle, and regretted as his habits were, this family circle had much to say for his generosity. Mary's hazel eyes made a fool of me, and I asked her hand that they might make a fool of no one else. The colonel without the nose was of course invited to the wedding, and he was in such exultation that either the blonde or the brunette might have been my aunt if she pleased. But they exhibited no tendency to this gay military Torso, and the colonel was forced to content himself with the experience of his submissive nephew. The wedding-day came, and the three sisters looked prettier than ever in their vestal white. The colonel gave the bride away, and in the tears and congratulations of this most melancholy of all happy ceremonies Mary chose her fate. We returned to dinner, and were seated, all smiles, when the door opened, and in walked—the red-nosed lieutenant! Had I seen, like Brutus, "the immortal Julius' ghost," I could not have been more amazed. But nature was less doubting. The matron threw herself into his arms; the blonde and the brunette clasped each a hand; and my bright-eyed wife forgot the conjugal duties, and seemed to forget that I was in the world. There was indeed some reason for doubt: the man before us was fat and florid enough, but the essential distinction of his physiognomy had lost its regal hue. All this, however, was explained by degrees. After my departure for Cairo he had been given over by the doctors; and sick of taking physic, and determining to die in his own way, he had himself carried up the Nile. The change of air did something for him—the absence of the doctors perhaps more. He domesticated himself among the peasants above the cataracts, drank camel's milk, ate rice, wore a haick, and rode a buffalo. Port was inaccessible, and date-brandy was not to his taste. Health forced itself on him; and the sheik of the district began to conceive so good an opinion of the stranger that he offered him his daughter, with a handsome portion of buffaloes, in marriage. The offer was declined. But African offence is a formidable thing; and after having had a carbine-load of balls discharged one night through his door, he thought it advisable to leave the neighbourhood of his intended father-in-law. I am not about to astonish the world, and throw unbelief on my true story, by saying that the lieutenant has since drank of nothing but the limpid spring. Whatever were his Mussulman habits, he resumed his native tastes with the force of nature. Port still had temptations for him; but prudence, in the shape of the matron sister and the pretty nieces, was at hand, and, like Sancho's physician, the danger and the glass vanished at a sign from those gentle magicians. Our chief anxiety arose from the good-fellowship of the colonel. He had settled within a field of us, and his evenings were spent by our fireside. He had been, by the chances of service, once on campaign with the lieutenant; and all campaigners know that there is no free-mason sign of friendship equal to that of standing to be shot at together. But there was an unexpected preservative in this hazardous society. The colonel was incapable of exhibiting in the centre of his countenance that living splendour which made Falstaff raise Bardolph to the honour of his admiral; he could "carry no lantern in his poop." If envy could have invaded his generous soul it would have arisen at the old restored distinction of his comrade. He watched over his regimen, kept him to the most judicious allowance of claret; and the red nose of the lieutenant never flamed again.

DR. MAGINN.

THE WALL-FLOWER.[1]

"Why loves my flower, the sweetest flower
That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
To waste the solitary day?

"Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant soul exhale
Unheeded on the lonely wall?

"For never sure was beauty born,
To live in death's deserted shade!
Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made."

[1] From Langhorne's *Fables of Flora*. This piece is remarkable as being one from which the author of *Waverley* has taken several of his mottoes.

Thus *pity* wak'd the tender thought;
And, by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought,—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The Genius *of the Ruin* spoke.

"From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns the former toil!

"Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'Tis *nature* tells her to bestow
Her honours on the lonely dead.

"For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret's mould,
And undispers'd by tempests there,
They rise in vegetable gold.

"Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth's, honour's, valour's, beauty's grave.

"Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of th' insulting air;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.

"When that, too, shades the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

"Of them who, wrapp'd in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told;
For many a tender thought is due.

"Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When ev'ning brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower?

"Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost *affection's* lowly cell,
Tho' there, as fond remembrance grew,—
Forgotten from his hand they fell.

"Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign?
With vain but pious fondness borne,
To deck thy Nancy's honour'd shrine!

"'Tis *nature* pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.

"Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

"Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walk to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead *oblivion* into day?"

AT THE SHRINE.

Teresa Berini was the daughter of an innkeeper in one of the little villages that lie along the foot of the Sabine Hills. She had been a gay and spirited young woman, and had had her own share of lovers. Had she been as conscientious in confessing the peccadilloes which she had slid into by the necessity for what she had come to deem a little guileless deceit towards rivals, as she was in acknowledging terribly vicious thoughts and desires, she would have been at confession even oftener than she was. The priest, Padre Androvi, a shrewd and active man, who knew more about the affairs of the young women of the village than he chose to acknowledge in their hearing, would sit with eyes apparently half-closed, as in a dream, listening to Teresa's confession, only now and then putting a quiet question calculated to draw forth more detailed admissions. At length he would wind up by saying to her—

"My daughter, such thoughts as these come to all of us unbidden. If we entertain them not, the church, like a good mother, freely absolves without rebuke. It is only when they are hospitably provided for, and try to pay us for such entertainment as we give them by urging us to falseness or cruelty of act or word, that they are in danger of becoming deadly. Go in peace, my daughter, and forget not to pray for counsel and help to our sacred mother Mary."

Now, over and over again had the padre dismissed Teresa in this wise. And she would go straight from confession to deceive a lover; for it must be known that, as the daughter of Jacopo Berini, she was esteemed a prize worth striving for among the young men of the district. Jacopo having conducted the inn with shrewdness and economy for nearly half a lifetime, and having at the same time looked very sharply after a mulberry-yard, and always sold his silk well, was a man of some means; and

Teresa herself was attractive. Her eyes were dark and sparkling, as Italian women's are wont to be, but they had a softness that gave a peculiar depth to their charm; her features, though not too pronounced, were well formed, and her skin was fairer than is usual with Italian women. And she was not only attractive, but clever. Ever since her mother's death, which had taken place some ten years before in giving birth to a second daughter, Teresa had looked after the domestic arrangements, and the prospect was that the man she accepted would succeed her father in the inn.

So it is not to be wondered at that at fair and festa, or at harvest or vintage-gathering, her hand was greatly in request; and many were the offerings of flowers and fruits that were brought to her. But of her admirers there were two more noted than all the rest—Paolo Benzi, the village blacksmith, and Carlo Speni, the mule-driver between the village and the city. Carlo had been her friend from childhood; but Paolo had come from the Neapolitan side a few years before, and had settled in the village. Now, though Carlo was favoured by the father, Teresa loved Paolo. But she hated the thought of vexing her father, and her devotion to him encouraged her in her deceptions. Her secret thoughts and her unnoticed smiles were all for Paolo; but she had to make feint of openly wooing Carlo, hard as it was for her. Often as she went singing about her work, while her father sat thinking what a fine pair she and Carlo would make, *she* was thinking sadly to herself, in spite of all her outward cheer, "I know what's in his head; but for all that I know at the same time I shall never marry Carlo;" and a sigh would steal from her in the pauses of her song.

Of course it could not wholly escape Carlo that she looked on his rival, the blacksmith, with favour; but he flattered himself that the authority of the father would be enough to secure success to his suit in the long run. So he waited, but he could not help watching; for when was lover in such circumstances ever without jealousy? But Paolo waited and watched likewise, for love made him determined; and the sweet consciousness that he was loved rendered him strong and resolute. So one evening he wandered up the hill behind the village by a road to a vineyard, which he knew that Teresa was wont to visit. He sauntered leisurely along, not taking much notice of the beauty of the olives and the wild vines that festooned the way; and at length he sat himself down under a mulberry-tree to rest. He had not sat long when he saw Teresa round a corner of the road; but, to his great chagrin, Carlo was with her, carrying her basket and smiling down on her. Paolo was stung as he had never been before, and crept round to the other side of the tree to hide, and gathered himself together with a muttered curse. They came on slowly, as though they were both concerned to prolong the journey—to make each step take as much time as possible; and Paolo could hear snatches of their conversation—only snatches, for if he had heard the whole he might have taken consolation instead of vowing revenge.

"How nice it will be to live up there in the summer, in the little house beside the yard, when we are man and wife," said Carlo, who had been induced by recent observations to appeal to the old man and to speak to Teresa more plainly than ever.

"It is nice living up there," said she; "but I love the village."

"No doubt you do," said he; "but one wants a change. I always think more of the village when I have been longer away than usual."

"Men are maybe different," said Teresa; "I have no wish for changes."

"'Tis good to be content," said he; "I know I won't be content till I have you for my own—my very own;" and then he kissed her just as they passed the tree which concealed Paolo. She blushed, though so far as she knew there was no eye to see, and made feint to put a step's space between them; but, recalling the need for appearances, she drew closer again and whispered—

"Women's love is different from men's love, I think, Carlo: it likes to wait and feel each day that it is growing."

"It may be," said Carlo; "but if love grows by waiting, how have we ourselves got here?" and he smiled at his own remark. Teresa laughed also; and they two went on; and, as they disappeared, Paolo heard the silvery echoes of their laughter. He crept down the hill behind them, like some ominous shadow. Instead of going home, he opened his workshop; and, on pretext of being busy, began to work again, and puffed and blew and hammered till the people wondered what on earth had come to the blacksmith. Paolo was that night doing more than forging vine-rods.

Things went on for a while without change; Paolo saw Teresa occasionally; for sometimes he would go to the inn with a farmer who had come to the village to settle accounts with him; and then he always took heart of grace, for he read love for him in Teresa's eyes in spite of

her attempts at womanly disguises. But neither to her nor her father did he say aught of what lay so near his heart.

Months passed on and the winter came. One evening the village was thrown into great consternation by the arrival of one of Carlo's mules that had evidently broken away from its master in some great danger. As on that occasion Carlo was carrying commodities of more than ordinary value, it was presumed that he had been carried off by brigands; and that in a short time he would return. But weeks passed on, till they grew to months, and still no word of Carlo. Jacopo and others, who had loved and respected him, had caused all sorts of inquiries to be made, and had offered rewards, but with no effect. And gradually Paolo had thrown himself into Jacopo's way, till at length the latter was forced to own that Paolo was clever and discreet, and, as all hope of Carlo's return had now passed, he was not averse to his becoming a sweetheart to Teresa. There was no need for a long wooing; and they two were wedded within a year and a half from the time that Paolo had sat under the mulberry-tree and muttered his curses.

But, in spite of their love for each other, Paolo and Teresa were not so happy as they had told themselves that they would be. There was a something that lay between them unspoken—a something only guessed at, but dark and gloomy, and it distressed them. Paolo would mutter in his sleep, and Carlo's name could be clearly heard in the mutterings; for now Paolo was haunted by a great fear. The robbers whom Paolo had bribed with all his savings of these half-dozen years to rid him of a rival, had done more than he had bargained for,—they had compelled Carlo to go with them in a very adventurous expedition which was not so successfully carried through as most of their enterprises; and he was seen and described, and orders were sent to try and apprehend him as one of the leaders of the brigands. So it was not safe for him, as he conceived, to show himself in the village; and when he heard that Paolo had married Teresa, he grimly accepted his hard fate, and was even consoled by the thought that some day it would give him the better chance of revenge. And his chance came sooner than he had hoped. A relative of Paolo in the Neapolitan territory had died, leaving him his money, and it became necessary that Paolo should go there to arrange matters. He performed his journey safely, and, having realized the wealth that had been left him, was returning home, and had got within a few miles of the village, when he was set upon by the brigands, his treasure taken from him, and he himself stabbed in various places, and left for dead on the way. He certainly would have died had not a friendly shepherd found him and carried him to the nearest farmhouse, from whence he was in time taken home.

He was so seriously wounded, that there was no hope that he would ever be able to go about again. And as he lay thus faint from pain and loss of blood, a child was born to Teresa. At the first blush she knew it all—how Paolo, for love of her, had terribly wronged Carlo, and how now Carlo had revenged himself upon them both. She felt that she had sinned in making a pretence of love even to please her father, and blamed herself sorely for being the cause of all the evil by having been deceitful. The thought of all this soon bred a change in her. She grew serious and thoughtful; and whilst ministering to Paolo's needs, would speak to him of religion. Now, when she went to confession, the padre did not dismiss her with the old style of words; but would say to her tenderly:

"My daughter, trials like these are hard to bear, and little sins sometimes bring heavy burdens; but you did it hoping to save your father's peace, and the saints will not judge you so hardly as you judge yourself. Go in peace, and forget not to ask help of our sacred mother Mary. She is always ready to succour such as you are, and to pour the oil of consolation into such wounds as yours."

And often in the bright Italian afternoons, Teresa was to be seen, accompanied by her little sister Beatrice, carrying her baby up the valley to where, at the ruined convent, there was a shrine, as there is in many remote as well as in the most frequented corners of Italy. To these shrines all classes of people repair, to implore the intercession of the Madonna for themselves and those who are dear to them. At the shrine Teresa bestowed simple gifts, and begged mercy for herself and a blessing for the child who had been born to her in such sad circumstances. All the people in the district knew her story, and knew her habit of going daily to the convent shrine, where she would linger for hours. They pitied and sympathized with her sorrow, for she who was so late the petted beauty had now become a gentle and devout woman.

Carlo escaped to France, and was never heard of again. Paolo was crippled for life.

B. Orme.

PEACE AND WAR.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.——
Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of Heaven?—That dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay,
Wrapt round its struggling powers.
The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy winds slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TRIFLES.

[**Hannah More**, born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, 1745; died 7th September, 1833. One of the most prominent of authors at the beginning of this century. She was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and at the age of seventeen she published her first work, a pastoral drama, entitled *The Search after Happiness*. This attracted considerable attention, and in the following year she produced *The Inflexible Captive*, a tragedy. Two of her tragedies—*Percy* and *The Fatal Falsehood*—were brought out by Garrick at Drury Lane. Johnson greatly admired her works, and considered her the best of the female poets. She early directed her genius to the high task of conveying religious instruction in prose and verse, and in this she was eminently successful. The following couplets will show how epigrammatic she could be at times:—

"In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind."

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

She was one of the few authors who have made a fortune by their craft. She made about £30,000 by her writings, and bequeathed a third of that sum to various charitable institutions. In 1782 appeared her *Sacred Dramas* and a poem entitled *Sensibility*, from which we take our extract.]

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
God gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of minist'ring to others' ease,
To all our sons impartial Heaven decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought:
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, and friend,
The almost sacred joys of Home depend:
There, Sensibility, thou best may'st reign,
Home is thy true legitimate domain.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

[Horace Smith, born in London, 1779; died 12th July, 1849. He was the author of about twenty novels, the best known of which are *Brambletye House*, *Jane Lomax*, and *The Moneyed Man*. In conjunction with his brother James, he wrote the *Rejected Addresses*, which obtained great popularity. He was a profuse miscellaneous writer of prose and verse, possessed of much humour. The following sketch is from *Gaieties and Gravities*, which was first published in 1826, 3 vols.]

——"Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to. I'm not the first
That have been wretched—but to think how much
I have been happier!"——

SOUTHERN.

Never shall I forget that accursed 27th of September: it is burned in upon the tablet of my memory; graven in letters of blood upon my heart. I look back to it with a strangely compounded feeling of horror and delight; of horror at the black series of wretched days and sleepless nights of which it was the fatal precursor; of delight at that previous career of tranquillity and self-respect which it was destined to terminate—alas, for ever!

On that day I had been about a fortnight in Paris, and in passing through the garden of the Palais Royal, had stopped to admire the beautiful *jet-d'eau* in its centre, on which the sunbeams were falling so as to produce a small rainbow, when I was accosted by my old friend Major E——, of the Fusileers. After the first surprises and salutations, as he found that the business of procuring apartments and settling my family had prevented my seeing many of the Parisian *lions*, he offered himself as my cicerone, proposing that we should begin by making the circuit of the building that surrounded us. With its history and the remarkable events of which it had been the scene I was already conversant; but of its detail and appropriation, which, as he assured me, constituted its sole interest in the eyes of the Parisians, I was completely ignorant.

After taking a cursory view of most of the sights above ground in this multifarious pile, I was conducted to some of its subterraneous wonders,—to the Cafe du Sauvage, where a man is hired for six francs a night to personate that character, by beating a great drum with all the grinning, ranting, and raving of a madman;—to the Cafe des Aveugles, whose numerous orchestra is entirely composed of blind men and women;—and to the Cafe des Varietes, whose small theatre, as well as its saloons and labyrinths, are haunted by a set of sirens not less dangerous than the nymphs who assailed Ulysses. Emerging from these haunts, we found that a heavy shower was falling; and while we paraded once more the stone gallery, my friend suddenly exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the numbers of the houses —"one hundred and fifty-four! positively we are going away without visiting one of the——" gaming-houses was the meaning of the term he employed, though he expressed it by a word that the fashionable preacher never mentioned to "ears polite."—"I have never yet entered," said I, "a pandemonium of this sort, and I never will:—I refrain from it upon principle; —'Principiis obsta;' I am of Dr. Johnson's temperament, I can practise abstinence, but not temperance; and everybody knows that prevention is better than cure."—"Do you remember," replied E——, "what the same Dr. Johnson said to Boswell—'My dear sir, clear your mind of cant;' I do not ask you to play; but you must have often read, when you were a good little boy, that 'vice to be hated needs but to be seen,' and cannot have forgotten that the Spartans sometimes made their slaves drunk and showed them to their children to inculcate sobriety. Love of virtue is best secured by a hatred of its opposite: to hate it you must see it: besides, a man of the world should see everything."—"But it is so disreputable," I rejoined.—"How completely John Bullish!" exclaimed E——. "Disreputable! why I am going to take you to an establishment recognized, regulated, and taxed by the government, the upholders of religion and social order, who annually derive six millions of francs from this source of revenue; and as to the company, I promise you that you shall encounter men of the first respectability, of all sects and parties, for in France every one gambles at these saloons,—except the devotees, and they play at home."—He took my arm, and I walked upstairs with him, merely ejaculating as we reached the door—"Mind, I don't play."

Entering an ante-room, we were received by two or three servants, who took our sticks and hats, for which we received tickets, and by the number suspended around I perceived that there was a tolerably numerous attendance within. *Roulette* was the game to which the first chamber was dedicated. In the middle of a long green table was a circular excavation, resembling a large gilt basin, in whose centre was a rotatory apparatus turning an ivory ball in a groove, which, after sundry gyrations,

descended to the bottom of the basin where there was a round of little numbered compartments or pigeon-holes, into one of which it finally settled, when the number was proclaimed aloud. Beside this apparatus there was painted on the green baize a table of various successive numbers, with divisions for odd and even, &c., on which the players deposited their various stakes. He who was in the compartment of the proclaimed number was a winner, and if he had singled out that individual one, which of course was of very rare occurrence, his deposit was doubled I know not how many times. The odd or even declared their own fate: they were lost or doubled. This altar of chance had but few votaries, and merely stopping a moment to admire the handsome decorations of the room we passed on into the next.

"This," whispered my companion, for there was a dead silence in the apartment, although the long table was entirely surrounded by people playing,—"this is only the silver room; you may deposit here as low as a five-franc piece: let us pass on to the next, where none play but those who will risk bank-notes or gold." Casting a passing glance at these comparatively humble gamesters, who were, however, all too deeply absorbed to move their eyes from the cards, I followed my conductor into the sanctuary of the gilded Mammon.

Here was a Rouge-et-Noir table, exactly like the one I had just quitted. In its centre was a profuse display of gold in bowls and rouleaus, with thick piles of bank-notes, on either side of which sat a partner of the bank and an assistant, the dragon guards of this Hesperian fruit. An oblong square, painted on each end of the green table, exhibited three divisions, one for Rouge, another for Noir, and the centre was for the stakes of those who speculated upon the colour of the first and last card, with other ramifications of the art which it would be tedious to describe. Not one of the chairs around the table was unoccupied, and I observed that each banker and assistant was provided with a *rateau*, or rake, somewhat resembling a garden hoe, several of which were also dispersed about, that the respective winners might withdraw the gold without the objectionable intervention of fingers. When the stakes are all deposited, the dealer, one of the bankers in the centre, cries out—"Le jeu est fait," after which nothing can be added or withdrawn; and then taking a packet of cards from a basket full before him, he proceeds to deal. Thirty-one is the number of the game: the colour of the first card determines whether the first row be black or red: the dealer turns up till the numbers on the cards exceed thirty-one, when he lays down a second row in the same manner, and whichever is nearest to that amount is the winning row. If both come to the same, he cries "Apres," and recommences with fresh cards; but if each division should turn up *thirty-one*, the bank takes half of the whole money deposited, as a forfeit from the players. In this consists their certain profit, which has been estimated at ten per cent. upon the total stakes. If the red loses, the banker on that side rakes all the deposits into his treasury; if it wins, he throws down the number of napoleons or notes necessary to cover the lodgments made by the players, each one of whom rakes off his prize, or leaves it for a fresh venture. E—— explained to me the functions of the different members of the establishment—the inspector, the croupier, the tailleur, the messieurs de la chambre, &c., and also the meaning of the ruled card and pins which every one held before him, consulting it with the greatest intenseness, and occasionally calling to the people in attendance for a fresh supply. This horoscope was divided by perpendicular lines into columns, headed with an alternate R. and N. for Rouge and Noir, and the pin is employed to perforate the card as each colour wins, as a ground-work for establishing some calculation in that elaborate delusion termed the doctrine of chances. Some, having several of these records before them, closely pierced all over, were summing up the results upon paper, as if determined to play a game of chance without leaving anything to hazard; and none seemed willing to adventure without having some species of sanction from these sibylline leaves.

An involuntary sickness and loathing of heart came over me as I contemplated this scene, and observed the sofas in an adjoining room, which the Parisians, who turn everything into a joke, have christened "the hospital for the wounded." There, thought I to myself, many a wretch has thrown himself down in anguish and despair of soul, cursing himself and the world with fearful imprecations, or blaspheming in that silent bitterness of spirit which is more terrific than words. I contrasted the gaudy decorations and pannelled mirrors that surrounded me with the smoky and blackened ceiling, sad evidence of the nocturnal lamps lighted up at the shrine of this Baal, and of the unhallowed worship prosecuted through the livelong night. Turning to the window, I beheld the sun shining from the bright blue sky, the rain was over, the birds were singing in the trees, and the leaves flutter-

ing in the wind; the external gaiety giving the character of an appalling antithesis to the painful silence, immovable attitudes, and spell-bound looks of the care-worn figures within. One man, a German, was contending against a run of ill-luck with a dogged obstinacy that was obviously making deep inroads upon his purse and his peace; for though his face was invisible from being bent over his perforated card, the drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead betrayed the inward agitation. All the losers were struggling to suppress emotions which still revealed themselves by the working of some disobedient muscle, the compression of the lips, the sardonic grin, or the glaring wrath of the eye; while the winners belied their assumed indifference by flushed cheeks and an expression of anxious triumph. Two or three forlorn operators, who had been *cleaned out*, as the phrase is, and condemned to idleness, were eying their more fortunate neighbours with a leer of malignant envy; while the bankers and their assistants, in the certainty of their profitable trade, exhibited a calm and watchful cunning, though their features, pale and sodden, betrayed the effect of confinement, heated rooms, and midnight vigils. E—— informed me that the frequenters of these houses were authorized to call for refreshments of any description, but no one availed himself of the privilege; the "auri sacra fames," the pervading appetite of the place, had swallowed up every other. The very thought revolted me. What! eat and drink in this arena of the hateful passions; in this fatal room, from which many a suicide has rushed out to grasp the self-destroying pistol, or plunge into the darkness of the wave! in this room, which is denounced to Heaven by the widow's tears and the orphan's maledictions! Revolving these thoughts in my mind, I surveyed once more the faces before me, and could not help exclaiming—What a hideous study of human nature!

"As we have employed so much time," said E——, "in taking the latitude, or rather the longitude of these various phizzes, we shall be expected to venture something: I will throw down a napoleon, as a sop to Cerberus, and will then convoy you home."—"Nay," replied I, "it was for my instruction we came hither; the lesson I have received is well worth the money, so put down this piece of gold and let us begone."—"Let us at least wait till we have lost it," he resumed; "and in the meantime we will take our places at the table." I felt that I blushed as I sat down, and was about to deposit my offering hap-hazard, when my companion stopped my hand, and, borrowing a perforated card, bade me remark, that the red and black had zigzagged, or won alternately for fourteen times; and that there had subsequently been a long run upon the black, which would now probably cross over to the other colour; from all which premises he deduced that I should venture upon the red: which I accordingly did. Sir Balaam's devil, who "now tempts by making rich, not making poor," was, I verily believe, hovering over my devoted head at that instant; my deposit was doubled, and I was preparing to decamp with my two naps, when my adviser insisted upon my not baulking my luck, as there would probably be a run upon the red, and I suffered my stake to remain, and go on doubling until I had won ten or twelve times in succession. "Now," cried E——, "I should advise you to pocket the affront, and be satisfied." Adopting his counsel, I could hardly believe his assertion, or my own eyes, when he handed me over bank-notes to the amount of twenty thousand francs, observing that I had made a tolerably successful *début* for a beginner.

Returning home in some perturbation and astonishment of mind, I resolved to prepare a little surprise for my wife; and spreading the bank-notes upon the table with as much display as possible, I told her, upon her entering the room, how I had won them; and inquiring whether Aladdin with his wonderful lamp could have spent two or three hours more profitably, I stated my intention of appropriating a portion of it to her use in the purchase of a handsome birth-day present. In a moment the blood rushed to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving it of an ashy paleness, when she spurned the notes from her, exclaiming with a solemn terror—"I would as soon touch the forty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his Master." Her penetrating head instantly saw the danger to which I had exposed myself, and her fond heart as quickly gave the alarm to her feelings; but in a few seconds she threw her arms around me, and ejaculated, as the tears ran down her cheek—"Forgive me, my dear Charles, pardon my vehemence, my ingratitude; I *have* a present to ask, a boon to implore—promise that you will grant it me."—"Most willingly," I rejoined, "if it be in my power."—"Give me then your pledge, never to play again."—"Cheerfully," continued I, for I had already formed that resolution. She kissed me with many affectionate thanks, adding that I had made her completely happy. I believe it, for at that moment I felt so myself.

Many men who are candid and upright in arguing with others, are the most faithless and jesuitical of casuists in chopping logic with themselves. Let no one trust his head in a contest with the heart; the former, suppressing or perverting whatever is disagreeable to the latter, will assume a demure and sincere conviction, while it has all along been playing booty, and furnishing weapons to its adversary. The will must be honest if we wish the judgment to be so. A tormenting itch for following up my good luck, as I termed it, set me upon devising excuses for violating my pledge to my wife, and no shuffling or quibbling was too contemptible for my purpose. I had promised never to play again—"*at that house*," or if I had not actually said so, I meant to say so: there could be no forfeiture of my word, therefore, if I went to another. Miserable sophistry! yet, wretched as it was, it satisfied my conscience for the moment,—so easily is a weak man deluded into criminal indulgence. Fortified with such valid arguments, I made my *début* at the Salon des Etrangers, and after a two hours' sitting, had the singular good luck to return home a winner of nearly as much as I had gained on the first day. Success for once made me moderate; in the humility of my prosperous play, I resolved only to continue till I had won ten thousand pounds, when I would communicate my adventures to my wife with a solemn abjuration of the pursuit in future; and as I considered myself in possession of the certain secret of winning whatever I pleased, I took credit to myself for my extreme moderation. From Frascati, the scene of my third attempt, by a lucky, or rather unlucky fatality, which my subsequent experience only renders the more wonderful, I retired with a sum exceeding the whole of my previous profits, when, like the tiger who is rendered insatiate by the taste of blood, I instantly became ravenous for larger riches; and already repenting the paltry limitation of the day before, determined on proceeding until I had doubled its amount. Another day's luck, and even this would have been spurned, for neither Johnson's Sir Epicure Mammon, nor Massinger's Luke, nor Pope's Sir Balaam, underwent a more rapid development of the latent devils of ambition. Indistinct visions of grandeur floated before my eyes; my senses already seemed to be steeped in a vague magnificence; and after hesitating, in a sort of waking dream, between Wanstead House and Fonthill, one of which I held to be too near, and the other too distant from London, I dwelt complacently on the idea of building a mansion at some intermediate station, which should surpass the splendour of both. Sleep presenting to me the same images through a magnifying-glass, I went forth next morning to the accomplishment of my destiny with an exaltation of mind little short of delirium.

Weak and wicked reveries! a single turn of Fortune's wheel reduced me, not to reason, but to an opposite extreme of mortification and despondence. A run of ill-luck swept away in one hour more than half my gains, and unfortunately losing my temper still faster than my money, I kept doubling my stakes in the blindness of my rage, and quitted the table at night, not only lightened of all my suddenly acquired wealth, but loser of a considerable sum besides. I could now judge by experience of the bitterness of soul that I had lately inflicted upon those who had lost what I had won, and inwardly cursed the pursuit whose gratifications could only spring from the miseries of others; but so far from abandoning this inevitable see-saw of wretchedness, I felt as if I had been defrauded of my just property, and burned with the desire of taking my revenge. The heart-sickening detail of my infirmity, my reverses, and my misery, need not be followed up. Suffice it to say, that a passion, a fury, an actual frenzy of play absorbed every faculty of my soul; mine was worse than a Promethean fate; I was gnawed and devoured by an inward fire which nothing could allay. Alas! not even poverty and the want of materials could quench it. In my career of prosperity, I felt not the fraud I was practising upon my wife, for I meant to make my peace with ten or twenty thousand pounds in my hand, and a sincere renunciation of gaming in my heart; but now that I was bringing ruin upon her and my children, the sense of my falsehood and treachery embittering the anguish of my losses, plunged me into unutterable remorse and agony of soul. Still I wanted courage to make the fatal revelation, and at last only imparted it to her in the cowardice of impending disgrace.

Madame Deshoulieres says very truly, that gamesters begin by being dupes and end by being knaves; and I am about to confirm it by an avowal to which nothing should have impelled me but the hope of deterring others by an exposure of my own delinquency. A female relation had remitted me seven hundred pounds to purchase into the French funds, with which sum in my pocket I unfortunately called at the Salon des Etrangers in my way to the stock-broker's, and my evil genius suggesting to me that there was a glorious opportunity of re-

covering my heavy losses, I snatched the notes from my pocket, threw them on the table just before the dealer began——and lost! Stunned by the blow, I went home in a state of calm despair, communicated the whole to my wife in as few words as possible, and ended by declaring that she was a beggar, and her husband disgraced for ever. "Not yet, my dear Charles," replied the generous woman, her eyes beaming with an affectionate forgiveness,—"not yet; we may still exclaim with the French king after the battle of Pavia, We have lost everything but our honour; and while we retain *that*, our losses are but as a grain of sand. We may be depressed by fortune, but we can only be disgraced by ourselves. As to this seven hundred pounds—take my jewels—they will sell for more than is required; and if our present misfortunes induce you to fly from Paris, and abandon this fatal pursuit, they will assuredly become the greatest blessings of our life."

No reproach ever passed her lips, or lingered in her eye; nor did I fail to observe the delicacy which, mingling up her own fate with mine, strove to soothe my feelings, by disguising my individual guilt under the cloak of a joint misfortune. Noble-minded woman! Mezentius himself could not have devised a more cruel fate than to tie thee to a soul so dead to shame, and so defunct in gratitude as mine!

Will not the reader loathe and detest me, even worse than I do myself, when I inform him, that in return for all this magnanimity I had the detestable baseness to linger in Paris, to haunt the gaming-table, to venture the wretched drainings of my purse in the *silver* room, to become an habitual borrower of paltry sums under pledges of repayment which I knew I had not the means of redeeming, and to submit tamely to the indignity of palpable cuts from my acquaintance in the public streets? From frequently encountering at the saloons, I had formed a slight friendship with Lord T——, Lord F——, Sir G—— W——, Colonel T——, and particularly with poor S——t, before he had consummated the ruin of his fine fortune, and debilitated his frame by paralysis brought on by anxiety; and I was upon terms of intimacy with others of my countrymen, who with various success, but much more ample means than myself, were making offerings to the demon of *Rouge-et-Noir*. Should this brief memoir fall beneath the eye of any of my quondam friends, they may not impossibly derive benefit from its perusal: at all events, they may be pleased to know that I have not forgotten their kindnesses. I am aware that I abused their assistance, and wore out their patience; but I never anticipated the horror to which the exhaustion of my own means, and the inability to extort more from others, would reduce me. The anguish of my losses, the misery of my degradation, the agony of mind with which I reflected upon my impoverished wife and family, were nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the racking torment of being compelled to refrain from gambling. It sounds incredible, but it is strictly true. To sit at the table with empty pockets and to see others playing, was absolutely insupportable. I envied even the heaviest losers —could I have found an antagonist, I would have gambled for an eye, an arm, a leg, for life itself. A thousand devils seemed to be gnawing at my heart—I believed I was mad—I even hope I was.

Yes: I have tasked myself to detail my moral degradation and utter prostration of character, with a fidelity worthy of Rousseau himself, and I feel it a duty not to shrink from my complete exposure. After a night passed in the state of mind I have been describing, in one of those haunts which I was justly entitled to denominate a hell, I wandered out at daybreak towards the Pont de Jena, as if I could cool my parched lips and burning brain by the heavy shower that was then falling. As the dripping rustics passed me on their market-horses, singing and whistling, their happiness, seeming to be a mockery of my wretchedness, filled me with a malignant rage. By the time I had reached the bridge the rain had ceased, the rising sun, glancing upon the river, threw a bloom over the woods in the direction of Sevres and St. Cloud, and the birds were piping in the air. Ever a passionate admirer of Nature, her charms stole me for a moment from myself, but presently my thoughts reverting from the heaven without to the hell within, I gnashed my teeth, and fell back into a double bitterness and despair of soul.

I have always been a believer in sudden and irresistible impulses; an idea which will not appear ridiculous to those who are conversant with the records of crime. A portrait of Sarah Malcolm the murderess, which I had seen many years ago in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, leading me to the perusal of her trial and execution in the Newgate Calendar, induced me to give perfect credit to the averment, that the idea of the crime came suddenly into her head without the least solicitation, and that she felt driven forward to its accomplish-

ment by some invisible power. Similar declarations from many other offenders offer abundant confirmation of the same fact; and it will be in the recollection of many, that the murderer of Mrs. Bonar at Chiselhurst repeatedly declared that he had never dreamed of the enormity ten minutes before its commission, but that the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, and pushed him forward to the bloody deed. Many people cannot look over a precipice without feeling tempted to throw themselves down; I know a most affectionate father who never approaches a window with his infant child without being haunted by solicitations to cast it into the street; and a gentleman of unimpeachable honour, who if he happens, in walking the highway, to see a note-case or handkerchief emerging from a passenger's pocket, is obliged to stop short or cross over the way, so vehemently does he feel impelled to withdraw them. These "toys of desperation," generated in the giddiness of the mind at the bare imagination of any horror, drive it to commit the reality as a relief from the fearful vision, upon the same principle that delinquents voluntarily deliver themselves up to justice, because death itself is less intolerable than the fear of it. Let it not be imagined that I am seeking to screen any of these unhappy men from the consequences of their hallucination; I am merely asserting a singular property of the mind, of which I myself am about to record a frightful confirmation.

Standing on the bridge, and turning away my looks from the landscape in that despair of heart which I have described, my downcast eyes fell upon the waters gliding placidly beneath me. They seemed to invite me to quench the burning fire with which I was consumed; the river whispered to me with a distinct utterance that peace and oblivion were to be found in its Lethean bed:—every muscle of my body was animated by an instant and insuperable impulse; and within half a minute from its first maddening sensation, I had climbed over the parapet, and plunged headlong into the water!—The gushing of waves in my ears, and the rapid flashing of innumerable lights before my eyes, are the last impressions I recollect. Into the circumstances of my preservation I never had the heart to inquire: when consciousness revisited me, I found myself lying upon my own bed with my wife weeping beside me, though she instantly assumed a cheerful look, and told me that I had met with a dreadful accident, having fallen into the river when leaning over to examine some object beneath. That she knows the whole truth I am perfectly convinced, but we scrupulously avoid the subject, by an understood, though unexpressed compact. It is added in her mind to the long catalogue of my offences, never to be alluded to, and, alas! never to be forgotten. She left my bedside for a moment to return with my children, who rushed up to me with a cry of joy; and as they contended for the first kiss, and inquired after my health with glistening eyes, the cruelty, the atrocity of my cowardly attempt struck with a withering remorse upon my heart.

ON THE INSTABILITIE OF YOUTH.

[**Thomas, second Lord Vaux**, died about 1560. All that is known of his life is that he attended Cardinal Wolsey on his embassy to Francis I., received the order of the Bath at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and was sometime captain of the island of Jersey. His principal pieces are found in the *Paradise of Dayntie Devises*, 1576; and one of his songs was used by Shakspeare for the gravedigger in *Hamlet*, act v. scene 1.]

When I look back, and in myself behold
The wandering ways that youth could not descry,
And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in mind each step youth stray'd awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these sins and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I also see his prime-time and his end;
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend;
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

Thou, that didst grant the wise king his request,
Thou, that in whale the prophet didst preserve,
Thou, that forgavest the woundings of thy breast,
Thou, that didst save the thief in state to starve;[1]
Thou only God, the giver of all grace,
Wipe out of mind the path of youth's vain race.

Thou, that by power to life didst raise the dead,
Thou, that of grace, restoredst the blind to sight,
Thou, that for love thy life and love outbled,
Thou, that of favour madest the lame go right,
Thou, that canst heal and help in all essays,
Forgive the guilt that grew in youth's vaine ways.

And now, since I, with faith and doubtless mind,
Do fly to Thee, by prayer to appease thine ire;
And since, that Thee I only seek to find,
And hope by faith to attain my just desire;
Lord, mind no more youth's error and unskill;
Enable age to do thy holy will.

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[1] "In state to starve"—About to perish.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.[1]

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birth-place in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbours.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder-accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the further he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapour of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly, that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray, tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest: a story not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain-streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people,

[1] From "*The Snow Image and Other Tales*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The foremost of the New England romancists, Hawthorne is characterized as the

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."

As appropriate to the tale quoted above, the poet Longfellow's description of the author may be given here: "He (Hawthorne) looks upon all things in the spirit of love and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end, and aim."

and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbours, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O, mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy; so she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him; it was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sunbrowned with labour in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumour throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumoured in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed respectively of but one enormous pane of

glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses, was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bed-chamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wise and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard swiftly approaching along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labour of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter it was a folly indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighbourly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human

counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honour him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangour of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbours, and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached the loud voice of the Reverend Docter Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honour they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tip-toes in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any words that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particular quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the back-ground, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one old man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm,

served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas! Ernest could not recognize it. He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and clothing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine melting through the thinly diffused vapours that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But, as it always did, the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, "fear not, Ernest, he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he laboured for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had felt and thought so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always teach a blessing to his neighbour. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbour and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but inevitably, as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now again there were reports, and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him he could make a kind

of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war—the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes and potentates,—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favourable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes president without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary-line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighbourhood were there on horseback—militia officers in uniform, the member of Congress, the sheriff of the county, the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music, for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus in acknowledgment that at length the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! there! Look at Old Stony Phiz, and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche drawn by four white horses, and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbours to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now it must be owned that at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic—of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been

originally left out, or had departed; and therefore the marvellously-gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still Ernest's neighbour was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly; "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face," answered his neighbour; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy and almost despondent, for this was the saddest of his disappointments to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo! here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest: they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man; but not in vain had he grown old. More than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind: his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest, for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together his face would kindle unawares and shine upon them as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way, and, passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He likewise was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it to gleam for ever on its surface; if it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him as the last, best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and

dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness,—she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them, after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where, for such a length of time, he had filled his repose with thought by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now, as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labour in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and dwelling with angels as friends with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind; and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume;—"Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my

thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by-and-by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

JUGGLING JERRY.[1]

[George Meredith, born in Hampshire, 1828. He was educated for the legal profession, but devoted himself to that of literature. He is now recognized as a novelist of the first rank. "In his poetry," says one of his critics, "we can trace the same qualities which have made his *Evan Harrington* and his *Richard Feverel* such pleasant reading, namely, much humour joined to very uncommon powers of observation and graphic painting." His chief works are: *The Shaving of Shagpat; Farina*, a legend of Cologne; *Emilia in England; Rhoda Fleming; Vittoria; Harry Richmond; Beauchamp's Career; The Egoist; The Tragi-comedians; Diana of the Crossways;* and *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth.*]

I.

Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes:
  By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies:
  My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying:
  Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all's been spying
  Long to have me, and he has me now.

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[1] From *Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside*, by George Meredith. London: Chapman and Hall, 1862.

II.

We've travelled times to this old common:
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
You, and I, and the old gray horse.
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
Found us coming to their call:
Now they'll miss us at our stations:
There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

III.

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving's folly,
When the hand's firm as driven stakes!
Ay! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful:
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

IV.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket:
I was a lad not wide from here:
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket?
Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd ale-house—I know them!
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them:
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

V.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual:
Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;
But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
You that are sneering at my profession,
Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
Juggles more games than my sins 'll count.

VI.

I've murder'd insects with mock thunder:
Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder:
That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all praised the professor:
Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:
Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!
Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

VII.

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy:
Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
Think more kindly of the race:
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
When the Great Juggler I must face.

VIII.

We two were married, due and legal:
Honest we've lived since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:
You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
All night we kiss'd—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

IX.

It's past parsons to console us:
No, nor no doctor fetch for me:
I can die without my bolus;
Two of a trade, lass, never agree!
Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely,
Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly:
Then see how the rascal yields!

X.

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
Finery while his poor helpmate grubs:
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting:
You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
Many a marquis would hail you cook!
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
But your old Jerry you never forsook.

XI.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.
May be—for none see in that black hollow—
It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,
It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone!

XII.

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
Gold-like and warm: it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
Is God's house on a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it:
All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
But He's by us, juggling the change.

XIII.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.
Crack! went a gun: one fell: the second
Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck:
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd:—
Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck!

THE DWARF AND THE INVISIBLE CAP.

A HARZ LEGEND.[1]

Shepherd Jacob's greatest pleasure was his bagpipes. Almost before the morning dawned he was puffing upon them, and he puffed away at night when all other honest people were in bed. Though this afforded much pleasure to Jacob, it was not so well relished by his neighbours.

In a cavern of the mountain upon which Jacob generally took his seat lived a dwarf, who, at the christenings and weddings of the surrounding country, made himself very useful by lending the people knives and pewter plates. Wherever he found a good reception the dwarf proved very friendly, and was well liked by all. Now to this dwarf, the eternal puffing that went on above his head became very tiresome; he therefore one day took his way up the mountain, and with much politeness requested the shepherd to give up his music for a little; but Jacob, casting a contemptuous look on the diminutive figure before him, insolently answered, "What right have you to command me? And what does it signify to me though your head should ache again when I blow my pipes?" And from this time Jacob blew away more furiously at his bagpipes than ever.

The dwarf resolved on revenge, but concealed his anger under the mask of friendship, and strove to win by degrees the confidence of the shepherd. He soon succeeded in this; for he had wit enough to praise the exquisite melody of his pipes, and gradually wrought himself into his full confidence, entertaining him with a thousand merry stories, for the sake of listening to which the shepherd would sometimes forget his darling pipes for half a day. At last the dwarf invited the shepherd to a party at which he promised him a great deal of pleasure. "Knight Fegesack, who lives in yonder castle," said he, "celebrates his wedding to-morrow; he once set his dogs after me to hound me from his court when carrying some plates to his servant to help at a christening. There will be gathered together those great people of the country who look with such contempt upon us and our acorns; we will go thither, and give them a little sauce to their mirth. Here, Jacob, is an invisible cap: if you put it on your head nobody will be able to see you, though you see everything that is going on around you. Try its virtues at home, and leave the rest to me; only clean out that bag you have got there, for, unless I am sadly deceived, you will soon have occasion to fill it with something better."

Jacob took the wonderful cap from the dwarf, and made an attempt to try its virtue even before he reached his hut. Well, the sheep came running against him, and not even his own children could find him out when he called them by name with the cap on his head. He now gave himself implicitly up to the direction of the dwarf.

The day afterwards Jacob and the dwarf set out with their caps on their heads, and two empty wallets under their arms, to the castle of the knight. During the bridal ceremony they placed themselves upon the large round table, around which the bridegroom and bride and the principal guests were to sit. The dwarf then instructed the tittering shepherd in the part he was to perform.

In the course of an hour the whole company entered the room in pairs, and all took the places which were pointed out to them according to their several dignities, little suspecting the presence of any other guests.

And now the frolic began. The invisible dwarf pulled out the pins which fastened the myrtle garland on the bride's head, and Jacob pushed a large dish out of the hand of the butler which splashed the gravy over the scolding guests. Meanwhile the bridal wreath fell from the head of the bride—a bad omen, which might well wrinkle the brow of the old ladies, and set the younger ones a whispering.

A pause ensued, in which the guests, who waited the filling of the bumpers to resume the conversation, set their jaws briskly in motion.

But, good saints defend us! What was the surprise of the whole company when, on the appearance of the second course, they stretched their hands out towards the delicates—scarcely had they got a morsel on their forks and raised it to their mouths ere it was snatched away by the dwarf or by Jacob, who crammed it with much laughter into their invisible wallets. The guests opened their eyes wider and wider—their faces lengthened more and more—a silence, like that of midnight in a cemetery, reigned throughout the whole room—knives, mouths, jaws, were laid at rest, while each gaped in blank astonishment upon his neighbour. Flagon after flagon, cup after cup, now disappeared from the table, and still the thief remained invisible! Well might the hair of the guests now begin to rise on end; every-

[1] From *Foreign Tales and Traditions*, translated by George Godfrey Cunningham.

where all was silent as death, not a sound was heard but the chattering of teeth.

How they might best make their way out of the enchanted room, or hide themselves under the table, became now a question with the horror-stricken guests. Most of them were about to adopt the latter alternative when the dwarf, having suddenly snatched the cap from the head of his companion, all at once the culprit stood revealed to their astonished sight, sitting upon his heels, with each arm supported by a well-filled wallet.

The deathlike silence now gave place to the most outrageous uproar; every arm and every tongue was again in motion, while Jacob, with his head hanging down like a broken reed, was dragged away, under a thousand curses, towards a dark dungeon, where serpents and newts crawled about, there to starve beside his emptied wallets.

They were just about to lower the unfortunate shepherd into this loathsome place, and all around stood the guests mocking and jeering the trembling rustic, when lo! the invisible dwarf approaches the half-dead shepherd, claps the cap again on his head, and in the twinkling of an eye the prisoner disappears.

The spectators stood there as if changed into as many stones, with faces as long as a yard, for the full space of an hour, without bethinking themselves either of eating or drinking or the merriment of the wedding. And there they might have been standing to this hour had not the dwarf, compassionating their blank amazement, taken off his cap and revealed himself for a minute's space in his true form. "Now, Sir Knight," said he, "do not hound me again with your dogs out of your castle-yard; and you, Jacob, I hope you will in future put your bagpipes a little while aside when I politely ask that favour of you."

The guests now tumbled over one another, and scrambled out of the house where the mysterious dwarf had appeared.

THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

I had a vision! 'Twas an Indian vale
Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crown'd,
That never felt the biting winter gale;—
And soon was heard a most delicious sound;
And to its music danced a nymph embrown'd,
Leading a lion in a silken twine,
That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,
Then on his rider fawn—a boy divine!
While on his foaming lips a nymph shower'd purple wine.

CROLY.

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.

[James Henry Leigh Hunt, born at Southgate, Middlesex, 19th October, 1784; died in London, 28th August, 1859. As a poet, critic, and novelist he has won a prominent place in the standard literature of our century. As one of the stanchest combatants for the liberty of thought and speech, his name is amongst the foremost in the history of modern progress. He was for some time a clerk in the war-office, and resigned that post in 1808 to become joint editor with his brother John, of the *Examiner* newspaper, which they established in that year. An article upon the conduct of the Prince Regent, in which he was satirically called an "Adonis of fifty" (22d March, 1812), led to a government prosecution. The brothers were imprisoned and fined £500 each. After his release, and until nearly the close of his life, Leigh Hunt continued to work assiduously at poem, essay, and story. In 1844 the son of the poet Shelley gave him an annuity of £120; and in 1847 government awarded him a pension of £200. His first book was a collection of poems written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and issued under the title of *Juvenilia*. His principal works are: *The Story of Rimini*, *The Descent of Liberty*, and *The Feast of the Poets* (written in prison); *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*; *Sir Ralph Esher*, a novel; *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*; numerous essays, and an autobiography in three volumes. The following is from the poem of *Rimini*.]

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees!
And when you listen you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

[Isaac D'Israeli, born in Enfield, 1766; died at Bradenham, Buckinghamshire, 19th January, 1848. He was the descendant of a family of Spanish Jews. After producing various scraps of poetry and romance, he published in 1790 a small volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*. The success of the work induced him to pursue his researches in the direction of "Curiosities," and in the course of various editions the work had increased to six times its original bulk. *The Calamities of Authors*, *The Quarrels of Authors*, *The Amenities of Literature*, and *The Curiosities* are his chief works. He was the father of the Right Hon. Benjamin D'Israeli, the statesman and novelist.]

A stroke of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden, when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine! "When I have a grand design," says he, "I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly!" Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers unquestionably have enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as "an excellent recipe for writing." Among other philosophers, one of the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet; he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of mind and body!

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the most important inquiries in the history of man; the laws which regulate the invisible union of the soul with the body: in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being!—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers: with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in "dust to dust;" the other as successfully gets rid of our bodies altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr. Gregory, in his lectures "on the duties and qualifications of a physician," that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of mind and body as a union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspondence of parts seemingly unconnected; in a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers; the one having the care of our exterior organization, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the mysterious inhabitant as forming a part of its own habitation? The tenant and the house are so inseparable, that in striking at any part of the building, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind is disordered, we may often look for its seat in some corporeal derangement. Often are our thoughts disturbed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. This state of the body, called the *fidgets*, is a disorder to which the ladies are particularly liable. A physician of my acquaintance was earnestly entreated by a female patient to give a name to her unknown complaints; this he found no difficulty to do, as he is a sturdy asserter of the materiality of our nature; he declared that her disorder was ATMOSPHERICAL. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was reacting on her mind; and physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to restore her to her half-lost senses. Our imagination is highest when our stomach is not overloaded; in spring than in winter; in solitude than amidst company; and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on and reacts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams present us with images of our restlessness, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes; and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be swallowed with "the blue pill," or any other in vogue. Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may

be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine. The learned Gaubius, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself "professor of the passions," gives the case of a lady of too inflammable a constitution, whom her husband, unknown to herself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum, by phlebotomy. Her complexion, indeed, lost the roses, which some perhaps had too wantonly admired for the repose of her conjugal physician.

The art of curing moral disorders by corporeal means has not yet been brought into general practice, although it is probable that some quiet sages of medicine have made use of it on some occasions. The Leyden professor we have just alluded to, delivered at the university a discourse "on the management and cure of the disorders of the mind by application to the body." Descartes conjectured, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than they have been hitherto, such a method might be sought from the assistance of *medicine*. The sciences of MORALS and MEDICINE will therefore be found to have a more intimate connection than has been suspected. Plato thought that a man must have natural dispositions towards virtue to become virtuous; that it cannot be educated—you cannot make a bad man a good man; which he ascribes to the evil dispositions of the *body*, as well as to a bad education.

There are, unquestionably, constitutional moral disorders; some good-tempered but passionate persons have acknowledged that they cannot avoid those fits to which they are liable, and which, they say, they always suffered "from a child." If they arise from too great a fulness of blood, is it not cruel to upbraid rather than to cure them, which might easily be done by taking away their redundant humours, and thus quieting the most passionate man alive? A moral patient, who allows his brain to be disordered by the fumes of liquor, instead of being suffered to be a ridiculous being, might have opiates prescribed; for in laying him asleep as soon as possible, you remove the cause of his madness. There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices "was happily practised in England." With the circumstance this sage of chemistry alludes to I am unacquainted; but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high-walled court-yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well, full of water cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appeared to have forgot their melancholy; thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind resolved on death, and swallowed much more than half-a-pint of laudanum; she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and flattered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but, what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death.

Moral vices or infirmities, which originate in the state of the body, may be cured by topical applications. Precepts and ethics in such cases, if they seem to produce a momentary cure, have only mowed the weeds, whose roots lie in the soil. It is only by changing the soil itself that we can eradicate these evils. The senses are five porches for the physician to enter into the mind, to keep it in repair. By altering the state of the body, we are changing that of the mind, whenever the defects of the mind depend on those of the organization. The mind, or soul, however distinct its being from the body, is disturbed or excited, independent of its volition, by the mechanical impulses of the body. A man becomes stupified when the circulation of the blood is impeded in the *viscera;* he acts more from instinct than reflection; the nervous fibres are too relaxed or too tense, and he finds a diffi-

culty in moving them; if you heighten his sensations, you awaken new ideas in this stupid being; and as we cure the stupid by increasing his sensibility, we may believe that a more vivacious fancy may be promised to those who possess one, when the mind and the body play together in one harmonious accord. Prescribe the bath, frictions, and fomentations, and though it seems a roundabout way, you get at the brains by his feet. A literary man, from long sedentary habits, could not overcome his fits of melancholy, till his physician doubled his daily quantity of wine; and the learned Henry Stephens, after a severe ague, had such a disgust of books, the most beloved objects of his whole life, that the very thought of them excited terror for a considerable time. It is evident that the state of the body often indicates that of the mind. Insanity itself often results from some disorder in the human machine. "What is this MIND, of which men appear so vain?" exclaims Flechier. "If considered according to its nature, it is a fire which sickness and an accident most sensibly puts out: it is a delicate temperament, which soon grows disordered; a happy conformation of organs, which wear out; a combination and a certain motion of the spirits, which exhaust themselves; it is the most lively and the most subtle part of the soul, which seems to grow old with the BODY."

It is not wonderful that some have attributed such virtues to their system of *diet*, if it has been found productive of certain effects on the human body. Cornaro perhaps imagined more than he experienced; but Apollonius Tyaneus, when he had the credit of holding an intercourse with the devil, by his presumed gift of prophecy, defended himself from the accusation by attributing his clear and prescient views of things to the light aliments he lived on, never indulging in a variety of food. "This mode of life has produced such a perspicuity in my ideas, that I see as in a glass things past and future." We may, therefore, agree with Bayes, that "for a sonnet to Amanda, and the like, stewed prunes only" might be sufficient; but for "a grand design," nothing less than a more formal and formidable dose.

FROM THE ARABIC.

The morn that usher'd thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled!
When summon'd hence to thy eternal sleep,
Oh may'st thou smile, whilst all around thee weep.

THE SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

[James Hislop, born near Muirkirk, Scotland, 1798; died 4th December, 1827. One of Scotland's peasant poets. His early years were spent as a herd-boy to his grandfather; and being distant from any school, his elements of education were acquired by diligent self-instruction. He afterwards attended the parish school of Sanquhar. Whilst still a youth, he became a teacher in Greenock, where he wrote the *Cameronian's Dream*. This poem attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, who introduced the poet to Mr. Constable, the publisher, and in many ways befriended him through life. Hislop was for a short time a reporter on the staff of the *Times* newspaper; then teacher of a London school; but he was obliged to retire from both appointments on account of ill-health. He next started on a voyage in the capacity of travelling tutor to several young gentlemen; and a visit to the Cape de Verd Islands produced an attack of fever from the effects of which he died in a few days. Several of his poems were published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, to which he also contributed "Letters from South America." The following poem—valuable as a faithful picture of a national custom—is said to have been suggested by the commemoration of the solemn ordinance in the Sanquhar Churchyard, 1815.]

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills,
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,
Frae heath-clad hamlets, 'mong the muirland rills,
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet,
Skiffin' the daisies droukit i' the weet;
The bleatin' flocks come nibblin' doun the brae,
To shadowy pastures screen'd frae summer's heat;
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,
'Mong holms o' clover red, and bright brown ryegrass hay.

His ewes and lambs brought carefu' frae the height,
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;
On green sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book, soil'd and torn,
The task prepar'd, assign'd for Sabbath morn,
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;
One daughter dear, beneath the flow'ry thorn,
Kneels down apart her spirit to prepare,
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat wi' solemn converse mix'd,
At early hour they finish their repast,
The pious sire repeats full many a text
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
To see her little family featly dress'd
The carefu' matron feels a mother's pride,
Gie's this a linen shirt, gie's that a vest;
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide,
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding-robes provide.

The sisters buskit, seek the garden walk,
To gather flowers, or watch the warning bell,
Sweet-william, danglin' dewy frae the stalk,
Is mix'd wi' mountain-daisies, rich in smell,
Green sweet-briar sprigs, and daisies frae the dell,
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode,
An' Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;
Then down the sunny winding muirland road,
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

Streams of my native mountains, oh! how oft
That Sabbath morning walk in youth was mine;
Yet fancy hears the kirk-bell, sweet and soft,
Ring o'er the darkling woods o' dewy pine;
How oft the wood-rose wild and scented thyme
I've stoop'd to pull while passing on my way;
But now in sunny regions south the line,
Nae birks nor broom-flow'rs shade the summer brae,—
Alas! I can but dream of Scotland's Sabbath-day.

But dear that cherish'd dream I still behold:
The ancient kirk, the plane-trees o'er it spread,
And seated 'mong the graves, the old, the young,
As once in summer days, for ever fled.
To deck my dream the grave gives up its dead:
The pale precentor sings as then he sung,
The long-lost pastor wi' the hoary head
Pours forth his pious counsels to the young,
And dear ones from the dust again to life are sprung.

Lost friends return from realms beyond the main,
And boyhood's best belov'd ones all are there;
The blanks in family circles fill'd again;
No seat seems empty round the house of prayer.
The sound of psalms has vanish'd in the air,
Borne up to heaven upon the mountain breeze,
The patriarchal priest wi' silvery hair,
In tent erected 'neath the fresh green trees,
Spreads forth the book of God with holy pride, and sees

The eyes of circling thousands on him fix'd,
The kirkyard scarce contains the mingling mass
Of kindred congregations round him mix'd;
Close seated on the gravestones and the grass,
Some crowd the garden-walls, a wealthier class
On chairs and benches round the tent draw near;
The poor man prays far distant; and alas!
Some seated by the graves of parents dear,
Among the fresh green flow'rs let fall a silent tear.

Sublime the text he chooseth: "Who is this
From Edom comes? in garments dy'd in blood,
Travelling in greatness of His strength to bless,
Treading the wine-press of Almighty God."
Perchance the theme, that Mighty One who rode
Forth leader of the armies cloth'd in light,
Around whose head heav'n trembled, angels bright
Their shining ranks arrang'd around his head of white.

Behold the contrast, Christ, the King of kings,
A houseless wanderer in a world below;
Faint, fasting by the desert springs,
From youth a man of mourning and of woe,
The birds have nests on summer's blooming bough,
The foxes on the mountain find a bed;
But mankind's Friend found every man his foe,
His heart with anguish in the garden bled,
He, peaceful like a lamb, was to the slaughter led.

The action-sermon ended, tables fenc'd,
While elders forth the sacred symbols bring,
The day's more solemn service now commenc'd;
To heaven is wafted on devotion's wing,
The psalms these entering to the altar sing,
"I'll of salvation take the cup, I'll call
With trembling on the name of Zion's King;
His courts I'll enter, at His footstool fall,
And pay my early vows before His people all."

Behold the crowded tables clad in white,
Extending far above the flowery graves;
A blessing on the bread and wine-cup bright
With lifted hands the holy pastor craves,
The summer's sunny breeze his white hair waves,
His soul is with his Saviour in the skies;
The hallow'd loaf he breaks, and gives
The symbols to the elders seated nigh,
Take, eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven on high.

He in like manner also lifted up
The flagon fill'd with consecrated wine,
Drink, drink ye all of it, salvation's cup,
Memorial mournful of His love divine.
Then solemn pauseth; - save the rustling pine,
Or plane tree boughs, no sounds salute mine ears;
In silence pass'd, the silver vessels shine,
Devotion's Sabbath dreams from bygone years
Return'd, till many an eye is moist with springing tears.

Again the preacher breaks the solemn pause,
Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain—see,
In mourning veil'd, the mid-day sun withdraws,
While dies the Saviour bleeding on the tree;
But hark! the stars again sing jubilee,
With anthems heaven's armies hail their King,
Ascend in glory from the grave set free;
Triumphant see Him soar on seraph's wing,
To meet His angel hosts around the clouds of spring.

Behold His radiant robes of fleecy light,
Melt into sunny ether soft and blue;
Then in this gloomy world of tears and night,
Behold the table He hath spread for you.
What though you tread affliction's path—a few,
A few short years your toils will all be o'er,
From Pisgah's top the promis'd country view;
The happy land beyond Immanuel's shore,
Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for evermore.

Come here, ye houseless wanderers, soothe your grief,
While faith presents your Father's lov'd abode;
And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
And dry your tears in drawing near to God;
The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
The rich forget his crosses and his care;
Youth enter on religion's narrow road,
The old for his eternal change prepare,
And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

How blest are they who in thy courts abide,
Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stay;
For he in his pavilion shall them hide
In covert safe when comes the evil day;
Though shadowy darkness compasseth his way,
And thick clouds like a curtain hide his throne;
Not even through a glass our eyes shall gaze,
In brighter worlds his wisdom shall be shown,
And all things work for good to those that are his own.

And blessed are the young to God who bring
The morning of their days in sacrifice,
The heart's young flowers yet fresh with spring
Send forth an incense pleasing in his eyes.
To me, ye children, hearken and be wise,
The prophets died, our fathers where are they?
Alas! this fleeting world's delusive joys,
Like morning clouds and early dews, decay;
Be yours that better part that fadeth not away.

Walk round these walls, and o'er the yet green graves
Of friends whom you have lov'd let fall the tear;
On many dresses dark deep mourning waves,
For some in summers past who worshipp'd here
Around these tables each revolving year.
What fleeting generations I have seen,
Where, where my youthful friends and comrades dear?
Fled, fled away, as they had never been,
All sleeping in the dust beneath those plane-trees green.

And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
Who round this table never more shall meet;
For him who bowed with age before you stands,
The mourners soon shall go about the street;
Below these green boughs, shadow'd from the heat,
I've bless'd the Bread of Life for threescore years;
And shall not many mould'ring 'neath my feet,
And some who sit around me now in tears,
To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears?

Behold he comes with clouds, a kindling flood
Of fiery flame before his chariot flees,
The sun in sackloth veil'd, the moon in blood,
All kindreds of the earth dismay shall seize,
Like figs untimely shaken by the breeze;
The fix'd stars fall amid the thunder's roar;
The buried spring to life beneath these trees,
A mighty angel standing on the shore,
With arms stretch'd forth to heaven, swears time shall be no more!

The hour is near, your robes unspotted keep,
The vows you now have sworn are seal'd on high;
Hark! hark! God's answering voice in thunders deep,
'Midst waters dark and thick clouds of the sky;
And what if now to judgment in your eye
He burst, where yonder livid lightnings play,
His chariot of salvation passing by;
The great white throne, the terrible array
Of Him before whose frown the heavens shall flee away.

My friends, how dreadful is this holy place,
Where rolls the thick'ning thunder, God is near.
And though we cannot see Him face to face,
Yet as from Horeb's mount His voice we hear;
The angel armies of the upper sphere
Down from these clouds on your communion gaze;
The spirits of the dead, who once were dear,
Are viewless witnesses of all your ways;
Go from His table then, with trembling tune His praise.

LITTLE DOMINICK.

[**Maria Edgeworth**, born at Black-Boarton, near Oxford, 1st January, 1767; died at Edgeworthstown, Ireland, 22d May, 1849. A long life well-spent is the fitting epitaph of this gifted lady. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, erected the first telegraph in England; his life was devoted to science and to the improvement of the condition of his Irish tenantry. In this noble labour his daughter was his energetic and constant assistant. They were the joint authors of various works on education and character. It is, however, by her moral tales and novels, illustrative of Irish life, that Miss Edgeworth is most widely known. *Castle Rackrent*, *Belinda*, *Helen*, and *Tales of Fashionable Life*, are the titles of a few of her most important works. To these Scott said he was indebted for the suggestion that he might do for Scotland something "of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth had achieved for Ireland;"—something that would tend to procure for his countrymen "sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles." Her career as a novelist began in 1801 with *Castle Rackrent*.]

Little Dominick was born at Fort Reilly, in Ireland, and bred nowhere till his tenth year; when he was sent to Wales, to learn manners, and grammar, at the school of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reason to think himself the greatest of men; for he had, over his chimney-piece, a well-smoked genealogy, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologist, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume to prove that the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud,

Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excusable for sometimes seeming to forget that a schoolmaster is but a man. He, however, sometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a boy; and this happened most frequently with respect to Little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master; not for his vices, but for his vicious constructions: and laughed at by his companions every evening, for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathize in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Irish boy at school; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull, every two words he put together proved a false concord, and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue. But as he possessed some of the characteristic boldness of those who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only little Dominick, he showed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were of nearly twice his stature. This may be exaggerated: but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured, with sly Irish humour, to revenge himself on his most powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welsh accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him—"Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never *learn* you Enclish crammar?"

It was whispered in the ear of this Dionysius that our little hero was a mimic, and he was now treated with increased severity.

The midsummer holidays approached; but he feared that they would shine no holidays for him. He had written to his mother to tell her that school would break up on the 21st; and to beg an answer, without fail, by return of post: but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes: he slept little, eat less, and played not at all. Indeed, nobody would play with him on equal terms, because he was nobody's equal: his schoolfellows continued to consider him as a being, if not of a different species, at least of a different *cast* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones' triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O, how unlike the others!—His name was Edwards: he was the son of a neighbouring Welsh gentleman; and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman. When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection; fought his battles with the Welsh boys; and instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish, he endeavoured to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first questions Edwards ever asked him, Little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar; yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In answer to the question—"Who is your father?" Dominick said, with a deep sigh—"I have no father—I am an orphan—I have only a mother."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No! I wish I had; for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me," said Dominick, with tears in his eyes; "but I have no brothers *but myself.*"

One day Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the school-room with an open letter in his hand, saying—"Here, you little Irish plockit, here's a letter from your mother."

The little Irish blockhead started from his form; and, throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before; then, clapping his hands, he exclaimed—"A letter from my mother! And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I see her once more?—And *will* I go home these holidays?—O, then I will be too happy!"

"There's no tanger of that," said Mr. Owen ap Jones; "for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that, py the atvice of your cardian, to oom she is going to be married, she will not pring you home to Ireland till I send her word you are perfect in your Enclish crammar at least."

"I have my lesson perfect, sir," said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor; "*will* I say it now?"

"No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I will write your mother word, you have broke Priscian's head four times this tay, since her letter came."

Little Dominick, for the first time, was seen to burst into tears—"*Will* I hear the letter?—*Will* I see my mother?—*Will* I go home?"

"You Irish plockit!" continued the relentless grammarian: "you Irish plockit, will you never learn the difference between *shall* and *will?*"

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard—

"And *will* I see him once again?
And *will* I hear him speak?"

Many of the boys were, unfortunately, too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it, turned on his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterwards, he summoned Dominick to his awful desk; and pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris' *Hermes*, bade him "reat it, and understant it," if he could.

Little Dominick read, but could not understand.

"Then reat it aloud, you plockit."

Dominick read aloud—

"There is *nothing appears so clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as *the future* does: since we can find no place for its existence anywhere else: not but the same, if we consider, *is equally true* of the past—."

"Well, co on—What stops the plockit?—Can't you reat Enclish now?"

"Yes, sir; but I was trying to understand it—I was considering, that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it."

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand; and to punish him for his impertinent observation, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*.—The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's *Grammar*, p. 52, ed. 1799; and Harris' *Hermes*, p. 10, 11, and 12, fourth edition.

Undismayed at the length of his task, Little Dominick only said—"I hope, if I say it all, without missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, sir?"

"Say it all first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say," replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task; learned it perfectly; said it at night, without missing one word, to his friend Edwards; and said it the next morning, without missing one word, to his master.

"And now, sir," said the boy, looking up, "will you write to my mother?—And shall I see her? And shall I go home?"

"Tell me, first, whether you understand all this that you have learned so cliply?" said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell; and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

"Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammer studies to your mother; my conscience coes against it!" said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No entreaties could move him. Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother; but he felt the consequence. She wrote word, this time punctually *by return of the post*, that she was sorry she could not send for him home these holidays, as she had heard so bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c., and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies.

Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packings up of all his schoolfellows; and dropped a few tears as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their Welsh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

"I have no home to go to!" said he.

"Yes, you have," cried Edwards; "and our horses are at the door, to carry us there."

"To Ireland? Me! the horses!" said the poor boy, quite bewildered.

"No; the horses cannot carry you to Ireland," said Edwards, laughing good-naturedly; "but you have a home, now, in England. I asked my father to let me bring you home with me; and he says—"Yes," like a dear, good father, and has sent the horses—Come, let's away."

"But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?"

"Yes! he dare not refuse; for my father has a living in his gift, that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he do not change his tune to you."

Little Dominick could not speak one word, his heart was so full.

No boy could be happier than he was during these holidays: "the genial current of his soul," which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reasons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones, from this time forward, was observed to change his manners towards his Irish pupil. He never more complained, unjustly, of his preaking Priscian's head; seldom called him Irish plockit; and once, would have flogged a Welsh boy for taking up this cast-off expression of the master's, but that the Irish blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward rapidly in his studies; he soon surpassed every boy in the school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterwards, they followed different professions, in distant parts of the world; and they neither

saw, nor heard, any more of each other, for many years.

Dominick, now no longer little Dominick, went over to India, as private secretary to one of our commanders-in-chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed; we know only that he was the reputed author of a much-admired pamphlet on India affairs; that the despatches of the general to whom he was secretary were remarkably well written; and that Dominick O'Reilly, Esq., returned to England, after several years' absence, not miraculously rich, but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant: his utmost ambition was, to return to his native country with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world; especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more!

On his first arrival in London, one of the first things he did was to read the Irish newspapers. To his inexpressible joy he saw the estate of Fort-Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his own family. Away he posted, directly, to an attorney's in Cecil Street, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When this attorney produced a map of the well-known demesne, and an elevation of that house in which he spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched, that he was on the point of paying down more for an old ruin than a good new house would cost. The attorney acted *honestly by his client*, and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices; which, as sometimes is the case in Ireland, were in a style far superior to the dwelling-house. Our hero surveyed these with transport. He rapidly planned various improvements in imagination, and planted certain favourite spots in the demesne! During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business; suddenly the name of Owen ap Jones struck his ear.—He started.

"Let him wait in the front parlour: his money is not forthcoming," said the attorney, "and if he keep Edwards in jail till he rots——"

"Edwards!—Good heavens!—in jail!—What Edwards?" exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards!

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress, by taking on himself his father's debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that, of all the creditors, none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson, who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

"What is the rascal's demand? He shall be paid off this instant," cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort-Reilly; "send for him up, and let me pay him off on this spot."

"Had we not best finish our business first, about the O'Reilly estate, sir?" said the attorney.

"No, sir; damn the O'Reilly estate!" cried he, huddling the maps together on the desk; and, taking up the bank-notes, which he had began to reckon for the purchase money—"I beg your pardon, sir—if you knew the facts, you would excuse me.—Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?"

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm-chair, O'Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, in a stentorian voice, "Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones; come up and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid *at all.*"

Up-stairs hobbled the old schoolmaster, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him —"Cot pless me, that voice?" he began—

"Where's your bond, sir?" said the attorney.

"Safe here, Cot be praised!" said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom first a blue pocket-handkerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammar, which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

"Here is my pond," said he, "in the crammer," which he gathered from the ground; then, fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposit.

O'Reilly saw the bond, seized it, looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the seal from the bond; then, without looking at old Owen ap Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat on his head, and rushed out of the room. He was, however, obliged to come back again, to ask where Edwards was to be found.

"In the King's Bench prison, sir," said the attorney. "But am I to understand," cried he, holding up the map of the O'Reilly estate, "am I to understand that you have no further wish for this bargain?"

"Yes—No—I mean, you are to understand that I'm off," replied our hero, without looking back—"I'm off—That's plain English."

Arrived at the King's Bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined—The bolts flew back; for even the turnkeys seemed to catch our hero's enthusiasm.

"Edwards, my dear boy! how do you do?—Here's a bond debt, justly due to you for my education—O, never mind asking any unnecessary questions; only just make haste out of this undeserved abode—Our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones you know—Well how the man stares?—Why, now, will you have the assurance to pretend to forget who I am?—and must I *spake*," continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood—"and must I *spake* to you again in my old Irish brogue, before you will *ricollict* your own *Little Dominick?*"

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into the business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been satisfied.

"Sir," said the attorney, "I have paid the plaintiff in this suit, and he is satisfied: but I must say," added he, with a contemptuous smile, "that you Irish gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing business; business, sir, is a thing that must be done slowly, to be well done."

"I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison, I thought the quicker I did his business the better. Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly."

"Instantly! 'Tis well, sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks so very uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank-notes of yours, sir, amounting to a good round sum! You have made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty, instead of the principal, of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done."

"Just twice as much as was in the bond; but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion!" said O'Reilly: "but whatever I did, it was with my eyes open. I was persuaded you were an honest man; in which, you see, I was not mistaken; and as a man of business, I knew that you would pay Mr. Owen ap Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant, and now mean, should lie in your hands for my friend Edwards' use. I feared he would not have taken it from my hands: I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of prison, merely to let him go back again today, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder, indeed! but not an Irish blunder: our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart!"

LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND.

There *was* an eye whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see,
There *was* an ear that still untired
Could listen to kind praise of me.

There *was* a heart Time only made
For me with fonder feelings burn;
And which, whene'er, alas! I roved,
Still long'd and pined for my return.

There *was* a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells with tones of sadness;
There *was* a voice, whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There *was* a mind, whose vigorous powers
On mine its fostering influence threw;
And call'd my humble talents forth,
Till thence its dearest joys it drew.

There *was* a love that oft for me
With anxious fears would overflow;
And wept and pray'd for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—but *now*

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever!
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could sever!

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my various tasks to see;
And oh! of all the praise I gain'd,
This was the dearest far to me!

Now I, unloved, uncheer'd, alone,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who loves the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, "Father of the fatherless,"
O! thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And "dwellest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in "thy place on high!"

O Lord! though like a faded leaf
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggled down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which leads to thee!

Still, Lord! to thee the voice of praise
Shall spring triumphant from my breast,
Since though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is bless'd!

MRS. OPIE.

THE FAGS' REVOLT.[1]

[Thomas Hughes, born at Donnington Priory, Berks, 1823; educated at Rugby and Oxford; called to the bar in 1848. He was returned to Parliament for Lambeth in 1865, and for Frome in 1868. It was in the leisure of a busy life that he produced *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, *The Scouring of the White Horse*, &c. The first of these obtained immediate popularity, and had much influence in bringing about a reform of many abuses which prevailed at public schools during the author's school-days. The book is remarkable for its vigorous sketches of actual experiences.]

In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives, probably, when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in than you ever can have again. Quit yourselves like men, then; speak up, and strike out if necessary, for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good which no living soul can measure to generations of your countrymen yet unborn. For boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate thinking, and have rarely any settled principles. Every school, indeed, has its own traditionary standard of right and wrong, which cannot be transgressed with impunity, marking certain things as low and blackguard, and certain others as lawful and right. This standard is ever varying, though it changes only slowly and little by little; and, subject only to such standard, it is the leading boys for the time being who give the tone to all the rest, and make the school either a noble institution for the training of Christian Englishmen, or a place where a young boy will get more evil than he would if he were turned out to make his way in London streets, or anything between these two extremes.

The change for the worse in the school-house, however, didn't press very heavily on our youngsters for some time; they were in a good bedroom, where slept the only præpostor left who was able to keep thorough order, and their study was in his passage; so, though they were fagged more or less, and occasionally kicked or cuffed by the bullies, they were on the whole well off; and the fresh, brave school-life, so full of games, adventures, and good-fellowship, so ready at forgetting, so capacious at enjoying, so bright at forecasting, outweighed a thousandfold their troubles with the master of their form and the occasional ill-usage of the big boys in the house. It wasn't till some year or so after the events already recorded that the præpostor of their room and passage left. None of the other sixth-form boys would move into their passage, and to the disgust and indignation of Tom and East, one morning after breakfast they were seized upon by Flashman, and made to carry down his books and furniture into the unoccupied study which he had taken. From this time they began to feel the weight of the tyranny of Flashman and his friends, and now that trouble had come home to their own doors, began to look out for sympathizers and partners amongst the rest of the fags; and meetings of the oppressed began to be held, and murmurs to arise, and plots to be laid as to how they should free themselves and be avenged on their enemies.

While matters were in this state East and Tom were one evening sitting in their study. They had done their work for first lesson, and Tom was in a brown study, brooding, like a young William Tell, upon the wrongs of fags in general, and his own in particular.

"I say, Scud," said he at last, rousing himself to snuff the candle, "what right have the fifth-form boys to fag us as they do?"

"No more right than you have to fag them," answered East, without looking up from an early number of *Pickwick*, which was just coming out, and which he was luxuriously devouring, stretched on his back on the sofa.

Tom relapsed into his brown study, and East went on reading and chuckling. The contrast of the boys' faces would have given infinite amusement to a looker-on, the one so solemn and big with mighty purpose, the other radiant and bubbling over with fun.

"Do you know, old fellow, I've been thinking it over a good deal," began Tom again.

"Oh yes, I know, fagging you are thinking of. Hang it all,—but listen here, Tom—here's fun. Mr. Winkle's horse—"

"And I've made up my mind," broke in Tom, "that I won't fag except for the sixth."

"Quite right too, my boy," cried East, putting his finger on the place and looking up; "but a pretty peck of troubles you'll get into, if you're going to play that game. However, I'm all for a strike myself, if we can get others to join—it's getting too bad."

"Can't we get some sixth-form fellow to take it up?" asked Tom.

[1] From *Tom Brown's School Days*. By an Old Boy. London: Macmillan & Co.

"Well, perhaps we might; Morgan would interfere, I think. Only," added East, after a moment's pause, "you see, we should have to tell him about it, and that's against School principles. Don't you remember what old Brooke said about learning to take our own parts?"

"Ah, I wish old Brooke were back again—it was all right in his time."

"Why, yes, you see, then the strongest and best fellows were in the sixth, and the fifth-form fellows were afraid of them, and they kept good order; but now our sixth-form fellows are too small, and the fifth don't care for them, and do what they like in the house."

"And so we get a double set of masters," cried Tom, indignantly; "the lawful ones, who are responsible to the Doctor at any rate, and the unlawful—the tyrants, who are responsible to nobody."

"Down with the tyrants!" cried East; "I'm all for law and order, and hurra for a revolution."

"I shouldn't mind if it were only for young Brooke now," said Tom, "he's such a good-hearted, gentlemanly fellow, and ought to be in the sixth—I'd do anything for him. But that blackguard Flashman, who never speaks to one without a kick or an oath—"

"The cowardly brute," broke in East, "how I hate him! And he knows it too, he knows that you and I think him a coward. What a bore that he's got a study in this passage! Don't you hear them now at supper in his den? Brandy punch going, I'll bet. I wish the Doctor would come out and catch him. We must change our study as soon as we can."

"Change or no change, I'll never fag for him again," said Tom, thumping the table.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" sounded along the passage from Flashman's study. The two boys looked at one another in silence. It had struck nine, so the regular night-fags had left duty, and they were the nearest to the supper-party. East sat up, and began to look comical, as he always did under difficulties.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" again. No answer.

"Here, Brown! East! you cursed young skulks," roared out Flashman, coming to his open door, "I know you're in—no shirking."

Tom stole to their door, and drew the bolts as noiselessly as he could; East blew out the candle.

"Barricade the first," whispered he. "Now Tom, mind, no surrender."

"Trust me for that," said Tom between his teeth.

In another minute they heard the supper-party turn out and come down the passage to their door. They held their breaths, and heard whispering, of which they only made out Flashman's words, "I know the young brutes are in."

Then came summonses to open, which being unanswered, the assault commenced; luckily the door was a good strong oak one, and resisted the united weight of Flashman's party. A pause followed, and they heard a besieger remark, "They're in safe enough—don't you see how the door holds at top and bottom? so the bolts must be drawn. We should have forced the lock long ago." East gave Tom a nudge, to call attention to this scientific remark.

Then came attacks on particular panels, one of which at last gave way to the repeated kicks; but it broke inwards, and the broken piece got jammed across, the door being lined with green baize, and couldn't easily be removed from outside; and the besieged, scorning further concealment, strengthened their defences by pressing the end of their sofa against the door. So, after one or two more ineffectual efforts, Flashman & Co. retired, vowing vengeance in no mild terms.

The first danger over, it only remained for the besieged to effect a safe retreat, as it was now near bedtime. They listened intently and heard the supper-party resettle themselves, and then gently drew back first one bolt and then the other. Presently the convivial noises began again steadily. "Now then, stand by for a run," said East, throwing the door wide open and rushing into the passage, closely followed by Tom. They were too quick to be caught, but Flashman was on the look-out, and sent an empty pickle-jar whizzing after them, which narrowly missed Tom's head, and broke into twenty pieces at the end of the passage. "He wouldn't mind killing one, if he wasn't caught," said East, as they turned the corner.

There was no pursuit, so the two turned into the hall, where they found a knot of small boys round the fire. Their story was told—the war of independence had broken out—who would join the revolutionary forces? Several others present bound themselves not to fag for the fifth form at once. One or two only edged off, and left the rebels. What else could they do? "I've a good mind to go to the Doctor straight," said Tom.

"That'll never do—don't you remember the levy of the school last half?" put in another.

In fact, that solemn assembly, a levy of the school, had been held, at which the captain of the school had got up, and, after premising

that several instances had occurred of matters having been reported to the masters; that this was against public morality and school tradition: that a levy of the sixth had been held on the subject, and they had resolved that the practice must be stopped at once; had given out that any boy, in whatever form, who should thenceforth appeal to a master, without having first gone to some præpostor and laid the case before him, should be thrashed publicly, and sent to Coventry.

"Well, then, let's try the sixth. Try Morgan," suggested another. "No use"—"Blabbing won't do," was the general feeling.

"I'll give you fellows a piece of advice," said a voice from the end of the hall. They all turned round with a start, and the speaker got up from a bench on which he had been lying unobserved, and gave himself a shake; he was a big loose-made fellow, with huge limbs which had grown too far through his jacket and trousers. "Don't you go to anybody at all—you just stand out; say you won't fag—they'll soon get tired of licking you. I've tried it on years ago with their fore-runners."

"No! did you? Tell us how it was?" cried a chorus of voices, as they clustered round him.

"Well, just as it is with you. The fifth form would fag us, and I and some more struck, and we beat 'em. The good fellows left off directly, and the bullies who kept on soon got afraid."

"Was Flashman here then?"

"Yes! and a dirty little snivelling, sneaking fellow he was too. He never dared join us, and used to toady the bullies by offering to fag for them and peaching against the rest of us."

"Why wasn't he cut then?" said East.

"Oh, toadies never get cut, they're too useful. Besides, he has no end of great hampers from home, with wine and game in them; so he toadied and fed himself into favour."

The quarter-to-ten bell now rang, and the small boys went off upstairs, still consulting together, and praising their new counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall-fire again. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs, and familiarly called "the Mucker." He was young for his size, and a very clever fellow, nearly at the top of the fifth. His friends at home, having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, hadn't put him into tails; and even his jackets were always too small; and he had a talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby. He wasn't on terms with Flashman's set, who sneered at his dress and ways behind his back, which he knew, and revenged himself by asking Flashman the most disagreeable questions, and treating him familiarly whenever a crowd of boys were round them. Neither was he intimate with any of the other bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, amongst other failings, he had that of impecuniosity in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then, being also reckless, borrowed from any one, and when his debts accumulated and creditors pressed, would have an auction in the Hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study table. For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would live about in the fifth-form room and Hall, doing his verses on old letter-backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons no one knew how. He never meddled with any little boys, and was popular with them, though they all looked on him with a sort of compassion, and called him "poor Diggs," not being able to resist appearances, or to disregard wholly even the sneers of their enemy Flashman. However, he seemed equally indifferent to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself. It is necessary to introduce Diggs thus particularly, as he not only did Tom and East good service in their present warfare, as is about to be told, but soon afterwards, when he got into the sixth, chose them for his fags, and excused them from study-fagging, thereby earning unto himself eternal gratitude from them, and from all who are interested in their history.

And seldom had small boys more need of a friend, for the morning after the siege the storm burst upon the rebels in all its violence. Flashman laid wait, and caught Tom before second lesson, and, receiving a point-blank "No" when told to fetch his hat, seized him and twisted his arm, and went through the other methods of torture in use: "He couldn't make me cry though," as Tom said triumphantly to the rest of the rebels, "and I kicked his shins well, I know." And soon it crept out that a lot of the fags were in league, and Flashman excited his associates to join him in bringing the young vagabonds to their senses; and the house was filled with constant chasings, and sieges, and lickings of all sorts; and in return, the bullies' beds were pulled to pieces and drenched with water, and their names written

up on the walls with every insulting epithet which the fag invention could furnish. The war in short raged fiercely; but soon, as Diggs had told them, all the better fellows in the fifth gave up trying to fag them, and public feeling began to set against Flashman and his two or three intimates, and they were obliged to keep their doings more secret, but, being thorough bad fellows, missed no opportunity of torturing in private. Flashman was an adept in all ways, but above all in the power of saying cutting and cruel things, and could often bring tears to the eyes of boys in this way which all the thrashings in the world wouldn't have wrung from them.

And as his operations were being cut short in other directions, he now devoted himself chiefly to Tom and East, who lived at his own door, and would force himself into their study whenever he found a chance, and sit there, sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion, interrupting all their work, and exulting in the evident pain which every now and then he could see he was inflicting on one or the other.

The storm had cleared the air for the rest of the house, and a better state of things now began than there had been since old Brooke had left: but an angry dark spot of thundercloud still hung over the end of the passage, where Flashman's study and that of East and Tom lay.

He felt that they had been the first rebels, and that the rebellion had been to a great extent successful; but what above all stirred the hatred and bitterness of his heart against them was, that in the frequent collisions which there had been of late they had openly called him coward and sneak,—the taunts were too true to be forgiven. While he was in the act of thrashing them, they would roar out instances of his funking at football, or shirking some encounter with a lout of half his own size. These things were all well enough known in the house, but to have his disgrace shouted out by small boys, to feel that they despised him, to be unable to silence them by any amount of torture, and to see the open laugh and sneer of his own associates (who were looking on, and took no trouble to hide their scorn from him, though they neither interfered with his bullying or lived a bit the less intimately with him), made him beside himself. Come what might, he would make those boys' lives miserable. So the strife settled down into a personal affair between Flashman and our youngsters; a war to the knife, to be fought out in the little cockpit at the end of the bottom passage.

Flashman, be it said, was about seventeen years old, and big and strong of his age. He played well at all games where pluck wasn't much wanted, and managed generally to keep up appearances where it was; and having a bluff, off-hand manner, which passed for heartiness, and considerable powers of being pleasant when he liked, went down with the school in general for a good fellow enough. Even in the school-house, by dint of his command of money, the constant supply of good things which he kept up, and his adroit toadyism, he had managed to make himself not only tolerated, but rather popular amongst his own contemporaries: although young Brooke scarcely spoke to him, and one or two others of the right sort showed their opinions of him whenever a chance offered. But the wrong sort happened to be in the ascendant just now, and so Flashman was a formidable enemy for small boys. This soon became plain enough. Flashman left no slander unspoken, and no deed undone, which could in any way hurt his victims, or isolate them from the rest of the house. One by one most of the other rebels fell away from them, while Flashman's cause prospered, and several other fifth-form boys began to look black at them and ill-treat them as they passed about the house. By keeping out of bounds, or at all events out of the house and quadrangle, all day, and carefully barring themselves in at night, East and Tom managed to hold on without feeling very miserable; but it was as much as they could do. Greatly were they drawn then towards old Diggs, who, in an uncouth way, began to take a good deal of notice of them, and once or twice came to their study when Flashman was there, who immediately decamped in consequence. The boys thought that Diggs must have been watching.

When therefore, about this time, an auction was one night announced to take place in the Hall, at which, amongst the superfluities of other boys, all Diggs' Penates for the time being were going to the hammer, East and Tom laid their heads together, and resolved to devote their ready cash (some four shillings sterling) to redeem such articles as that sum would cover. Accordingly, they duly attended to bid, and Tom became the owner of two lots of Diggs' things;—lot 1, price one-and-threepence, consisting (as the auctioneer remarked) of a "valuable assortment of old metals," in the shape of a mouse-trap, a cheese-toaster without a handle, and a saucepan; lot 2, of a villanous dirty table-cloth and green-baize curtain; while East, for one-and-sixpence, purchased a leather paper-case, with a lock but no key, once handsome, but now much the

worse for wear. But they had still the point to settle of how to get Diggs to take the things without hurting his feelings. This they solved by leaving them in his study, which was never locked when he was out. Diggs, who had attended the auction, remembered who had bought the lots, and came to their study soon after, and sat silent for some time, cracking his great red finger-joints. Then he laid hold of their verses, and began looking over and altering them, and at last got up, and turning his back to them, said, "You're uncommon good-hearted little beggars, you two—I value that paper-case, my sister gave it me last holidays—I won't forget;" and so tumbled out into the passage, leaving them somewhat embarrassed, but not sorry that he knew what they had done.

The next morning was Saturday, the day on which the allowances of one shilling a week were paid, an important event to spendthrift youngsters: and great was the disgust amongst the small fry to hear that all the allowances had been impounded for the Derby lottery. That great event in the English year, the Derby, was celebrated at Rugby in those days by many lotteries. It was not an improving custom, I own, gentle reader, and led to making books, and betting, and other objectionable results; but when our great Houses of Palaver think it right to stop the nation's business on that day, and many of the members bet heavily themselves, can you blame us boys for following the example of our betters?—at any rate we did follow it. First there was the great School lottery, where the first prize was six or seven pounds; then each house had one or more separate lotteries. These were all nominally voluntary, no boy being compelled to put in his shilling who didn't choose to do so: but besides Flashman, there were three or four other fast sporting young gentlemen in the school-house, who considered subscription a matter of duty and necessity, and so, to make their duty come easy to the small boys, quietly secured the allowances in a lump when given out for distribution, and kept them. It was no use grumbling,—so many fewer tartlets and apples were eaten and fives'-balls bought on that Saturday; and after locking-up, when the money would otherwise have been spent, consolation was carried to many a small boy by the sound of the night-fags shouting along the passages, "Gentlemen sportsmen of the School-house, the lottery's going to be drawn in the Hall." It was pleasant to be called a gentleman sportsman—also to have a chance of drawing a favourite horse.

The Hall was full of boys, and at the head of one of the long tables stood the sporting interest, with a hat before them, in which were the tickets folded up. One of them then began calling out the list of the house; each boy as his name was called drew a ticket from the hat and opened it, and most of the bigger boys, after drawing, left the Hall directly to go back to their studies or the fifth-form room. The sporting interest had all drawn blanks, and they were sulky accordingly; neither of the favourites had yet been drawn, and it had come down to the upper-fourth. So now, as each small boy came up and drew his ticket, it was seized and opened by Flashman or some other of the standers-by. But no great favourite is drawn until it comes to the Tadpole's turn, and he shuffles up and draws, and tries to make off, but is caught, and his ticket is opened like the rest.

"Here you are! Wanderer! the third favourite," shouts the opener.

"I say, just give me my ticket, please," remonstrates Tadpole.

"Hullo, don't be in a hurry," breaks in Flashman; "what'll you sell Wanderer for now?"

"I don't want to sell," rejoins Tadpole.

"Oh, don't you! Now listen, you young fool—you don't know anything about it; the horse is no use to you. He won't win, but I want him as a hedge. Now, I'll give you half-a-crown for him." Tadpole holds out, but between threats and cajoleries at length sells half for one-shilling-and-sixpence, about a fifth of its fair market value; however, he is glad to realize anything, and as he wisely remarks, "Wanderer mayn't win, and the tizzy is safe anyhow."

East presently comes up and draws a blank. Soon after comes Tom's turn; his ticket, like the others, is seized and opened. "Here you are then," shouts the opener holding it up, "Harkaway! By Jove, Flashey, your young friend's in luck."

"Give me the ticket," says Flashman with an oath, leaning across the table with opened hand, and his face black with rage.

"Wouldn't you like it!" replies the opener, not a bad fellow at the bottom, and no admirer of Flashman's. "Here, Brown, catch hold," and he hands the ticket to Tom, who pockets it; whereupon Flashman makes for the door at once, that Tom and the ticket may not escape, and there keeps watch until the drawing is over, and all the boys are gone, except the sporting set of five or six, who stay to compare books, make bets, and so on, Tom, who

doesn't choose to move while Flashman is at the door, and East, who stays by his friend anticipating trouble.

The sporting set now gathered round Tom. Public opinion wouldn't allow them actually to rob him of his ticket, but any humbug or intimidation by which he could be driven to sell the whole or part at an under-value was lawful.

"Now, young Brown, come, what'll you sell me Harkaway for? I hear he isn't going to start. I'll give you five shillings for him," begins the boy who had opened the ticket. Tom, remembering his good deed, and moreover in his forlorn state wishing to make a friend, is about to accept the offer, when another cries out, "I'll give you seven shillings." Tom hesitated, and looked from one to the other.

"No, no!" said Flashman, pushing in, "leave me to deal with him; we'll draw lots for it afterwards. Now, sir, you know me—you'll sell Harkaway to us for five shillings, or you'll repent it."

"I won't sell a bit of him," answered Tom, shortly.

"You hear that now!" said Flashman, turning to the others. "He's the coxiest young blackguard in the house—I always told you so. We're to have all the trouble and risk of getting up the lotteries for the benefit of such fellows as he."

Flashman forgets to explain what risk they ran, but he speaks to willing ears. Gambling makes boys selfish and cruel as well as men.

"That's true,—we always draw blanks," cried one. "Now, sir, you shall sell half, at any rate."

"I won't," said Tom, flushing up to his hair, and lumping them all in his mind with his sworn enemy.

"Very well then, let's roast him," cried Flashman, and catches hold of Tom by the collar; one or two boys hesitate, but the rest join in. East seizes Tom's arm and tries to pull him away, but is knocked back by one of the boys, and Tom is dragged along struggling. His shoulders are pushed against the mantelpiece, and he is held by main force before the fire, Flashman drawing his trousers tight by way of extra torture. Poor East, in more pain even than Tom, suddenly thinks of Diggs, and darts off to find him. "Will you sell now for ten shillings!" says one boy who is relenting.

Tom only answers by groans and struggles.

"I say, Flashey, he has had enough," says the same boy, dropping the arm he holds.

"No, no, another turn'll do it," answers Flashman. But poor Tom is done already, turns deadly pale, and his head falls forward on his breast, just as Diggs, in frantic excitement, rushes into the Hall with East at his heels.

"You cowardly brutes!" is all he can say, as he catches Tom from them and supports him to the Hall table. "Good God! he's dying. Here, get some cold water—run for the housekeeper."

Flashman and one or two others slink away; the rest, ashamed and sorry, bend over Tom or run for water, while East darts off for the housekeeper. Water comes, and they throw it on his hands and face, and he begins to come to. "Mother!"—the words came feebly and slowly—"it's very cold to-night." Poor old Diggs is blubbering like a child. "Where am I?" goes on Tom, opening his eyes. "Ah! I remember now;" and he shut his eyes again and groaned.

"I say," is whispered, "we can't do any good, and the housekeeper will be here in a minute;" and all but one steal away; he stays with Diggs, silent and sorrowful, and fans Tom's face.

The housekeeper comes in with strong salts, and Tom soon recovers enough to sit up. There is a smell of burning; she examines his clothes, and looks up inquiringly. The boys are silent.

"How did he come so?" No answer.

"There's been some bad work here," she adds, looking very serious, "and I shall speak to the Doctor about it." Still no answer.

"Hadn't we better carry him to the sick-room?" suggests Diggs.

"Oh, I can walk now," says Tom! and, supported by East and the housekeeper, goes to the sick-room. The boy who held his ground is soon amongst the rest, who are all in fear of their lives. "Did he peach?" "Does she know about it?"

"Not a word—he's a stanch little fellow." And pausing a moment he adds, "I'm sick of this work; what brutes we've been!"

Meantime Tom is stretched on the sofa in the housekeeper's room, with East by his side, while she gets wine and water and other restoratives.

"Are you much hurt, dear old boy?" whispers East.

"Only the back of my legs," answers Tom. They are indeed badly scorched, and part of his trousers burned through. But soon he is in bed, with cold bandages. At first he feels broken, and thinks of writing home and getting

taken away; and the verse of a hymn he had learned years ago sings through his head, and he goes to sleep, murmuring—

> "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
> And the weary are at rest."

But after a sound night's rest, the old boy-spirit comes back again. East comes in reporting that the whole house is with him, and he forgets everything, except their old resolve never to be beaten by that bully Flashman.

Not a word could the housekeeper extract from either of them, and though the Doctor knew all that she knew that morning, he never knew any more.

I trust and believe that such scenes are not possible now at school, and that lotteries and betting-books have gone out! but I am writing of schools as they were in our time, and must give the evil with the good.

THE VICAR.

[Winthrop Mackworth Praed, born in London, 26th July, 1802; died there, 15th July, 1839. He was called to the bar, and was during his latter years a member of the House of Commons. Although he rendered good service to the state as a politician, it is as a poet that he is remembered; and best as the leader of the writers of *vers de société*. Humour and pathos, character and satire, are delightfully mingled in his works. An edition of his poems, in two volumes, edited by Derwent Coleridge, M.A., is published by Moxon & Co.]

Some years ago, ere time and taste
  Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
  Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
  "Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
  And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
  It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
  And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus:*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

TO A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

[Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, born in London, 7th October, 1810; died 12th January, 1871. Author of *Poems and Poetical Fragments: The School of the Heart; Chapters on the Poets of Ancient Greece; Psalms and Hymns*, adapted to the Sundays and Holy-days throughout the Year; *Village Sermons*, &c. He edited an edition of the New Testament. His language is always simple and direct, and all his works are inspired by fervent religious feeling.]

Say wilt thou think of me when I'm away,
Borne from the threshold and laid in the clay,
Past and unheard of for many a day?

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,
Further each year from the vision withdrawn,
Thou in the sunset, and I in the dawn?

Wilt thou remember me when thou shalt see,
Daily and nightly encompassing thee,
Hundreds of others, but nothing of me?

All that I ask is a tear in thy eye,
Sitting and thinking when no one is by,
"Thus look'd he on me, thus rang his reply:—"

'Tis not to die, though the path be obscure;
Vast though the peril, there's One can secure;
Grand is the conflict, the victory sure;

But 'tis to feel the cold touch of decay;
'Tis to look back on the wake of one's way,
Fading and vanishing day after day;

This is the bitterness none can be spared;
This the oblivion the greatest have shared;
This the true death for ambition prepared.

Thousands around us are toiling as we,
Living and loving, whose lot is to be
Past and forgotten like waves on the sea.

Once in a lifetime is uttered a word
That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard;
Once in an age is humanity stirred;

Once in a century springs forth a deed
From the dark bands of forgetfulness freed,
Destined to shine, and to bless, and to lead.

Yet not even thus we escape from our lot—
The deed lasts in memory—the doer lasts not;
The word liveth on, but the voice is forgot.

Who knows the forms of the mighty of old?
Can bust or can portrait the spirit unfold?
Or the light of the eye by description be told?

Nay, even He who our ransom became,
Bearing the cross, and despising the shame,
Earning a name above every name—

They who had handled him when He was here
Kept they in memory His lineaments clear?
Could they command them at will to appear?

They who had heard Him and lived in His voice,
Say could they always recall at their choice
The tones and the cadence which made them rejoice?

Be we content then to pass into shade,
Visage and voice in oblivion laid,
And live in the light that our actions have made.

MY PLEA.

Master, whose life-long work was doing good,
Keep, first of all, my body out of pain;
Then, whether of myself, or not, I would,
Make me within the universal chain
A link, whereby
There shall have been accomplished some slight gain
For men and women, when I come to die.

ALICE CARY.

THE WHITE BOAT.

A STORY OF LA VENDÉE.

[Emile Souvestre is one of the very few French novelists whose works are pure in thought and incident. His most important work is the *Souvenirs d'un Bas-Breton;* but he has written many others—several specially for children—and all may be read without fear of encountering any indelicate scene or suggestion.]

The traveller who visits La Vendée, with the stirring memory of its gigantic struggle of loyalty *versus* revolution fresh in his mind, and looks on it as the land that, in the short space of three years, became the grave of five Republican armies, as well as of the greater proportion of its own heroic population, and was thus converted into a vast and blood-steeped wilderness of smoking ruins, would naturally expect to find in the inhabitants a people gloomy and daring, proud, impetuous, and warlike.

To his astonishment, he sees himself surrounded by a race whose character is in every respect the reverse of this—quiet, thoughtful, taciturn almost to dulness, and whose might, like that of their powerful yoked oxen, slumbers and asks but for repose. Such is the case especially in the hill-country of La Vendée proper, the region of the pure Pictish blood; the people of the plain country bordering on old Anjou are distinguished by greater vivacity and friendliness.

It is in contemplating this aspect of the Vendean character that we learn to estimate the power of that deadly grasp which the bold hand of revolution must have laid on the innermost sanctuary of popular feeling to provoke an outburst of resistance so vigorous and so long sustained.

But if the physiognomy of the Vendeans be marked by a general sameness, nothing can be more varied than the aspect of their country. The eastern shore is indeed barren, dark, and gloomy; but to the north stretches a long tract of undulating country, rich in golden meadows and fertile fields, and dotted with groups of noble forest-trees, in whose shadow nestles many an orchard-circled château and peaceful hamlet: while here and there may be seen a large and populous village, with spire pointing to the skies. The high hedges and deep-embowered lanes, turned to such good account in the burgher struggles of the Chouan warfare, are still the peculiar and distinctive characteristics of the scene. This is indeed the *Boccage;* and wherever there is an opening, wide tracts of heath are seen, offering the strongest and most picturesque contrast by the bright blossoms of the yellow furze and the purple glow of the heath flower to the solemn edging of green by which they are bordered. Totally different is the appearance of La Vendée proper—a long and boundless plain of waving corn, almost without trees, except where some narrow strip of orchard ground points to the neighbourhood of château or village. No sooner is the golden harvest brought in, than the waste and dreary stubble-lands are covered with loads of lime, giving to them, in the distance, the appearance of an interminable battle-field strewn with bleaching bones.

Proceeding onward towards the south, to the marshes—the *Marais* as it is called—we again find ourselves in a new world. The land here shows, like an accident, an exception—a creation of art, a sort of rustic Venice. The corn and the fruit seem to ripen on piles, and the flocks to be grazing on floating pastures. Ever since the sixteenth century efforts have been made to reclaim tracts of this marsh by drainage on the Dutch plan, so that the district should rather have been called Little Holland than "Little Poitou," as it is. Some business connected with one of these recently-drained tracts gave me the long-desired opportunity of seeing something of the mode of life of the Cabanneers —the name by which the inhabitants of the reclaimed lands are known, as Hutters is that appropriated to the dwellers in the marsh.

I had made an appointment with Guillaume Blaisot, the farmer with whom my business was to be transacted, to meet him at Marans, at the mouth of the Sèvre, opposite to the Isle of Rhé, in Pertuis-Poitou. I reached Maillepais, after a very uncomfortable journey, by the diligence, hoping to proceed by water.

As I was waiting at the door of the little inn for the arrival of the boat that mine host had promised me, I perceived an old acquaintance approaching, whom, by his little waxcloth hat and his wooden leg, I had at once recognized as Maître Berand, better known as Fait-tout. Berand was one of those equivocal traders who get a livelihood by various nameless handicrafts, and who, in common parlance, are said to live by their wits. He now assured me that business called him in the direction in which I was going. I invited him to embark with me in the boat, which at that moment came alongside. He thankfully accepted my invitation, and I thus secured a companion who, if not altogether trustworthy, was at least well acquainted with the country and its inhabitants; and who was, moreover, himself an interesting subject for my observation.

Immediately on leaving Maillepais we found ourselves in the district familiarly known as Le Marais Mouillé, and a wonderful spectacle it presented. As far as the eye could reach, it seemed as it were a water landscape whereon numberless islets, fringed with willows and ivy, were floating; now and then we passed a larger one, on which hemp and flax were cultivated. On the most elevated point of these little islands stand the solitary dwellings of the Hutters; they are of plaited wicker-work, and look like so many bee-hives. They have neither window nor chimney, and the door appears too low for a full-grown man to enter without stooping. We could generally distinguish a fire flickering on the hearth, and sending its smoke through all the interstices of the basket-work. The older huts are often covered with a mass of vegetation; and not unfrequently the willow-wands woven into the dwelling bud and sprout, and form a thick green trellis-work of leafy branches around the hut. The people find their food in the waters by which they are surrounded, the neighbouring towns offering a ready market for their fish and ducks. In winter, when the waters often rise to the level of their dwellings, the poor people are forced to take refuge, with their wives and children, in their boats, which are kept by them ready for such emergencies. In these they frequently pass long days and nights, till the floods are abated.

Our passage among the islets was much retarded by the tangled masses of the water-lily, the leaves of which were thickly spread over the surface; and our approach not unfrequently scared whole flocks of wild ducks and other water-fowl from their shelter, and sent them screaming and cackling over our heads.

The Hutters are said, by the proprietors on the coast, to have very inadequate perceptions and very short memories of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. My companion, however, soon proved that this confusion of ideas was not peculiar to the islanders. Whenever he saw a snare hanging from a willow, he hastened to the spot; if the jar of a leech-gatherer were left on the ground, he scrupled not to empty it into his own; and when I asked if his friends on the islands were thus solicitous to provide for his wants, he laughed, and said that what was taken from a Hutter was only indemnification; for that when he went round the islands with his pack, the wives and maidens were not particular in the matter of needles and ribbons—a cross made at the back of any article going in evidence that it was not stolen.

As I wished to see the interior of one of these huts we drew towards the shore, and I landed. The inside was incrusted with a black and shining coating of soot. In the dusky background two cows were lying down and chewing the cud at their ease before a sort of rough crib. This was the only piece of furniture in the hut, with the exception of a pair of earthen pitchers, a clumsy stool, and a hurdle covered with a layer of moss; on this lay a woman whose appearance showed her to be suffering from the biliary fever so common in this moist and fetid atmosphere. To our words of comfort she at first made no reply, but at length, rousing herself, she said—

"What good can anything do *me?* I have seen the *White Boat.* All I want is the priest."

These words had evidently a startling effect, not only on the sailor who had accompanied us, but on our friend Fait-tout, notwithstanding his habitual readiness to parade his scepticism.

"'The White Boat!'" exclaimed both together, in a half-whisper, at the same time looking towards the shore.

"Yes, yes," continued the sick woman, with feverish excitement; "I was coming with a bundle of willows from the other side of the island, and there, gliding noiselessly through the channel, I saw the death-boat, with the yellow dwarf seated at the helm; and as I passed I heard him cough and groan; I felt his poison breath upon me, and fell to the ground. My husband found me and brought me home, and I have never raised my head since, and never shall."

I endeavoured to soothe the poor woman, and to explain the thing away as an optical delusion—but all in vain; she stared wildly into the darkness, and my companions slipped quietly away; I myself felt a sort of indefinable dread, thus left alone in the dusky hut with the dying woman, and hastened into the air.

When we got back to the boat our conversation was in monosyllables; and, in order to set it agoing, I made some inquiries respecting the young Blaisot whom I was to meet at Marans. At the sound of his name Fait-tout started from his reverie, but made as though he had not heard me, and called my attention to the great number of boats that were lying in a little bay which we were then crossing. It was no uncommon sight, but he wished to divert me from my subject.

We soon came alongside of an embankment, on which we rather heard than saw some travellers—for the view was entirely obstructed by a low growth of willows and alders. At intervals the plaintive monotonous chant of some shepherds broke upon the ear; they were

singing one of those Christmas carols (*Hymnes de Noël* or *Nau*) wherein the shepherds of Poitou celebrate the glad tidings that it was given to the shepherds of Palestine to hear first.

We did not reach Marans till late in the evening, and there were no tidings of Blaisot at the inn. To my repeated and urgent inquiries the host replied with a counter-question:

"Do you mean the old Jerome Blaisot?"

"No; the question now is of his son, Guillaume," said Fait-tout, answering for me, and with singular emphasis.

"The great Guillaume!" repeated the man, stepping back in astonishment.

"And why not?" I rejoined sharply. "I have very good grounds for expecting him, having made an appointment with him to take charge of a business which is likely to be as advantageous to him as to me. I should rather ask what reason he can have for staying away."

"Nay," replied mine host with some hesitation, "how can any third person assign reasons for another? To-morrow is our market-day, and there will surely be some of Blaisot's people in the town; you can ask them, sir, any questions you please."

"*Ask*, indeed!" muttered Fait-tout in a mocking tone, as I moved away half-satisfied, and the host devoted himself with obsequious civility to some freshly-arrived guests.

Marans is now the principal port of La Vendée, and the depôt of the export fisheries, and I was early awakened by the bustle of the market. It was thronged with Hutters bringing in the rich spoils of the fishing and the chase, as well as by Cabanneers and the peasants from the plain; the former with wool and flax, the latter with heavy loads of corn and wood, in ponderous waggons drawn by six yoke of oxen. Still, all my inquiries for Blaisot were unavailing; and the evident shyness in answering—the frequent assumption of stupidity, as though they could not understand me—raised my previous uneasiness to the highest pitch.

On my return to the inn I found Berand the centre of a wondering circle, and prosecuting one of the thousand branches of his vocation. He was etching an allegorical decoration on the arm of a young sailor, and had been profuse in sentimental verses and allusions; he now showed me his work with evident self-complacency.

"You see that it is all that could be wished," he said. "Le Fier-gas could desire nothing better, were he the king himself."

"Ay," rejoined the young man whose cognomen he had given, "for a bright half-dollar one has a right to expect something."

"And I have accordingly given you the 'best article,' my son," said the artificer. "The altar of love, religion, death and the royal flower; what could you have more? You and Le Bien-nommé, you are the only ones to whom such luck has fallen."

"Indeed," replied the young man, shaking his head emphatically; "then I am the only one, for Le Bien-nommé lies deep beneath the water!"

"What is that you are saying?"

"It is so indeed," said another of the by-standers; "his body has never been seen, but his boat was found keel upward."

"No one knows how it happened," observed a third. "Some say that he met the Lady of the Pool!"

"Who is that?" said I, attracted rather by the expression, and by the manner of the speaker, than by the fact itself."

"Why, the Lady of the Pool is she who entangles the boats in her long tresses, and so drags them down into the deep."

I now took counsel with mine host, and he advised me to proceed in his conveyance to the cottage of the Blaisots, which he said was distant about a mile and a half. Fait-tout would be my conductor, as he was at home, and had business everywhere.

The matter was soon arranged, and in half an hour Berand and I were placed side by side in the little car, with a board for our seat. My guide had plied the flask so deeply in honour of his last performance, that it was not without hesitation that I committed the reins to his hand.

We soon came in sight of the long tract of land reclaimed from the waters. Canals, small and great, intersected it in every direction, and emptied themselves by an infinity of sluices into ponds varying in size. It was surrounded by a deep ditch, bordered for the most part with oaks. The numerous proprietors and farmers form a corporation for the management of the drainage; and their simple and appropriate regulations have secured to them a large measure of independence, amid the mechanism of modern centralization and the despotism of modern liberality.

The rich alluvial soil requires no manuring. Indeed, that it was covered by the sea within the historical period is proved by the frequent discovery of ships' keels and other fragments, as well as by the appearance of lofty oyster-banks here and there. The fallow fields afford a generous pasturage to numerous herds of oxen, and to a breed of the heavy horses of the country.

The sun was declining, and the simple but

varied landscape was bathed in rosy light—all the more beautiful from its contrast with the silvery vapour that began to rise from the lower grounds, and that mingled with, and broke it into a thousand rays as it fell on the pools and the broad canals. At sunset we reached Jerome Blaisot's cottage—one of a somewhat different construction to the greater part of those we had previously seen.

In a field by the roadside I saw an old man and a child keeping sheep. The former had a sheepskin coat over his shoulders, and was resting his chin upon his staff and looking attentively at us. A black sheep of unusual size trotted by his side with a familiarity that evinced a connection of a peculiar nature between them.

"There is old Jacques the shepherd and his Flemish sheep," said my guide, with a friendly greeting to the old man. "The creature gives three times as much wool as any other sheep, and as much milk, besides, as three goats; it belongs to him as the chief shepherd."

"Ay, ay," responded the old man in reply to the last words; "it is with this beast as with the King of France, who never dies; when his time is out, the next best takes his place. That is my right, is it not, La Bien-gagnée?" he added, affectionately stroking his favourite, which seemed conscious of deserving the name.

"At them! at them, Flandrine!" said the old man suddenly, and in a half-whisper, to his attendant; and in a moment the sensible creature set off, and soon collected the straying sheep together, showing as much zeal as discretion in the conduct of the affair.

"How have you been able to teach the creature this?" said I, by way of beginning a conversation with the old man.

"Well, then," he replied, half-musing, "the brute creatures only need to be reminded, you see. There is in every beast some trace of its great Creator; only for the most part we tease or worry this out of them, according to our selfish will. You see, sir," he continued turning directly towards me, "we are always forgetting that the shepherd is here for the sake of the sheep, and not the sheep on account of the shepherd."

"And instinct is powerful," I added, without bestowing much thought on the subject.

"And so, instinct is the name the gentry give it? Well, the name is of no great consequence. The sheep, like all the brutes that remember the earthly paradise, has a *special gift*. *You* cannot find it out by thinking, but my Bien-gagnée knows whether good or ill luck is to befal us in the day."

"Then you may rest in peace, my friend," cried my conductor, "for the brute has a noble appetite, and that is the best sign for man or beast all the world over. And now, let your youngster show the gentleman the way to Blaisot's, for I want to go in a contrary direction. *Au revoir*, sir!" And so saying, my mysterious but pleasant companion alighted, and disappeared at once behind the hedge. The youngster, however, sprang into the vacant seat, and carefully drove the car along the narrow, miry road, to the comfortable dwelling of the Blaisots.

As we were approaching, an elderly man came out and hastily advanced to meet us. But when he got near enough to distinguish our features he suddenly stopped, and without either listening to or answering us, kept calling aloud "Loubette! Loubette!" till a young maiden stepped over the threshold, whom at first I only remarked for her extreme plainness, and her tall, ungainly form. When I had seen her more nearly I became conscious of a look of energy and intelligence in the depths of her large gray eyes, that glimmered through the dark lashes like stars through the mist.

My appearance seemed rather to surprise than to alarm her. With an air of mingled simplicity and good-breeding she invited me to enter. I found that Fait-tout had been right in advising me to keep to Loubette; she was evidently the head of the house. On my asking for her brother the father uttered an exclamation; but a warning look from her restored his composure.

"You are, then, the gentleman who sent the letter that we gave back to the postman two days ago?" said Loubette quietly, but with a penetrating glance.

"Gave back again?" I repeated; "and why did you do that?"

"Because he to whom it was addressed is not in the country."

"Not to be found in all Little Poitou!" exclaimed the old man.

"But you know where he is," I rejoined; "you could have given the postman the necessary instructions."

"We know nothing," cried the father; "and he who says otherwise is no friend of ours. The tall Guillaume is away on his own errand, without either consulting or revealing it to us —and this I do solemnly aver."

"Yes, yes, father," interrupted the maiden; "you see that the gentleman meant well by my brother, and why then should you make a disturbance or deny him? You will take some refreshment with us, sir?" And so saying,

she covered the table, and thus diverted my questionings and my curiosity.

After a while, and when he had taken sundry long pulls at the cider-jug, the old Blaisot appeared to have regained his self-possession, and to have formed some great resolution. He began by asking me my reason for coming, and my answers had the effect of quieting his suspicions altogether; and without any further allusion to his son, we talked of things in general, and then discussed the business I had in hand, and the conditions on which it could be executed.

By degrees, however, and with the deepening twilight, the conversation flagged, and we sat in silence, each falling back upon his own thoughts. Loubette had been for a long time silent, with her eyes fixed on the hearth, whence the embers now shot up a ruddy glow that lighted the room with a dazzling glare, and then sinking down again, cast only straggling rays of pale and flickering light around. Without, the wind sighed and moaned in half-whispers through the thicket of reeds across the water, and came blustering with louder tones over the stubble-fields, now bringing sounds of other kinds from the far distance, so that even I was impressed by an undefinable sensation of awe.

Loubette threw fresh branches on the fire, which soon flared brightly and cheerfully enough, though the wood was very wet, and gave out all sorts of strange hissing and whistling sounds in burning.

"The 'Pavas' weep; that is a bad sign for the absent," said Loubette, with a deep sigh, which the old man echoed in a hollow tone. "The gentleman brought him good luck," continued Loubette; "if he were but once directed there, he and others might forget what"—

Here she suddenly broke off.

"No, no, it is all in vain!" muttered the old man to himself. "There is no such a thing as good luck for one who has been rocked on the knees of the dead."

I inquired what he meant by this.

"I mean what my own eyes have seen," continued he with mingled emotion and reserve. "For that matter, everyone in Vix can tell you the story of the rocking-woman. But if you wish to hear it from me, why, with all my heart! You see, sir, it was in the time of the great war, when I was newly married. It was a bad time; and whatever pains one took everything went wrong. Then my poor Sillette (God have mercy upon her!) gradually lost her spirits, and let her hands drop down, or sat with them folded, instead of working away where work was much needed—especially as our boy William was then born, and required to be taken care of. It was in vain that I told her of it, both kindly and crossly. I used often to say to her: 'If children are left to scream at night, the old people in the grave awake.' It did no good; she let him scream on, and only wrapped herself up the more in the bed-clothes. So the child dwindled day by day, till it was pitiful to see him. One night, when I was half-asleep myself, I thought I heard a humming sound; and when I was thoroughly aroused, I found sure enough that it was no dream. I sat up and listened again, and it was the humming of a spinning-wheel. And when I put out my head through the bed-curtains, there, at the other end of the room, in the bright moonlight, sat the grandmother, who had been under the sod for seven years. And she spun on and on, rocking the child upon her knees the while. Can there be any good fortune for that poor child, who was made over by his own mother to the nursing of the dead? He who has been touched by the dead is doomed to misfortune! There is no blessing upon him. Something deathlike clings to him; no flocks, no crops prosper under his care—the hearts of all those he loves turn away from him. And so it is with our poor William; and it is not without reason that he is called 'Mourning-child.'"

"Did you ever see the spinning visitor after that?" inquired I.

"I took good care not to do so," replied he. "Why, every child knows that he who sees one of the dead return a second time may as well get his own shroud ready. But I heard the spinning-wheel go round—who can say how often? However, the child throve afterwards; and, strange to say, he seemed to turn away from his mother entirely, and attached himself to old Marion, the stable-woman."

We now sank back into the former oppressive silence. Loubette went up and down the room, busied about household matters, and often stood as if listening at the window; then she came and sat down with us again. Suddenly a most strange and piercing cry, like that of a bird, sounded without. Both father and daughter started up, but each with a very different expression of countenance. He said half-loud—

"It is the night raven, and at so late an hour!—that, too, bodes no good."

She seemed to be listening intently; and as three similar sounds were heard in quick succession, each drawing nearer, she said in a trembling voice, which was little in accordance with her words—

"Ay, a boat must have disturbed him in his nest. It is the sleeping time of beasts, but the eating time of men. If you please, sir, supper is now ready."

She had already lit a lamp, and we sat ourselves down to a table covered with a clean cloth, and well provided with simple fare. As the old peasant gradually thawed, and threw off the curse of suspicion—the sad inheritance of this people—I began to be quite comfortable; and only remarked, after a while, that the girl, who had often risen from table to see about one thing or another, as well as about my sleeping-quarters for the night, had now absented herself altogether.

The old man told me a good deal about his son—how brave, obedient, and industrious he used to be, and how he had been betrothed to a wealthy maiden of the district; who had, however, been faithless to him, and taken another person—and how, since then, he had become altered in everything. He was even going, in answer to a question of mine, to explain what he meant by this, when we suddenly heard heavy footsteps and the clattering of arms outside, and in a moment or two the door was opened, and the brigadier of the gendarmerie of Chaillé entered the room in full uniform, let the butt-end of his musket fall noisily on the floor, and greeted us in the peculiar, jovial, and free-and-easy tone belonging to his class.

Old Jerome rose, then sank down again as pale as death; and the glass, which he took up by way of strengthening his courage, rattled against his teeth.

"Good appetite to you, sirs! and do not let me disturb you," said the gendarme, casting a keen and rapid glance around the room. "How goes it with your health, Papa Jerome?" continued he, as the old man sat opposite him, still silent and motionless; "and where in the world is Loubette?—she is not generally absent."

"Loubette?" said the old man, who, as it appeared to me, really did not at the moment know where she was; "why, is she not in the kitchen?"

"Old fox," said the gendarme in a sharper tone, and drawing nearer, "you know as well as I do that she is not; and now, then, out with it at once—where is she?"

"I—I will look for her," stammered the peasant, getting up and going towards the door.

"No such thing, old man; you are not to stir from this spot; and let us have no more tricks, if you please. You know quite well why I come, and we know just as well that your son is with you here."

"My son—my William—here!" exclaimed the old man with an air of surprise which must have appeared natural and genuine even to the gendarme. At least he continued in a less harsh tone:

"Well, whether you know it or not, he is here, and we must take him up as a *réfractoire;* so be reasonable, and, at all events, get hold of the girl for me."

Blaisot swore by all the saints of Upper and Lower Poitou that he knew nothing about it; that his son had never told him a word. By this exaggeration of ignorance he only awoke again the suspicion of the brigadier.

"We know you," he exclaimed, stroking his moustaches; "everything is *white* here; and before you will help a servant of the government so much as with your little finger—but wait a little, and we will soon manage you."

The old man now declared in the most eloquent manner his attachment to the July dynasty, and his ignorance respecting any offence committed against any government whatsoever.

"Hold your peace, you old hypocrite!" replied the soldier with a certain degree of restored confidence in his tone. "Do not we know you of old? Did not you do just the same when you were thirty or forty years younger? Sure I am it is not so serious an affair as it was then. The Blues did not understand a joke; and a bullet or the guillotine soon made an end of the refractory. But still, mind what you are about, for the prison and the galleys are no trifle either, and an execution in the house—I say, old fellow!"

The poor man would perhaps have been able to bear all threats against life and liberty stoically enough, but the thought of being deprived of his goods and chattels by an execution woke up his covetousness—the hereditary vice of the peasants of Poitou—and he lost all control.

"For the sake of the holy Virgin, M. Durand," he piteously exclaimed, with his hands clasped, "do but believe me! William has never returned home since"——

Here he stopped, having observed the scrutinizing glance cast at him by his tormentor, and continued in a less doleful tone:

"It has been through no fault of mine; how much I said to him when the lot fell upon him—and how I told him, over and over again, that he must make up his mind and obey, and be no 'bush recruit.' But you know very well, my good M. Brigadier, as well as all Lower

Poitou does, that since his betrothed jilted him and married another man, there is no getting him to leave the country, even though he were as free as a bird on the tree."

"That is the very thing, old man," exclaimed the gendarme in triumph. "He cannot leave Louise; and yesterday he was seen at Vallembreuse, and is it likely that his own father should not know where he spent the night? But now we have had prattle enough; we must search the house thoroughly, and if we have to dig up the hearthstone to find him, yet find him we must!"

He was moving quickly towards the door, when Loubette's voice was heard outside in loud disputation, as it soon appeared, with the brigadier's men who were stationed without. One of them dragged her in, while she struggled violently, and defended herself with her tongue most courageously:

"Is this, then, the law, right, and good order of the day, to say nothing of its politeness," cried she with her harsh but full-toned voice; "that a virtuous girl should be treated like a criminal, when she comes home from the field?"

"Why, only see now! the mistress of the house!" exclaimed the brigadier tauntingly. "And may we ask where thou comest from so late, old lady?"

"From a place where it is not usual to say 'thou' to girls one has not the honour of knowing, M. Gendarme," answered Loubette with a degree of boldness that had something of the heroic when contrasted with her father's embarrassment.

After the dialogue had been carried on a while in this tone, growing even bitterer and bitterer, the experienced old soldier observed that she only pretended to be indignant to conceal her distress and confusion, as well as to gain time, and induce him, through very anger, to abandon the part he had to play.

He therefore quickly composed himself, and said in a tone of grave and ironical politeness—

"Now, then, we will take hold of the question with silk gloves, and perhaps Miss Loubette will have the great kindness to inform us where she has just come from."

"Why, if you are quite bent upon knowing this great secret, I have been taking the shepherd his supper."

The gendarmes at once confronted her—they had caught her coming from the very opposite direction. But Loubette was not to be puzzled by this. She asserted that although she had gone round to the field where the sheep were feeding by the meadow, that had only been for the purpose of fetching the sickle, which she had forgotten at noon.

"Or perhaps you may think that I wanted to cut old Jerome's bread with the sickle," added she with a sneer, as she threw down the sickle, which she really drew from under her apron.

The brigadier now tried to catch her by all manner of artful questions and assertions; but she parried them so well, that he began to contradict himself, and knew no longer what he was about.

"There's no catching the subtle creature!" he exclaimed at last, in dudgeon. "And there's no dragging the truth out of the stupid old Chouans either. Two of you stay here to watch these people, and the rest of us will rummage the whole place—he must be here."

The brigadier had taken no further notice of me than that implied in his first curt greeting, for he knew me before. But I plainly saw that he found my presence inconvenient. I followed him to the house-door, and heard one of the gendarmes say to him, "Was not that a boat that glided over the water behind the bushes yonder?"

In fact, we soon heard the sound of oars, and the trilling of a cheerful song, then a scream, and a momentary silence; then some quick oar-strokes, a rustling in the thicket; and, an instant after, the vagabond Berand, my travelling companion, rushed towards the house, breathless, and evidently beside himself, and threw himself down upon the bank before the door. At once assailed by the brigadier, who not unreasonably charged him with being an old drunkard, he broke out in the following unconnected sentences—

"I have seen—seen him! There—there—I tell—I tell you. He glided in his white boat out from the bushes—and—and—under the trees opposite—and he was gone!"

"But *who* there—what there, in the name of all that is holy!" screamed out the brigadier in his impatience.

"Who? He!" was the low reply; "the white boat, and the little yellow man at the helm! And he had a corpse in its white grave-clothes lying across the boat before him; its head was hanging over the water!"

"The wooden leg is drunk; he has been dreaming!" laughed the brigadier.

"Would to God I had dreamed it, and were not sober!" said poor Berand, who had indeed been pretty effectually sobered by the fright. "But I have not only seen but heard. 'Turn back, unhappy man!' the figure exclaimed, 'or I will turn thee round and round.' The

brandy still gave me courage to answer, 'Man or woman, whom hast thou there?' But it cried out in a voice that went through the marrow of my bones, 'I have got tall William to-day, and in eight days I shall have thee!' That was enough for me; and here I am, thank God, at least on dry land still; and in eight days hence I shall take pretty good care to be far enough from here!"

Scarcely had the cripple named the name of William than the brigadier hurried off, with an exclamation, to the canal, and all his party after him. We heard the click of their muskets as they cocked them in setting off; next, we heard the brigadier call out three times, and then a gun was fired: and on hastening to the place whence the sound came, we found the gendarmes collected on the bank of the side canal, by which Blaisot's land was bounded, and occupying a portion of the causeway from which one could see part of the great canal and its nearest ramifications.

"If the little yellow man has escaped us, he has at all events left his freight behind him," called out the brigadier as he pointed towards a moonlit spot on the opposite side of the small canal which belonged to Blaisot's land. With horror we discovered a corpse stretched out at full length in the moonlight. The gendarmes brought out the boat in which our wooden-legged friend had just arrived, and went to fetch the body. Scarcely had they laid it down upon the dyke than Loubette, followed by her father and their guard, rushed towards it, kneeling down to look at the face, and finding it unrecognizable through decomposition, snatched at the right hand of the corpse, and exclaiming, "Holy Virgin, it is my brother!" sprang up, and held out a ring to her father, with the names of William and Louise inscribed on it, and a flaming heart between them.

After the first outburst of grief, the girl soon attained to a remarkable degree of outward composure; though there was certainly something overstrained and excited about it; and it was often interrupted by almost convulsive gestures, wringing of the hands, and deep-drawn sobs. However, it was such as enabled her to give all the orders she deemed necessary.

Agreeably to her directions the corpse was taken to an outbuilding near the house, to which Loubette made her escape as soon as she had with inconceivable celerity prepared everything against the arrival of guests.

The old father appeared quite broken down, and almost childish with grief and horror; and, with lamentable groans and unconnected cries, he meekly allowed himself to be led back to the arm-chair in his own room.

Either by the shot, or by the sort of presentiment or instinct which never fails to draw people to a place where a calamity has occurred, even before any definite tidings of it can have had time to reach them, a number of the country people of the neighbouring district were soon collected. Loubette was now busily occupied; for according to the popular custom, which makes a death, as well as a wedding or a christening—joy and sorrow alike—a pretext for eating and drinking, she had to provide both food and liquor, during which task she seemed to be struggling rather with anxiety than grief. Old Jerome welcomed each arrival with loud lamentations, which did not, however, interfere with his activity in passing round the jug.

As soon as Loubette had attended to her guests, and especially seen that the gendarmes were favourably placed as regarded the circulation of the cider-jug and the brandy-pitcher, she hurried out again, and placed at the threshold of the little outhouse, where lay the corpse, covered with a coarse linen cloth, two lighted candles, which were not rendered superfluous by the dawning light—for it was a dark corner enough.

The maiden was seated at the entrance with her head covered, and as one neighbour after another came in, she appeared neither to see nor hear, and kept all at a distance by the violence of her emotion; so that even those who would fain have taken a nearer look at the body, refrained from passing her to do so. Each fresh comer was contented with a hasty glance and a murmured prayer, and then withdrew.

After a while the aged shepherd presented himself, a venerable form, that seemed rather to belong to other times.

"*This* also comes in the train of old age," he said in a half-whisper, as he remained standing close to Loubette. "The son of the house, whose birth I commemorated, lies dead upon the bier, and the daughter sits weeping at the threshold!"

"God is proving our faith and patience, Master Jacques," replied the girl, looking up as if struggling with contending purposes, and then, deeply moved, looked sadly in the old man's face, as he continued his wailings.

He placed his broad hand upon her head, as if to bless her; but his consolations only increased her grief, for he spoke of the virtues of the deceased, who was evidently an object of affection to the whole neighbourhood. At

length, groaning deeply, he shaded his face with his hands, and the few large tears that trickled slowly over his furrowed cheeks seemed as though wrung by the greatness of his agony from fountains that had long been dry. He now made a movement towards the corpse, and at first Loubette appeared inclined to hinder his advance, but checking herself, she muttered in an undertone, "The gray-head will not betray us!" and followed him with looks of earnest attention.

He lifted the cloth that covered the face, but let it fall again immediately. There was no trace of identity; and the spectacle revealed by the uncertain light was one of horror. The pet sheep, which had accompanied the old man, and at first attentively sniffed the air around the corpse, now turned unconcerned away—a great offence in the eyes of old Jerome.

"I have thought more highly of the beast than it deserved," he said sullenly. "It is no better than the children of men! Should you not recognize your master's son, living or dead—even though his features be disfigured? But such is the way of the world—to have no memory for the absent and the dead!" And so saying, he withdrew, accompanied by the black sheep, which looked half-ashamed, half-surprised at his reproof.

The brigadier, finding I had studied the law, had asked me to visit the body, and to draw up the *procès-verbal* of the finding of the corpse. Berand offered to assist me, as he had experience in such matters.

On the discovery of a *corps malheureux*—as a body whose manner of death is suspicious or doubtful is termed in this country—it frequently happens that the next of kin devolve the duties of preparing it for burial on an official styled the Gravedigger of the Lost, who is seldom a person of good repute, although the pay is excellent. Master Fait-tout seemed, nevertheless, accustomed to the work; and his help was very acceptable, for it was no pleasant task; and I wrote down what he dictated in answer to my inquiries.

On a sudden, as he was busied with the right arm, he burst into a loud exclamation of astonishment.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"What is the matter!" he replied softly, coming nearer than was agreeable to me; "what do you see on this arm?"

"I see a tattooing mark, such as you were making at the inn at Marans."

"Just so; the grand piece—the altar, the lily, the cross and a cipher. Now, except the lad on whom I etched it this morning, there is only one in all Lower Poitou who has the grand piece on his arm; and that is, or was—not Guillaume Blaisot, but Pierre Sauvage, called the Well-reputed, who was drowned a week ago, no one knew where, or how, and now"——

A half-suppressed scream prevented the completion of the sentence, and on looking round we saw Loubette standing erect at the entrance, pale, and with dishevelled hair and flaming eyes, and her arm stiffly extended.

"Come hither, maiden!" he exclaimed, "your brother is alive! At least, this is no more he than it is the Pope of Rome."

But her emotion was at first too great for words; and when she did speak, the accents were not those of joy, but of anguish and terror—

"On thy life—on thine everlasting salvation, say not another word! And who allowed you to meddle with the dead? what business have you here?" she added with a deep groan, at the same time approaching him.

I quieted her with a few words of explanation, and an assurance that she might trust me. She grasped my hand, but cast a look of suspicion on my assistant. The latter, after a short pause, during which he displayed more feeling than was his wont, exclaimed—

"Now I see it all! You knew that it was not Guillaume?"

She nodded assent.

"You are a brave lass, and I understand the game; and may the deuce take me if I meddle or mar! I've no such liking for the bloodhounds, especially since 'the glorious days' in Paris yonder. So, my word upon it, I'm silent."

"Now I know the meaning of the bird-call," said I to Loubette; "a signal that Guillaume was there with the corpse, was it not?"

Again she nodded and whispered, faintly smiling—

"He had most fortunately seen it lying in the mud and slime at the border of a little creek two hours ago, and had arranged it all with me. He is in concealment, while he is supposed to be dead, and the hue and cry is thus stopped. He hovers about here as though Louise had bewitched him, and declares that he must see and speak to her yet once more." She turned again to Berand—

"You keep our secret?" she said, looking earnestly at him, and holding out her hand.

He was about to grasp it, when he suddenly drew back, and exclaimed—

"Not so fast! Your fine brother, then, was the yellow dwarf with the hollow cough, and the corpse in his White Boat, who gave me

such a fright as he chased me on the water?—No, that was too much—that's not to be forgiven! To make such a fool of me, and terrify me, like a child with a scarecrow! We'll see what the brigadier says to that game!"

I strove to appease him; but, unluckily, another weight dropped into the wrong balance.

"No, no," said he; "what a fool I should have been! The Sauvages have offered fifty pounds for the body of their son, and I may as well have the reward as anyone else."

He was rushing out, but she stood in the doorway, and placing both her hands on his shoulders, and looking at him with sharp and earnest gaze, while her cheeks glowed with the excitement of her situation, she said in a calm but harsh and determined voice—

"Look well to yourself, wooden-leg; you have a choice to make. Are we in future to be friends or foes? Give me your word that you will say no more than you are asked, and from this hour you have a home in the house of the Blaisots—and you know the value of such a home to you and the like of you. Or say but a word, make but a sign—a gesture that may involve peril to my brother, and you have Loubette Blaisot for your deadly enemy—and Loubette keeps her word for good and for evil. If *you* know it not, ask throughout Lower Poitou; and then, old man, ask yourself whether it can bring you either honour or profit in this country to betray a loyal Vendean to the gendarmerie? Guillaume is *lost* if he is not dead! Do you understand? As to the promise of the Sauvages, the Blaisots can fulfil it as well."

A host of conflicting feelings was struggling in the man's breast. It was mortified vanity alone that had caused him to swerve from his original friendly resolution; and thus, when I told him that if he did not himself represent his fright as a mere idle joke, in order to justify his treacherous betrayal of the young Blaisot, no one in the country would for a moment doubt the fact of a spectral appearance, or regard his terror as otherwise than perfectly natural—he was pacified, and able to estimate Loubette's promised gratitude, as well as her threatened vengeance, at their proper value. He now put his hand into that which she again held out—

"Done!—I keep counsel."

It was indeed high time that we came to an understanding, for during the discussion all the neighbours had withdrawn, and the brigadier had called twice; and scarcely had we turned again towards the corpse, while Loubette resumed her place and attitude at the entrance, when he appeared, and inquired if the deposition were not yet ready, as it was time he should be setting out. I hastily wrote the concluding words, and handed the document to him. He scarcely looked at it; and it was evident that the cider had done its work. Calling his men together, he departed with them and old Jerome to make his deposition before the nearest magistrate. The old shepherd would fain have taken another look at the corpse, but this Loubette prevented.

"He knows nothing of it," she whispered in my ear, shrugging her shoulders, and shaking her head significantly.

No sooner had the tread of the gendarmes and the clang of their weapons died away in the distance, than Loubette, who had been intently listening, sprang to the back-door, and twice repeated the bird-call that I had heard at the beginning of the evening. After a few minutes I heard her speaking with some one, and, in company with a young peasant, she walked into the room, to which, unable any longer to bear the neighbourhood of the corpse, I had betaken myself.

Fait-tout now proved his right to his name by undertaking to dig a grave in the garden, and to superintend the interment of the deceased, by which the gendarmes, as well as the neighbours, asserted that he had sought his own death, and had thus forfeited all claim to Christian burial.

As Loubette came in leading her brother, the likeness between them was very striking; and those traits which took from her the softness of womanly attractiveness rendered him a type of manly beauty. He was an active, well-looking fellow, in spite of the hardships that he had recently endured while he had been wandering about like a criminal or a baited wolf.

On seeing me he retreated a step, and put his hand in his vest as if seeking a weapon, but Loubette soon reassured him.

When the first greetings were over, and he had offered me a few words of thanks, Loubette interrupted us, reminding him that it was time to refresh himself.

"For you cannot stay here," she added, with a heavy sigh; and for a moment it appeared that the struggle of her full heart was about to find relief in tears. She rallied, however, and resumed her usual calmness of bearing; it was as though hers were a life of action, not of emotion.

And yet with what motherly tenderness she now ministered to her brother, carefully appropriating to him his place, his cup, his

spoon; anxious to give him yet once more the full impression of home. It was touching to see him fold his hands in prayer before he cut the bread.

"It is the first of the new wheat," said Loubette; "I would not use any till you were with us."

"God bless thee, my sister! I praise Him that He has permitted me to taste again the corn of our paternal fields for the last time," he added slowly, and with a deep-drawn sigh.

He, however, turned to the table, and set to in good earnest as though he were making a meal that might carry him through more than one day. Between whiles he asked a hundred questions about all the little matters that had occurred in field and stable during his absence; and in the interest of these domestic details both seemed to have forgotten the perilous circumstances in which he was placed. I was compelled to remind him that if there were nothing more to be apprehended than the return of his father, the meeting with him must be avoided, as he was not in the secret. When Guillaume was away, he might know all with safety. At the same time I offered to take him with me to Marans, from whence he could readily get across the country. It was so early that we ran but little risk of meeting neighbours on the road, and in case of a straggler or two he could contrive to hide his face.

He accepted the proposal, and slowly arose from his seat in the home of his youth.

"God's will be done! but it is hard for a son to shun his own father, and steal from his own home like a felon!" said he as he grasped his staff and took the bundle which his sister had prepared. She now turned aside, and for the first time during this trying scene, her strong mind gave way beneath the storm of her feelings. She covered her head, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. He stood undecided, and struck his stick against the floor. She made a strong effort, turned towards her brother, and cutting a small slice from the loaf, she made the sign of a cross on it, then kissed it, and put it in his vest. She then grasped his hand, and looked imploringly at me. I understood her, and went out to look to the vehicle, and to leave the brother and sister alone to their bitter parting. She still strove against her weakness before the stranger.

In a few minutes he came out, and without saying a word took his seat beside me in the car, gathered up the reins, and we were off. We drove on for about an hour and a half, when he suddenly halted and said—

"Excuse me, sir, I will not detain you, but I have business here, hard by."

I represented to him the risk he incurred, and expressed my surprise at his having any business that could hinder him for a quarter of an hour under such circumstances. It availed not, and he only entreated me to wait for him.

"Only ten minutes," he exclaimed with the deepest emotion. "It is no business—it is but a house—a look. I cannot leave the country without once more" ——

He pointed to a house overshadowed by trees, about a hundred paces from the spot.

"Louise?" I asked.

He coloured, and nodded assent, and then hurried towards the dwelling.

I fastened the horse to a tree, and followed him, to be at hand in case of trouble. He stood a while beneath a tree that was growing out of the hedge which surrounded the garden. The window of a projecting angle of the building was just opposite, and doubtless he had good reasons for choosing his post. The curtains were drawn, and the inmates of the house seemed buried in sleep. The distant village clock struck three, and I thought it high time that we were again on the road. I approached, and bade him be comforted, and take courage. His expression awed me; it was rather one of anger and passion than of sorrow, with the same stern fixed look that he had in common with his sister.

"One moment more!" he whispered softly. "She must know that I have been here, and then she will see how to settle it with her conscience. Yes; if she should learn that my corpse was found here!"

He laughed a bitter laugh as he untied his cravat, and was about to fasten it to a branch which overhung the window.

"She will know it but too well," he murmured.

Just at this moment the cry of an infant was heard from the chamber. It had a wonderful effect on him, and changed his fiercer mood into one of complete prostration.

"She is a mother!" he cried. "I did not know it; Loubette should not have concealed that from me. It is all over now; and God forbid that I should bring terror to a mother!"

He let go the bough, which swung back against the window, and fastened the cravat round his neck, and in a few seconds was seated by my side, lost in thought, and rapidly urging forward the horse on the road to Marans.

He drew up at the bridge of Vix, and de-

clared that his route now lay in a different direction. I offered him the charge of a little farm in Touraine if he would let me know where to find him. He was evidently grateful for my sympathy, but declined the offer, saying—

"It can't be; I must live as the rest do. To manage a farm properly I must have a wife, and I could not think of that. Man must labour in the quietness and the peace of his heart and of his life, and that I cannot do. I should never see a gendarme without thinking that he was seeking me!"

"You are dead for the gendarmes, Guillaume, and for all the world except Loubette and me," I replied, half-jestingly. But the words made a painful impression on him.

"It were perhaps the best thing that could happen for me if it were true," he rejoined gloomily. But recovering himself quickly, he imparted to me his plan, which was to seek a home with some friends in the Talmond country. I made some inquiries as to his means of subsistence; but he was shy, and broke off the conversation abruptly, saying that he had still far to travel, and that people were coming in sight along the road from Marans. He was right; and we had scarcely time for a brief farewell, and a hearty grasp of each other's hand, when he was lost in the thicket, and I saw him no more. But among the bodies of those who were shot by the gendarmerie in the slight rising that soon afterwards took place in La Vendée, on the appearance there of the Duchess de Berri, that of Guillaume Blaisot was recognized.

SONG.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

THE SLEEP.

[Elizabeth Barrett Browning, born in London, 1809; died in Florence, 29th June, 1861. She was equally distinguished by her genius and her scholarship. At the age of seventeen she published her *Essay on Mind*, with other poems; and that volume was followed by *The Seraphim*, 1838; *The Romaunt of the Page*, 1839; *The Drama of Exile; Isobel's Child; Casa Guidi Windows*, 1851; *Aurora Leigh*, and numerous miscellaneous poems. She also translated into English the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, which in after years she pronounced an "early failure." Having come to that conclusion, she produced a new translation, which is published in the collected edition of her works (five volumes, Smith, Elder & Co.) Leigh Hunt calls her, in one of his poems, "The sister of Tennyson;" another writer claims her as "Shakspeare's daughter;" and all critics, whilst admitting with regret the occasional obscurity of her language, agree in acknowledging her marvellous poetic power. Miss Mitford's tribute to her friend will interest every admirer of the poet: "Such is the influence of her manners, her conversation, her temper, her thousand sweet and attaching qualities, that they who know her best are apt to lose sight altogether of her learning and of her genius, and to think of her only as the most charming person they have ever met." In 1846 Miss Barrett was married to Mr. Robert Browning.]

"He giveth His beloved sleep" (Psalm cxxvii. 2).

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His belovëd, sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His belovëd, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth His belovëd, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovëd, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvëd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovëd, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovëd, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His belovëd, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose
Who giveth His belovëd, sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His belovëd, sleep."

ALFRED THE TRUTH-TELLER.

[Charlotte Mary Yonge, born 1823. As a novelist and writer for the young she is perhaps the most popular of living writers. *The Heir of Redclyffe* has passed through numerous editions, and her many other works are only second to it in general esteem. Miss Yonge writes simply and earnestly, and she has a special gift for reproducing the most interesting passages of history with a vigour and spirit which gives them all the attraction of novelty. Her *Cameos from English History*—from which we take the following narrative—is an example of this power. Her works are published by Macmillan & Co., London, and the most notable of them, besides those already mentioned, are—*The Caged Lion; The Chaplet of Pearls*—a story of the Huguenot times; *The Daisy Chain; Heartsease; A Book of Golden Deeds; The Danvers Papers*, &c.]

It seems as if each Christian state had possessed a royal ancestor, for whose sake, as for that of David, the throne was established, and his seed borne with and made to prosper. Such were St. Louis in France, St. Stephen of Hungary, Rodolph of Hapsburg in Germany, and in England our own Alfred. Of these kings the wise and true observer, Schlegel, says, "that a lively sketch of such men and rulers, who acted and governed well and greatly, according to Christian principles and views, would furnish a far more complete idea of the Christian state than any laboured or artificial development."

How beautiful, that men have so lived on this earth as to "prove what is that good and perfect will of God," better than any fancied dreamland or system that our imagination could frame! how it shows what the Holy Spirit, working through frail weak men, can effect even in this world, and what encouragement to us to work on cheerfully and do our best in the present state of things rather than indulge in day-dreams of what we might be if all around were different.

Alfred well maintains, even a thousand years after his death, his right to his old Saxon title of England's Darling; for hardly an English child who has received any education does not delight to think of the disguised king in the swineherd's cottage; and from the first moment of hearing that pretty story each subsequent return to Alfred's history increases our honour and love for him. Even men who would not honour him for his goodness have been forced to admire his ability, and for his victories and his wisdom have given him the surname of their worldly heroes, "the Great," and have thus caused to be forgotten his more beautiful names, the Truth-Teller, England's Darling, the Shepherd of his People.

Because Solomon chose wisdom, riches, honour, long life were added unto him; Alfred sought first the one thing needful, and received all these things, excepting long life, which to a Christian was not the same boon as to an Israelite of old.

Alfred was the fifth son of King Ethelwolf, who was the first to make the payment of tenths to the clergy a part of the law of the land. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, where great pride is still taken in him, and where, in 1848, his thousandth birth-day was celebrated in the way he would probably have most preferred, by services of thanksgiving; by clearing the old Saxon white horse on the chalk down, and by the foundation of a grammar-school.

Little could Alfred have guessed when he struggled to earn the precious manuscript-book how easy and cheap of attainment the instruction would be which cost him so many efforts. It is another question whether all we learn or seek to learn is what Alfred would have chosen and have valued; and certainly the mere acquiring of knowledge will not make us wiser than he was.

At seven years old Alfred went with his father on pilgrimage to Rome, where it is

recorded that he was anointed by the pope. This might either be at his confirmation, or his father might have designed for him one of the divisions of England, which was not as yet regarded as a single kingdom.

It was shortly after his return that the incident of the book of poetry occurred, and occasioned him to learn to read. It seems as if he might have been more inclined to study by the delicacy of his health, for he had never been strong from his infancy, and often was quite disabled by illness. When he was about fifteen or sixteen he, however, suddenly recovered, and, as he considered, in answer to his prayers in a church in Cornwall, where he had entreated that if chastisement was to be sent to him it might come in such a manner as might not disable him from actively serving his country.

From this time he took his full share in all the active and manly exercises by which young men were trained for war. Still he strove hard for all the learning that could be attained, and deep and sacred truths were impressed on his mind by St. Swithun, Bishop of Winchester, and chancellor, and by St. Neot, a hermit of Cornwall. There is strong reason to believe the latter was his elder brother Ethelstane, who, after governing his father's kingdom of Kent for some years, retired from the world, and spent a life of devotion. The sons of Ethelwolf, as it is well known, each reigned for a few years, and then died, leaving sons so young that the Saxon laws appointed the grown-up brother to succeed in their stead.

In the reign of his last brother, Ethelred, Alfred in his twentieth year was married to Elswitha, the daughter of Ethelred Muckle (or the Great), an elderman of Mercia. The festivities lasted three days; but in the midst of one of the great banquets, to the dismay of all the guests, the bridegroom suddenly gave a loud cry of agony. It was the first attack of a malady, the cause of which was never discovered, and from which he suffered all the rest of his life, never passing a day without fits of pain, often so violent that he could hardly enjoy the intervals of repose. He endured it meekly, looking on it as an answer to his prayer, since it did not render him incapable of exertion; and such was his self-command, that he never seems again to have betrayed how much he underwent. And how little he indulged or spared himself on this account is shown by his allotting himself, in his division of the day, only eight hours altogether for repose, recreation, and for meals. His activity and high spirit were not impaired; and when his brother Ethelred mustered his forces to repel the Danes, after their conquest of East Anglia, Alfred joined him, and fought by his side in the battle of Reading. At Ashdown Alfred committed one of the few faulty actions which show how much he must have had to conquer in himself. He saw the Danes marshalled on the opposite hill, and rushing into the tent, where his brother was hearing the mass (or communion service), interrupted the priest by calling him to the battle. Ethelred knelt on, without moving, and desired the priest to proceed, refusing to go forth till he had prayed the God of hosts to bless his endeavours. Angry and impatient, Alfred hurried away, hastened to his own division of the army, and at their head fiercely attacked the enemy; but he was surrounded, his men slain on all sides, and himself in extreme danger, when Ethelred, with the rest of the forces, made in to his rescue, and gained the battle. Ethelred received a wound, of which he died after lingering a few weeks, and Alfred, bitterly repenting of his faithless impatience, found himself at twenty-two the king of a realm desolated by a foreign enemy, and shaken by the disaffection of the rude, ignorant, turbulent natives.

Alfred was not of a temper to conciliate them. He was weakly and delicate, and they were likely to despise him for his want of personal strength, as well as for the love of learning, which they must have thought fitter for a clerk than a king. He was more refined than they, disliking the riotous festivities in which alone they took pleasure; and young as he was, and conscious of his own superiority, he openly showed his contempt and disgust. He was also thought proud and harsh; his administration of justice, always strict, was at this early period so severe as to be almost cruel; and he was so taken up with his own pursuits as to be difficult of access, so that the poor were unable to complain to him of their grievances.

His brother, St. Neot, came from his hermitage in Cornwall to warn him of the perils of the reserve and haughtiness with which he treated his people. He did not speak of its inexpediency and of the danger of making himself unpopular, but he rebuked him for the sin of pride, and told him that punishment would surely follow.

Punishment did follow, as the hermit had foretold, and after seven years of constant warfare, the Saxons, discouraged and disaffected, fell away from him, and he became a homeless wanderer. It was at this time that his best-known adventures took place, his abode in the

swineherd's cottage, and his patient endurance of his hostess' violence of temper. His brother's rebuke must have often recurred to the mind of the disguised king, thus trained in humility and lowliness, who, after showing hastiness and contempt for the nobles of his court, was obliged to become the companion of an ignorant serf, and submit to the insolence of a peasant woman. Few have so profited by the lessons of adversity, and regarded them as loving correction. How wonderful the guest must have appeared to his host, Dunulf, the swineherd, who, as is proved by his subsequent history, was a man untaught indeed, but of great piety and natural ability, and able to appreciate the words which fell from the lips of the stranger, not only his king, but the wisest man then living! How much must he have learned of deep and sacred things in the long evenings of that winter spent in the low hut of the marshy isle of Athelney.

Then followed the spring, when the sight of some peasants flying before the Danes caused the king to seize his weapons, and put himself at the head of the fugitives, who, encouraged by his presence, turned and drove back the enemy beyond the rivers Thone and Parret, which, with the surrounding morasses, protected the so-called island. There he raised a little fort, where he was joined by his wife and children, together with a few faithful warriors, and there it was that in the midst of their poverty he and Elswitha gave half their last loaf to the beggar. In this place was found a golden ornament, bearing the name of Alfred, which perhaps was taken off when he assumed this disguise.

Seven months had passed in this manner, while more and more the Saxons were rallying round him in his retreat, and at length the encouraging tidings came that Cynwith, Elderman of Devon, had, in defending his castle, routed a great body of Danes, and taken the famous Raven standard. On this Alfred resolved to show himself openly, and when he had, in his minstrel disguise, reconnoitred the camp of Guthrum, he sent forth a summons to all his West Saxon subjects to come round him once more. The red dragon which marked the presence of the King of Wessex was again uplifted on the high green hill of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, commanding no less than three counties, and where a tower still marks the spot where the standard was planted, and where there gathered round it many an honest Saxon heart, prepared to make up by courage and firmness for their late desertion and faintness of spirit?

The victory of Ethandune was gained, and was made more glorious by Alfred's treatment of the captive Guthrum, whom he brought to embrace the Christian religion, and then granted him the kingdom of East Anglia. This was the turning-point; and though other bodies of Danes under Hasting and other chieftains made one or two descents on the coast, they were always speedily defeated and driven back. Alfred was the first English prince who built ships, by which means he kept back many of the attempted incursions of the enemy; and though always obliged to be on his guard, and seldom passing a year without a sudden summons to the coast, the remainder of his reign was spent in comparative peace and prosperity.

It is strange to observe how many of our best institutions are ascribed to King Alfred. Our navy, the trial by jury, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the division of the kingdom into counties, hundreds, and tithings, the study of the English as a language, all on more or less authority are dated from his time, and are believed to have been devised by his wisdom. He was one of the strictest and most just of judges, the wisest of statesmen, the most earnest of scholars, the most active of warriors, the most devout of Christians, performing each duty so thoroughly, that it is hard to believe that his whole life, and that a long one, was not devoted to that one singly; instead of which all these together were effected by one man, in the course of a life of but fifty-two years, and constantly suffering from ill health.

His apportionment of his time is well known, and only occasions more wonder at all he succeeded in doing. He is said to have been the inventor of the candles marked by coloured rings, by which the Saxons measured their time; and though it was his wonderful talent that enabled him to accomplish so much, yet this strict regard to the employment of time as a duty is one of the great lessons in his life.

He found time, after the great defeat of the Danes, for his long-cherished desire of learning Latin. Asser, a learned Welsh monk, and a Scot named Erigena, both of whom he invited to his court, and Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, were his chief instructors; and Plegmund was even able to teach him a little Greek. In fact, the palace seems to have been a sort of college for good and holy teaching, where the king was at once the first scholar and the best master. There were educated his three sons—the promising and short-lived Etheling, Edmund, with Edward and Ethelwold, the youngest of whom was afterwards

one of the first Oxford students; his daughters, of whom Ethelfled, the eldest, was thought the most like her father of all his children; and Ethelstan, Prince Edward's little son. There, too, studied the young thanes and sons of eldermen, whom Alfred wished to train in good learning, and even sundry of their fathers, gray old warriors, who had once laughed at the king's learning, but were now obliged to submit, at his especial desire, to hear good books read to them if they would not, or could not, learn to read themselves. There, too, was brought up a foundling, whom, according to the story, the king had been caused to adopt by a strange adventure. While hunting near some wild rocks he heard the cry of a child, and causing search to be made, there was discovered in an eyrie, amongst the young eaglets, a living infant of about a year old, which the old birds must have carried thither to prey upon. Its scarlet dress and gold collar proved the little boy to be of noble birth, but his parents were never discovered. The name of Nestingum was given to him; he was brought up in King Alfred's household, and became an earl, high in the king's favour. There, too, studied the king's old friend the swineherd, Dunulf, whom he had brought from Athelney, and so instructed, that he became noted for his learning as well as his goodness, and was in time appointed Bishop of Winchester. Asser declares that the king took great pleasure in relating the incidents of his wandering life.

The books used in this palace-school were chiefly Alfred's own providing; for excepting Bishop Aldhelm's translation of the Psalms, there was scarcely one book in the Saxon tongue until Alfred translated the venerable Bede's history, the philosophy of Boethius, the pastoral letter of St. Gregory the Great, the history of Orosius, to which he added a geography of his own. He also wrote a book of fables, and another of falconry, with several poems; and he always carried with him in his bosom a hand-book, in which he wrote down any extract or meditation that struck him. He had even begun a version of the Bible, but he did not live to complete it.

The palace-school seems to have been the only safe place for the masters, for Erigena, while attempting to bring a monastery into order, was killed by his unruly scholars with the points of their iron pens.

Much was also done by Alfred to improve the condition of the church, which had fallen into a state of great ignorance and laxity of discipline during the Danish invasions. He kept up a close intercourse with Rome, where he sent gifts to the Saxon school and house for pilgrims, founded by King Ina, though at the same time he resisted the pretensions, and showed his disapprobation of the conduct of some of the wicked popes at that time reigning; for which reason, as it is believed, it was that the title of Saint was not given to him. He likewise sent letters and presents to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and to the Christians of St. Thomas, in India, who sent him in return gifts of precious stones and spices. Truly Alfred did not forget that he was a member of the Holy Catholic Church.

It is as impossible to display all the varied shades and beauties of Alfred's mind as to cut a cameo into perfect resemblance of the original gem. One word more of the disposal of his money, which was, like his time, divided into two portions, half for the immediate service of God, the other for His service likewise, through that of his neighbour; and when we look at the scanty possessions of the kings of Wessex, and at the great works which he effected with it, it shows most clearly and fully how blessings and increase follow wealth bestowed in such a manner with so free a hand, and so entirely for God's glory.

Alfred died in the year 901, and was buried at Hyde Abbey, at Winchester, which he had himself founded to be the burial-place of his family. After the dissolution of the monastery Hyde was pulled down and desecrated, the bones of the princes there buried were collected together and placed in chests, which at present stand on the top of the side-screens of the choir of Winchester Cathedral, the church of Alfred's tutor, St. Swithun. About seventy years ago, when a bridewell was built on the site of Hyde Abbey, a stone coffin was found, but not exciting much interest at the time, it was soon lost or destroyed, and there is no especial reason to think it was that of Alfred.

The following verses, embodying some of Alfred's own poetry, are taken from *Lectures on English History*:—

"To Sifford came many thanes,
For the king a court did call;
And bishops and knights, with their noble trains,
Assembled one and all.

"Then Alfred, to England dear,
Did these holy proverbs say,
The man who had never a thought of fear,
Though he feared the Lord alway.

"'Would you love your Lord and Head,
He would teach you all His will,
He doth in honour this wide earth tread,
Who in Him is living still.

"'Long for Him. O my friend,
Mildly I warn you here
To make His glory your chiefest end,
And never forsake His fear!

"'Mildly I warn you now,
Seek Him in everything;
The crown sits not well on that monarch's brow
Who owns not a higher King.

"'He is God and man also;
Good, the highest good above;
Bliss above blessedness he shall know
Who the Lord of Life doth love.

"'He doth all orders sway,
And the king by Him must reign,
The priest bear rule by His perfect way,
And wisely the knight and thane.'

"To Sifford came many thanes,
Where the king his wittan met;
And bishops and knights, with their warlike trains,
Were in solemn conclave set,

"Then Alfred, to England dear,
Did his parting blessing give,
His brow was calm, and his eye was clear,
Though he looked not long to live.

"For his eye afar did rest
Where his soul is resting now,
And holy faith was the crown that prest
That steadfast monarch's brow.

"He was England's noblest son,
He is England's comfort styled;
O well hath King Alfred this title won
From each loyal English child."

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

[Sir Samuel Ferguson, LL.D., Q.C., poet and antiquary, born in Belfast, 1810. A distinguished member of the Irish bar, knighted 1878. He wrote a number of ballads which have secured for him a permanent place amongst the poets of his native country. Mr. Gavan Duffy, in his introduction to *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland* —in which collection ten of Mr. Ferguson's poems appeared—says that his productions are "fired with a living and local interest," and that "they are coloured with scenery and costume, and ventilated with the free air of the country. In this respect they are of a class with the old English and Scotch ballads." He died in 1886.]

Come see the *Dolphin's* Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow,
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below;
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow—
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out;" bang, bang, the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;
And thick and loud, the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor; a bower thick and broad:
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode.—
I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road,
The low reef roaring on her lee; the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains;
But courage yet, brave mariners—the Bower still remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order; let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we.

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped:
Our Anchor soon must change its bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yeo-heave-o', and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweathearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.—
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee;
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters in our days is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed without competition for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history: allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were generally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while *they* remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no longer solicit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection. Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates and no imitators. And from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained that they are declined considerably from "the high meridian of their glory," and may fairly be apprehended to be "hastening to their setting." Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakspeare still shines in undecaying brightness, and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honours during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.

There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Our taste has either degenerated, or its old models have been fairly surpassed; and we have ceased to admire the writers of the last century, only because they are too good for us, or because they are not good enough. Now, we confess we are no believers in the absolute and permanent corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance and improve with time and experience; and that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have given a check to civilization itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular, and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are little capricious fluctuations, no doubt, and fits of foolish admiration or fastidiousness, which cannot be so easily accounted for. But the great movements are all progressive; and though the progress consists at one time in withholding toleration from gross faults, and at another in giving their high prerogative to great beauties, this alternation has no tendency to obstruct the general advance, but, on the contrary, is the best and the safest course in which it can be conducted.

We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time, and that they have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy in which they have thus been supplanted. There is not, however, in our judgment, anything very stupendous in this triumph of our contemporaries; and the greater wonder with us is that it was so long delayed, and left for them to achieve. For the truth is, that the writers of the former age had not a great deal more than their judgment and industry to stand on, and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline than by enterprising boldness or native force; nor can it be regarded as any very great merit in those who had so little of the inspiration of genius to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy—no pathos, and no enthusiasm,—and, as philosophers, no

comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt—neat, clear, and reasonable; but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature or the great passions of man, but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm—to be witty and rational themselves with a good grace, and to give their countenance to no wisdom and no morality which passes the standards that are current in good company. Their inspiration, accordingly, is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry and sparkles of wit glitter through their compositions, but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination, no flashes of genius—ever irradiate their substance. They never pass beyond "the visible diurnal sphere," or deal in anything that can either lift us above our vulgar nature or ennoble its reality. With these accomplishments they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers, but scarcely for men of genius; and it is certainly far more surprising that persons of this description should have maintained themselves for near a century at the head of the literature of a country that had previously produced a Shakspeare, a Bacon, and a Taylor, than that towards the end of that long period doubts should have arisen as to the legitimacy of the title by which they laid claim to that high station. Both parts of the phenomenon, however, we dare say, had causes which better expounders might explain to the satisfaction of all the world. We see them but imperfectly, and have room only for an imperfect sketch of what we see.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends and romances of chivalry, though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gaiety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas, but it was still intrinsically romantic, serious, and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons,—at least they were not yet so numerous as to be obliged to abuse each other in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves; and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I. our literature, with some few exceptions, touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained, though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign had not the great national dissensions which then arose turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions, and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual chronicler of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful, and commanding; and the period of the Civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow; the muse of Milton, the learning of Coke, and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The Restoration introduced a French court under circumstances more favourable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England, but this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of a more general operation. The Restoration was undoubtedly a popular act; and indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell and the extravagance of the sectaries had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardour ridiculous, in the eyes of the people at large. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown; and their writings had not merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles as those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable as well as popular to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors

should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purposes they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast, and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country,—and that so suddenly that the same generation, among whom Milton had been formed to the severe sanctity of wisdom and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly.

This change, however, like all sudden changes, was too fierce and violent to be long maintained at the same pitch; and when the wits and profligates of King Charles had sufficiently insulted the seriousness and virtue of their predecessors, there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste of the nation, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced by champions of more temperance and judgment. The result seemed at one time suspended on the will of Dryden, in whose individual person the genius of the English and of the French school of literature may be said to have maintained a protracted struggle. But the evil principle prevailed. Carried by the original bent of his genius and his familiarity with our older models to the cultivation of our native style, to which he might have imparted more steadiness and correctness—for in force and in sweetness it was already matchless—he was unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion, and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new corruptions and refinements, and to prostitute his great gifts to the purposes of party rage or licentious ribaldry.

The sobriety of the succeeding reigns allayed this fever of profanity, but no genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors to improve and perfect the new style rather than to return to the old one; and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency, increased its precision and correctness, made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant, and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense which recommended itself to all who had and all who had not any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits, and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason rather than of fancy, and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire than the glow of enthusiastic passion or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To these accordingly they made no pretensions; but, writing with infinite good sense and great grace and vivacity, and above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating, writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These and similar considerations will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause undoubtedly was the real excellence of their productions in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and recommended as it was by the felicity of their execution, it required some cour-

age to depart from it and to recur to another which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war, but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large—to rouse their passions or excite their imaginations: nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the 16th century, or of the Civil wars in the 17th. They went on accordingly minding their old business and reading their old books with great patience and stupidity. And certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interruption of native genius—as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead fifty years before, and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, however, showed that the old fire was burned out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents rather of a critic than a poet —with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, or invention—began and ended a small school which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent, admirable in many respects as some of its productions are,—being far too elaborate and artificial either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars than the delight of ordinary men. However, they had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness and the tone at least of force and energy. The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our ancient literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And last of all came Cowper, with a style of complete originality, and for the first time made it apparent to readers of all descriptions that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general the case was nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon: and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers, and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded; but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings and more exact knowledge popular among us; and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction, and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

This brings us down almost to the present times, in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitations of the French revolution, and the discussions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion—the genius of Edmund Burke and some others of his country; the impression of the new literature of Germany, evidently the original of our Lake-school of poetry, and of many innovations in our drama; the rise or revival of a general spirit of Methodism in the lower orders; and the vast extent of our political and commercial relations, which have not only familiarized all ranks of people with distant countries and great undertakings, but have brought knowledge and enterprise home, not merely to the imagination, but to the actual experience of almost every individual,—all these, and several other circumstances, have so far improved or excited the character of our nation as to have created an effectual demand for more profound speculation and more serious emotion than was dealt in by the writers of the former century, and which, if it has not yet produced a corresponding supply in all branches, has at least had the effect of decrying the commodities that were previously in vogue as unsuited to the altered condition of the times.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE GONDOLA GLIDES.

The gondola glides,
Like a spirit of night,
O'er the slumbering tides,
In the calm moonlight.
The star of the north
Shows her golden eye,
But a brighter looks forth
From yon lattice on high!

Her taper is out,
And the silver beam
Floats the maiden about
Like a beautiful dream!
And the beat of her heart
Makes her tremble all o'er;
And she lists with a start
To the dash of the oar.

But the moments are past,
And her fears are at rest,
And her lover at last
Holds her clasped to his breast;
And the planet above,
And the quiet blue sea,
Are pledged to his love
And his constancy.

Her cheek is reclined
On the home of his breast;
And his fingers are twined
'Mid her ringlets, which rest,
In many a fold,
O'er his arm that is placed
Round the cincture of gold
Which encircles the waist.

He looks to the stars
Which are gemming the blue,
And devoutly he swears
He will ever be true;
Then bends him to hear
The low sound of her sigh,
And kiss the fond tear
From her beautiful eye.

And he watches its flashes,
Which brightly reveal
What the long fringing lashes
Would vainly conceal;
And reads—while he kneels
All his ardour to speak—
Her reply, as it steals
In a blush o'er her cheek!

Till won by the prayers
Which so softly reprove,
On his bosom, in tears,
She half-murmurs her love;
And the stifled confession
Enraptured he sips,
'Mid the breathings of passion,
In dew from her lips.

J. K. Hervey.

RIGHT AT LAST.

[**Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell**, born 1811, died 12th November, 1865. She was the author of *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, *North and South*, and other novels, chiefly descriptive of the people in the mining districts around Manchester, in which city the greater part of her life was passed. She also wrote a biography of her friend Charlotte Brontë. *Right at Last and other Tales* (Sampson Low, Son and Marston) contains some of her best work. The first of the stories narrates the trials of a young doctor and his wife who have just commenced house-keeping in London.]

"Two hundred and thirty-six pounds," he said, putting the accounts away to clear the table for tea, as Crawford brought in the things. "Why, I don't call that much. I believe I reckoned on their coming to a great deal more. I'll go into the city to-morrow, and sell out some shares, and set your little heart at ease. Now don't go and put a spoonful less tea in to-night to help to pay these bills. Earning is better than saving, and I am earning at a famous rate. Give me good tea, Maggie, for I have done a good day's work."

They were sitting in the doctor's consulting-room, for the better economy of fire. To add to Margaret's discomfort, the chimney smoked this evening. She had held her tongue from any repining words; for she remembered the old proverb about a smoky chimney and a scolding wife; but she was more irritated by the puffs of smoke coming over her pretty white work than she cared to show; and it was in a sharper tone than usual that she spoke, in bidding Crawford take care and have the chimney swept. The next morning all had cleared brightly off. Her husband had convinced her that their money matters were going on well; the fire burned briskly at breakfast-time, and the unwonted sun shone in at the windows. Margaret was surprised when Crawford told her that he had not been able to meet with a chimney-sweeper that morning, but that he had tried to arrange the coals in the grate so that, for this one morning at least, his mistress should not be annoyed, and by the next he would take care to secure a sweep. Margaret thanked him, and acquiesced in all plans about giving a general cleaning to the room, the more readily because she felt that she had

spoken sharply the night before. She decided to go and pay all her bills and make some distant calls on the next morning; and her husband promised to go into the city and provide her with the money.

This he did. He showed her the notes that evening, locked them up for the night in his bureau; and, lo, in the morning they were gone! They had breakfasted in the back parlour, or half-furnished dining-room. A charwoman was in the front room, cleaning after the sweeps. Doctor Brown went to his bureau, singing an old Scotch tune as he left the dining-room. It was so long before he came back, that Margaret went to look for him. He was sitting in the chair nearest to the bureau, leaning his head upon it, in an attitude of the deepest despondency. He did not seem to hear Margaret's step, as she made her way among rolled-up carpets and chairs piled on each other. She had to touch him on the shoulder before she could rouse him.

"James, James!" she said in alarm.

He looked up at her almost as if he did not know her.

"O, Margaret!" he said, and took hold of her hands, and hid his face in her neck.

"Dearest love, what is it?" she asked, thinking he was suddenly taken ill.

"Some one has been to my bureau since last night," he groaned, without either looking up or moving.

"And taken the money," said Margaret, in an instant understanding how it stood. It was a great blow; a great loss, far greater than the few extra pounds by which the bills had exceeded her calculations; yet it seemed as if she could bear it better. "O, dear!" she said, "that is bad; but after all—Do you know," she said, trying to raise his face, so that she might look into it, and give him the encouragement of her honest loving eyes, "at first I thought you were deadly ill, and all sorts of dreadful possibilities rushed through my mind, —it is such a relief to find that it is only money—"

"Only money!" he echoed, sadly, avoiding her look, as if he could not bear to show her how much he felt it.

"And after all," she said with spirit, "it can't be gone far. Only last night here. The chimney-sweeps—we must send Crawford for the police directly. You did not take the numbers of the notes!" ringing the bell as she spoke.

"No; they were only to be in our possession one night," he said.

"No, to be sure not."

The charwoman now appeared at the door with her pail of hot water. Margaret looked into her face, as if to read guilt or innocence. She was a protégée of Christie's, who was not apt to accord her favour easily, or without good grounds; an honest, decent widow, with a large family to maintain by her labour,—that was the character in which Margaret had engaged her; and she looked it. Grimy in her dress—because she could not spare the money or time to be clean—her skin looked healthy and cared for; she had a straightforward, business-like appearance about her, and seemed in no ways daunted nor surprised to see Doctor and Mrs. Brown standing in the middle of the room, in displeased perplexity and distress. She went about her business without taking any particular notice of them. Margaret's suspicions settled down yet more distinctly upon the chimney-sweeper; but he could not have gone far, the notes could hardly have got into circulation. Such a sum could not have been spent by such a man in so short a time, and the restoration of the money was her first, her only object. She had scarcely a thought for subsequent duties, such as prosecution of the offender, and the like consequences of crime. While her whole energies were bent on the speedy recovery of the money, and she was rapidly going over the necessary steps to be taken, her husband "sat all poured out into his chair," as the Germans say; no force in him to keep his limbs in any attitude requiring the slightest exertion; his face sunk, miserable, and with that foreshadowing of the lines of age which sudden distress is apt to call out on the youngest and smoothest faces,

"What can Crawford be about?" said Margaret, pulling the bell again with vehemence. "O, Crawford!" as the man at that instant appeared at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" he said, interrupting her, as if alarmed into an unusual discomposure by her violent ringing. "I had just gone round the corner with the letter master gave me last night for the post, and when I came back Christie told me you had rung for me, ma'am. I beg your pardon, but I have hurried so," and, indeed, his breath did come quickly, and his face was full of penitent anxiety.

"O, Crawford! I am afraid the sweep has got into your master's bureau, and taken all the money he put there last night. It is gone at any rate. Did you ever leave him in the room alone?"

"I can't say, ma'am; perhaps I did. Yes! I believe I did. I remember now,—I had my

work to do; and I thought the charwoman was come, and I went to my pantry; and some time after Christie came to me complaining that Mrs. Roberts was so late; and then I knew that he must have been alone in the room. But, dear me, ma'am, who would have thought there had been so much wickedness in him?"

"How was it that he got into the bureau?" said Margaret, turning to her husband. "Was the lock broken?"

He roused himself up, like one who wakens from sleep.

"Yes! No! I suppose I had turned the key without locking it last night. The bureau was closed, not locked, when I went to it this morning, and the bolt was shot." He relapsed into inactive, thoughtful silence.

"At any rate, it is no use losing time in wondering now. Go, Crawford, as fast as you can, for a policeman. You know the name of the chimney-sweeper, of course," she added, as Crawford was preparing to leave the room.

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but I just agreed with the first who was passing along the street. If I could have known—"

But Margaret had turned away with an impatient gesture of despair. Crawford went without another word to seek a policeman.

In vain did his wife try and persuade Doctor Brown to taste any breakfast; a cup of tea was all he would try to swallow, and that was taken in hasty gulps, to clear his dry throat, as he heard Crawford's voice talking to the policeman whom he was ushering in.

The policeman heard all, and said little. Then the inspector came. Doctor Brown seemed to leave all the talking to Crawford, who apparently liked nothing better. Margaret was infinitely distressed and dismayed by the effect the robbery seemed to have on her husband's energies. The probable loss of such a sum was bad enough, but there was something so weak and poor in character, in letting it affect him so strongly—to deaden all energy and destroy all hopeful spring, that although Margaret did not dare to define her feeling, nor the cause of it, to herself, she had the fact before her perpetually, that if she were to judge of her husband from this morning only, she must learn to rely on herself alone in all cases of emergency. The inspector repeatedly turned from Crawford to Doctor and Mrs. Brown for answers to his inquiries. It was Margaret who replied with terse, short sentences, very different from Crawford's long involved explanations.

At length the inspector asked to speak to her alone. She followed him into the room, past the affronted Crawford and her despondent husband. The inspector gave one sharp look at the charwoman, who was going on with her scouring with stolid indifference, turned her out, and then asked Margaret where Crawford came from,—how long he had lived with them, and various other questions, all showing the direction his suspicions had taken. This shocked Margaret extremely; but she quickly answered every inquiry; and, at the end, watched the inspector's face closely, and waited for the avowal of the suspicion.

He led the way back to the other room without a word, however. Crawford had left, and Doctor Brown was trying to read the morning's letters (which had just been delivered), but his hands shook so much that he could not see a line.

"Doctor Brown," said the inspector, "I have little doubt that your man-servant has committed this robbery. I judge so from his whole manner; and from his anxiety to tell the story, and his way of trying to throw suspicion on the chimney-sweeper, neither whose name nor dwelling can he give; at least he says not. Your wife tells us he has already been out of the house this morning, even before he went to summon a policeman; so there is little doubt that he has found means for concealing or disposing of the notes; and you say you do not know the numbers. However, that can probably be ascertained."

At this moment Christie knocked at the door, and, in a state of great agitation, demanded to speak to Margaret. She brought up an additional store of suspicious circumstances, none of them much in themselves, but all tending to criminate her fellow-servant. She had expected to find herself blamed for starting the idea of Crawford's guilt, and was rather surprised to find herself listened to with attention by the inspector. This led her to tell many other little things, all bearing against Crawford, which, a dread of being thought jealous and quarrelsome, had led her to conceal before from her master and mistress. At the end of her story the inspector said:

"There can be no doubt of the course to be taken. You, sir, must give your man-servant in charge. He will be taken before the sitting magistrate directly; and there is already evidence enough to make him be remanded for a week, during which time we may trace the notes, and complete the chain."

"Must I prosecute?" said Doctor Brown, almost lividly pale. "It is, I own, a serious loss of money to me; but there will be the

further expenses of the prosecution—the loss of time—the—"

He stopped. He saw his wife's indignant eyes fixed upon him; and shrank from their look of unconscious reproach.

"Yes, inspector," he said, "I give him in charge. Do what you will. Do what is right. Of course I take the consequences. We take the consequences. Don't we, Margaret?" He spoke in a kind of wild low voice, of which Margaret thought it best to take no notice.

"Tell us exactly what to do," she said, very coldly and quietly, addressing herself to the policeman.

He gave her the necessary directions as to their attending at the police-office, and bringing Christie as a witness, and then went away to take measures for securing Crawford.

Margaret was surprised to find how little hurry or violence needed to be used in Crawford's arrest. She had expected to hear sounds of commotion in the house, if indeed Crawford himself had not taken the alarm and escaped. But when she had suggested the latter apprehension to the inspector, he smiled, and told her that when he had first heard of the charge from the policeman on the beat, he had stationed a detective officer within sight of the house, to watch all ingress or egress; so that Crawford's whereabouts would soon have been discovered if he had attempted to escape.

Margaret's attention was now directed to her husband. He was making hurried preparations for setting off on his round of visits, and evidently did not wish to have any conversation with her on the subject of the morning's event. He promised to be back by eleven o'clock; before which time, the inspector had assured them, their presence would not be needed. Once or twice Doctor Brown said, as if to himself, "It is a miserable business." Indeed, Margaret felt it to be so; and now that the necessity for immediate speech and action was over, she began to fancy that she must be very hard-hearted—very deficient in common feeling; inasmuch as she had not suffered like her husband at the discovery that the servant—whom they had been learning to consider as a friend, and to look upon as having their interests so warmly at heart—was, in all probability, a treacherous thief. She remembered all his pretty marks of attention to her, from the day when he had welcomed her arrival at her new home by his humble present of flowers, until only the day before, when, seeing her fatigued, he had, unasked, made her a cup of coffee,—coffee such as none but he could make. How often had he thought of warm dry clothes for her husband; how wakeful had he been at nights; how diligent in the mornings! It was no wonder that her husband felt this discovery of domestic treason acutely. It was she who was hard and selfish, and thinking more of the recovery of the money than of the terrible disappointment in character, if the charge against Crawford were true.

At eleven o'clock her husband returned with a cab. Christie had thought the occasion of appearing at a police-office worthy of her Sunday clothes, and was as smart as her possessions could make her. But Margaret and her husband looked as pale and sorrow-stricken as if they had been the accused, and not the accusers.

Doctor Brown shrank from meeting Crawford's eye, as the one took his place in the witness-box, the other in the dock. Yet Crawford was trying—Margaret was sure of this—to catch his master's attention. Failing that, he looked at Margaret with an expression she could not fathom. Indeed, the whole character of his face was changed. Instead of the calm smooth look of attentive obedience, he had assumed an insolent, threatening expression of defiance; smiling occasionally in a most unpleasant manner, as Doctor Brown spoke of the bureau and its contents. He was remanded for a week; but, the evidence as yet being far from conclusive, bail for his appearance was taken. This bail was offered by his brother, a respectable tradesman, well known in his neighbourhood, and to whom Crawford had sent on his arrest.

So Crawford was at large again, much to Christie's dismay; who took off her Sunday clothes, on her return home, with a heavy heart, hoping, rather than trusting, that they should not all be murdered in their beds before the week was out. It must be confessed Margaret herself was not entirely free from fears of Crawford's vengeance; his eyes had looked so maliciously and vindictively at her and at her husband, as they gave their evidence.

But his absence in the household gave Margaret enough to do to prevent her dwelling on foolish fears. His being away made a terrible blank in their daily comfort, which neither Margaret nor Christie—exert themselves as they would—could fill up; and it was the more necessary that all should go on smoothly, as Doctor Brown's nerves had received such a shock, at the discovery of the guilt of his favourite trusted servant, that Margaret was led at times to apprehend a serious illness. He would pace about the room at night, when he thought she was asleep,

moaning to himself—and in the morning would require the utmost persuasion to induce him to go out and see his patients. He was worse than ever, after consulting the lawyer whom he had employed to conduct the prosecution. There was, as Margaret was brought unwillingly to perceive, some mystery in the case; for he eagerly took his letters from the post, going to the door as soon as he heard the knock, and concealing their directions from her. As the week passed away, his nervous misery still increased.

One evening—the candles were not lighted—he was sitting over the fire in a listless attitude, resting his head on his hand, and that supported on his knee,—Margaret determined to try an experiment, to see if she could not probe, and find out the nature of the sore that he hid with such constant care. She took a stool and sat down at his feet, taking his hand in hers.

"Listen, dearest James, to an old story I once heard. It may interest you. There were two orphans, boy and girl in their hearts, though they were a young man and young woman in years. They were not brother and sister, and by-and-by they fell in love; just in the same fond silly way you and I did, you remember. Well, the girl was amongst her own people, but the boy was far away from his,—if indeed he had any alive. But the girl loved him so dearly for himself, that sometimes she thought she was glad that he had no one to care for him but just her alone. Her friends did not like him as much as she did; for, perhaps, they were wise, grave, cold people, and she, I daresay, was very foolish. And they did not like her marrying the boy; which was just stupidity in them, for they had not a word to say against him. But, about a week before the marriage day was fixed, they thought they had found out something—my darling love, don't take away your hand—don't tremble so, only just listen! Her aunt came to her and said:—'Child, you must give up your lover: his father was tempted, and sinned, and if he is now alive he is a transported convict. The marriage cannot take place.' But the girl stood up and said:—'If he has known this great sorrow and shame, he needs my love all the more. I will not leave him, nor forsake him, but love him all the better. And I charge you, aunt, as you hope to receive a blessing for doing as you would be done by, that you tell no one!' I really think that girl awed her aunt, in some strange way, into secrecy. But, when she was left alone, she cried long and sadly, to think what a shadow rested on the heart she loved so dearly, and she meant to strive to lighten the life, and to conceal for ever that she had heard of the burden; but now she thinks—O, my husband! how you must have suffered—" as he bent down his head on her shoulder and cried terrible man's tears.

"God be thanked!" he said at length. "You know all, and you do not shrink from me. O, what a miserable, deceitful coward I have been! Suffered! Yes—suffered enough to drive me mad; and if I had but been brave, I might have been spared all this long twelve months of agony. But it is right I should have been punished. And you knew it even before we were married, when you might have drawn back."

"I could not: you would not have broken off your engagement with me, would you, under the like circumstances, if our cases had been reversed?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I might, for I am not so brave, so good, so strong as you, my Margaret. How could I be? Let me tell you more: We wandered about, my mother and I, thankful that our name was such a common one, but shrinking from every allusion—in a way which no one can understand who has not been conscious of an inward sore. Living in an assize town was torture: a commercial one was nearly as bad. My father was the son of a dignified clergyman, well known to his brethren: a cathedral town was to be avoided, because there the circumstance of the Dean of Saint Botolph's son having been transported, was sure to be known. I had to be educated; therefore we had to live in a town; for my mother could not bear to part from me, and I was sent to a day-school. We were very poor for our station—no! we had no station; we were the wife and child of a convict,—for my poor mother's early habits, I should have said. But when I was about fourteen, my father died in his exile, leaving, as convicts in those days sometimes did, a large fortune. It all came to us. My mother shut herself up, and cried and prayed for a whole day. Then she called me in, and took me into her counsel. We solemnly pledged ourselves to give the money to some charity, as soon as I was legally of age. Till then the interest was laid by, every penny of it; though sometimes we were in sore distress for money, my education cost so much. But how could we tell in what way the money had been accumulated?" Here he dropped his voice. "Soon after I was one-and-twenty the papers rang with admiration of the unknown munificent donor of certain sums. I loathed their praises. I shrank from all

recollection of my father. I remembered him dimly, but always as angry and violent with my mother. My poor, gentle mother! Margaret, she loved my father; and for her sake I have tried, since her death, to feel kindly towards his memory. Soon after my mother's death I came to know you, my jewel, my treasure!"

After a while he began again. "But, O Margaret! even now you do not know the worst. After my mother's death I found a bundle of law papers—of newspaper reports about my father's trial. Poor soul! why she had kept them, I cannot say. They were covered over with notes in her handwriting; and, for that reason, I kept them. It was so touching to read her record of the days spent by her in her solitary innocence, while he was embroiling himself deeper and deeper in crime. I kept this bundle (as I thought so safely!) in a secret drawer of my bureau; but that wretch Crawford has got hold of it. I missed the papers that very morning. The loss of them was infinitely worse than the loss of the money; and now Crawford threatens to bring out the one terrible fact, in open court, if he can; and his lawyer may do it, I believe. At any rate, to have it blazoned out to the world,—I who have spent my life in fearing this hour! But most of all for you, Margaret! Still—if only it could be avoided! Who will employ the son of Brown, the noted forger? I shall lose all my practice. Men will look askance at me as I enter their doors. They will drive me into crime. I sometimes fear that crime is hereditary! O Margaret! what am I to do?"

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I can refuse to prosecute."

"Let Crawford go free, you knowing him to be guilty?"

"I know him to be guilty."

"Then, simply, you cannot do this thing. You let loose a criminal upon the public."

"But if I do not, we shall come to shame and poverty. It is for you I mind it, not for myself. I ought never to have married."

"Listen to me. I don't care for poverty; and as to shame, I should feel it twenty times more grievously if you and I consented to screen the guilty, from any fear or for any selfish motives of our own. I don't pretend that I shall not feel it, when first the truth is known. But my shame will turn into pride, as I watch you live it down. You have been rendered morbid, dear husband, by having something all your life to conceal. Let the world know the truth, and say the worst. You will go forth a free, honest, honourable man, able to do your future work without fear."

"That scoundrel Crawford has sent for an answer to his impudent note," said Christie, putting in her head at the door.

"Stay! May *I* write it?" said Margaret.

She wrote:—

Whatever you may do or say, there is but one course open to us. No threats can deter your master from doing his duty.

MARGARET BROWN.

"There!" she said, passing it to her husband; "he will see that I know all, and I suspect he has reckoned something on your tenderness for me."

Margaret's note only enraged, it did not daunt Crawford. Before a week was out every one who cared knew that Doctor Brown, the rising young physician, was son of the notorious Brown the forger. All the consequences took place which he had anticipated. Crawford had to suffer a severe sentence; and Doctor Brown and his wife had to leave their house and go to a smaller one; they had to pinch and to screw, aided in all most zealously by the faithful Christie. But Doctor Brown was lighter-hearted than he had ever been before in his conscious lifetime. His foot was now firmly planted on the ground, and every step he rose was a sure gain. People did say that Margaret had been seen, in those worst times, on her hands and knees cleaning her own door-step. But I don't believe it, for Christie would never have let her do that. And, as far as my own evidence goes, I can only say that, the last time I was in London, I saw a brass-plate with Doctor James Brown upon it, on the door of a handsome house in a handsome square. And as I looked, I saw a brougham drive up to the door, and a lady get out, and go into that house, who was certainly the Margaret Frazer of old days—graver, more portly, more stern I had almost said. But, as I watched and thought, I saw her come to the dining-room window with a baby in her arms, and her whole face melted into a smile of infinite sweetness.

THE EXCHANGE.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed:
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN AT SHERWOOD FOREST.

The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cozen'd them that him would have betrayed;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
The bauldricks set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast;
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span;
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man;
All made of Spanish yew, the bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow or but, or prick or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast for comfort never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin.
Their arrows finely paired, for timber and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food,
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took he shared among the poor;
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay.
The widow in distress he generously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to the mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game;
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wandered here and there
Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

DRAYTON.

THE STORY OF MARULLO.

[Charles Shirley Brooks, born 1815, died in London 23d February, 1874. He studied for the bar, but adopted literature as his profession. He began his literary career as a dramatist, and produced a number of successful plays, amongst them *Honour and Riches; The Creole; The Lowther Arcade*, &c. He was even more successful as a novelist, and *Aspin Court, The Gordian Knot, The Silver Cord*, and *Sooner or Later* obtained a large share of public favour. In 1854 he visited Russia, Turkey, and Egypt; and the letters descriptive of his travels, which first appeared in the London *Morning Chronicle*, were afterwards collected and published in Longman's "Travellers' Library." For years he was one of the principal contributors to *Punch*; and on the death of Mark Lemon, he succeeded him as editor of that journal. Mr. Brooks wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine* a series of *Tales from the Old Dramatists*, and has succeeded in imbuing with new life several of the works of our early play-writers. The following is one of the tales; and in this, as in all his writings, will be found humour, delicacy, and vigour.]

I purpose, with the aid of an old friend, to tell an old story. But I have reasons for thinking that it will not be old to all who may do me the honour of reading it. If I satisfy myself at the end that I have not quite spoiled my friend's tale, I will mention his name; if I do not, I shall only say, "Ah, but you should hear *him* tell it."

A great many years ago, in a certain magnificent island, rich in all that nature can do for islands, and richer in a race of brave men and virtuous women—take note, if you please, that this is not a satire, nor an allegory, but a story—there was great alarm, confusion, and trouble. For which, this was the reason. A strong nation, that dwelt at some distance from the island, but not too far for war-ships to cross a sea, and throw an overwhelming force upon the coast, coveted larger empire than it possessed, and sent forth a powerful fleet against the islanders. It is convenient to give the island a name, so we will call it Sicily, and we may as well call its ambitious and greedy enemy Carthage. The beautiful city in which most of the incidents of our story occurred, we will name Syracuse.

The Syracusans, I say, were in a state of great alarm. For not only did they know that the Carthaginian fleet was a very strong one, manned by skilful sailors, and bringing soldiers of extraordinary fierceness and admirable discipline, but they knew that they themselves had much neglected the duty of being armed against an enemy. It was not that any Syracusans were of opinion that people ought not to defend themselves when attacked, or that a government with false economical principles had starved their armaments, for they lived a great many years ago, and had not arrived at that point of enlightenment. But the fact is, that the Syracusans were rich and luxurious; and though, as has been told, the island was rich in brave men and virtuous women, it abounded also with men and women who were neither rich nor virtuous, and these had given the tone to public opinion, such as it was. They had splendid houses, lovely gardens, beautiful equipages, and large wealth; and while they could enjoy these things, all good in their way, they cared nothing about the general welfare. There was a show of an army and a navy, and the services were favourites, especially with the ladies. The naval and military reviews enabled the young officers to display themselves in gorgeous uniforms, and to look like heroes; but the heroic spirit was wanting. When the time came for the hard and cruel work of war, the Syracusans shrunk from it, and felt that they had no chance against men with whom soldiering meant business, and not an excuse for delightful and picturesque spectacle. I need not say that everybody, at the crisis, began to lay the blame of the helplessness on everybody but himself, and rushed about declaring that the people who had brought the island into such a shameful condition ought to be burned; but such declarations, though they might be true, did very little good. The Carthaginian fleet was coming, and people told one another of the terrible cruelty of the nation, and how captives were put to death by prolonged tortures when Carthage wanted a particularly pleasant holiday.

Some little comfort they found (while the better among them were showing a good example, hastily fortifying, drilling volunteers, and acting the part of brave men, who would not go down without a fight) in saying that the Carthaginian admiral was but a weak young fellow, named Gisco, whose life had been passed in admiring himself and making ladies admire him, and who would be seized with a headache if he wore his helmet and plume. That was not much. But there was better comfort for them. The wiser men among them had met in council, and had resolved on sending to ask aid from another state—let us say Corinth. The Corinthians had a great general and a fine army, and their rulers were not deaf to the argument that if Carthage took Sicily, Corinth would be in danger; for in those days statesmen looked

ahead a little, and were not content with keeping matters smooth for their own time. But the Corinthians imposed certain very stringent conditions. They were not going to fight for an ally that might ruin them by imbecility. If they sent Timoleon, their general, with his army to help Syracuse, the islanders must accept him as a dictator for the war-time, and submit to whatever he chose to ordain for the good of the cause. This the vainer part did not like at all, but they were overruled by the wiser part; and General Timoleon arrived to take command in Syracuse, and to defy the Carthaginians.

So much for public affairs; now for private ones. The Prætor or Mayor of Syracuse was named Archidamus, and he had a son called Timagoras, and a beautiful and spirited daughter named Cleora. This young lady was of the kind to which the best women of all ages belong. She could love devotedly, but her love must rest upon a noble object, and she would be her lover's friend, confidante, and helpmate, not his toy and slave. She was as chaste as fair, and her nobility of nature was well known throughout Syracuse. The show-soldiers and the fops and idlers knew better than to ask her in marriage, but there were two men, either of whom she might have wedded without self-sacrifice. One of these, at this time, had been got rid of. His name was Pisander, a gallant gentleman from Thebes, who was every way worthy of her. But her brother Timagoras favoured another suitor, Leosthenes, who was also a gallant soldier, but of a jealous and suspicious nature, though not a mean one. Whether the young lady had cared for Pisander or not does not matter now; he had been sent back, not over civilly, to Thebes, through the influence of the brother over the father. Leosthenes now found things in his favour, for Cleora had all admiration for the brave men who rallied for the defence of Syracuse, and he meant to win her love by some desperate achievement against the Carthaginians. On the whole, therefore, the brave Leosthenes was the only man who was altogether pleased with the condition of public affairs—such is the power of love.

Here it must be mentioned that in Syracuse the domestic institution of slavery existed, and the unfortunate slaves were generally ill-treated. Of course there were exceptions to this rule; there were some kind masters and mistresses. But for the most part the slaves were beaten on the least provocation, or without any; they were treated worse than beasts, for they were neglected and starved, or if not starved, no consideration was paid to their comforts: they were left without food till their owners had wearied themselves out at their banquets, and were obliged to lie about on the floors or the stairs until, perhaps far into the night, their tyrants had done their revel, when woe to the slave who did not spring at the first call to be ready with the torch and the carriage. They were oppressed more than was prudent, to rest the case no higher, for they murmured and repined, and made no secret of their joy that the Carthaginians were coming to reduce the haughty Syracusans to the same condition as that of their unhappy slaves. Among them was a tall, handsome, and clever man, named Marullo, whom the prætor had bought as an attendant on Cleora's carriage, or to aid in carrying her litter when she chose that means of visiting. He did his duty well, but there was danger in his eye. He was never beaten: Cleora would not have permitted that, and if she would, I think that the angriest master would have thought twice before rousing Marullo's blood.

The Corinthian general came, and all the great folks of Syracuse assembled in the senate-house to receive him. He was already a favourite with the ladies, by reason of his renown and by reason of his being a novelty; and while they sat waiting for him, some of the friskier matrons declared that they should be happy to kiss him. We may be sure that Cleora joined in none of this vulgar flippancy. She rejoiced that Syracuse was to be defended, but she felt with her father, and other grave men, that the terms of Corinth were humiliating to the Syracusans. Timoleon came, and after a proper reception he addressed them in a very stern way. He declared that he would not take the command unless they ratified the agreement that he was to be absolute. He was so far from kissing the ladies that the frisky sort pronounced him a bear, and set themselves against him. But the Syracusan authorities could only submit, and he was made absolute lord. Then did Timoleon make them a still sterner speech, pointing out how while they had spent worlds of gold in folly and luxury, and to please their wives (here more scowls from the matrons), they had neglected their defences and starved their soldiers. This they could not deny. He then ordered that all money in the possession of private people should be brought into the public treasury.

A terrible outcry arose, but the dictator crushed opposition. He pointed out that they might deny the money if they liked, but that

the Carthaginians would come and would triumph, and then he drew a black picture of the desolation that would follow, the victors seizing the wealth that should have been employed against them, plundering and ransacking, carrying off wives and daughters, and selling sons for slaves. So effectively did he depict the catastrophe that the beautiful Cleora was excited out of her maidenly silence, and coming forward with blushes, but with spirit, she delivered some eloquent words in support of Timoleon, and laid down her own costly jewels at his feet as a contribution to the treasury. This fired them all, the decree was assented to, and every man tried to show himself more earnest than the others in suggesting means of defence. One reminded them that they could arm the slaves and make them fight. But Cleora's spirit again broke out, and she asked them proudly whether they would confide the patriot's noblest duty to such despicable hands. The idea was rejected. Marullo, in waiting on his young mistress, heard her words, and bade some fellow-slaves meet him next night in secret. Then he attended his proud and beautiful lady home.

Every man was soon in arms, Leosthenes, I need not say, among the rest. He ventured to seek Cleora, and in a passionate interview he declared his love. She gave him hers in return, and promised to be his when the enemy should be driven from Syracuse. But even then, at a moment when the beautiful girl's frank heart might be seen through her eyes, the doubting nature of Leosthenes was his enemy. He dared to hint that in his absence she might forget him, and that the addresses of other suitors might be listened to. Yet her loving heart conquered her pride, and she did not say that he who could doubt her was no mate for her. What think you she did? It would not have occurred to the most devoted maiden of our time, but what I tell is true. Cleora commanded him to obey her on pain of losing her. He could but obey. She gave a last look at the sun then glowing above them, and declared that she would see it no more until the return of that distrustful man. Then she bid him bind her kerchief over her eyes. It was done, and she begged him to guide her to his lips, on which she set the last kiss she would receive until he came back. She did more: she vowed that she would not even speak to any one until they should meet again. These were the vows of a time when follies were done; but if you deserve to hear of such a girl as Cleora, you will not smile at her devotion.

The lords, and the gentlemen, and the soldiers went bravely forth to the battle, and Syracuse was left to the women and the slaves. To the slaves! Marullo had not listened in vain, nor met his fellows in vain. He had held his council, and some he had inflamed with speech, some with wine. He put a new spirit into the trampled men, and he bade them change places with their masters. The city was their own. Let them seize treasure, houses, luxuries, wives, and daughters, and revel in the enjoyment of liberty. Only—they must shed no blood.

The fire spread, the slaves flew exultingly to their vengeance, and in an hour all was changed, and the slaves were masters. Marullo, no longer a slave, demanded an interview with Cleora. The splendid bondman had dared to love her.

Love her, but how? This is not a Frenchman's story. Here would come in his lurid and powerful wickedness, and he will give me his artistic pity for throwing away the effect he would have made. But I am in a friend's hands, and he bids me tell of no atrocity.

Marullo could command an entrance, but he entreated it, and, followed to the door of the house by his furious adherents, drew his sword and menaced death to any man who should dare come a step further and affright Cleora. Then, sheathing his sword and baring his head, he trod gently into the lady's presence. He then begged leave to tell his story to the blindfolded girl. But he would not even venture to begin it until she gave some gracious sign that she would be pleased to hear him. His voice must have been gracious, for Cleora held out her hand, which he reverently kissed. Then he in his turn declared his love and his knowledge that Leosthenes was his favoured rival. He could have slain Leosthenes, he said, with more ease than he could tell of his power; but love, seconded by duty, bade him remember that Cleora loved the man. It was so? he asked, and Cleora bowed her head in token of assent and thankfulness. But Leosthenes was gone, he went on, yet then, when the baser passions of Marullo were chiding him for neglecting his opportunity, and reminding him that he could now, without let or stay, carry off Cleora and make her his own, he was still master of himself. He asked nothing but what could be freely yielded. He told once more the story of his ardent love, and had nought else to say save that not only hope was gone, but that at the end of the war he must expect torture and death. But he defied all, and would remain to protect her,

and prove his devotion by delivering her over in safety and purity to his rival. Again, with her permission, he pressed a kiss upon her hand, and averring that such a favour had paid him for all past and future sufferings, he left her.

Timoleon had led the Syracusans to victory: the Carthaginians were slaughtered in thousands; and the remnant, with their helpless admiral Gisco, fled to their ships and made sail for their savage city. Syracuse was saved, and the armies marched back to it in triumph. But there were no signs of welcome—no procession of virgins with the statues of the gods, no laurel crowns and hymns. The gates were shut, and above them and on the walls were the defiant slaves, headed by Marullo. To the furious demands of the masters a mocking slave replied by informing them of what had been done in their absence, and his ribald boasts drove them to fury. Then, in a nobler vein, Marullo, at the call of the rest, spoke out, told the lords that slaves ought to be treated as in the good old times (so you see that there were good old times to be regretted even then), and not with the cruelty and brutality which the slaves of Syracuse had endured. They had been forced into revolt, and unless redress were given they would defend themselves with the strong hand. He demanded pardon for all that had been done, liberty for those who chose to leave the island, and for those who remained to serve competent maintenance. The masters, in a whirlwind of rage, rejected all his proposals and rushed to the assault, thinking to sweep away the defenders of the gates; but Marullo cheered his friends to the fight, and they fought bravely; and the masters, baffled, were forced to retreat, foaming with new rage.

Again Timoleon came to their aid, and he gave them counsel. It was based on the veteran's long acquaintance with human nature brutalized by slavery. They will fight, he said, while the arms of a soldier are brought against them—their pride is roused, and they show themselves men. And they have never learned to fear the sword. Show them that which they have learned to fear: go out against them again, but instead of swords—brandish your *whips*.

His counsel was taken, and it gave the day to the masters. The sight of the weapons of torture struck abject terror into the hearts of the slaves, and they fled from the presence of their lords. The gates were opened, and Syracuse was again in the hands of its aristocracy. Foremost rushed in Leosthenes to learn what had chanced to Cleora, and dreading to hear. He sought her house, and hardly dared to question her maid; but at length, when he was assured that Cleora had been unharmed and was ready to be led forth to him, the demon of suspicion again arose from the deeps and whispered. The true and faithful girl came forth, still wearing the bandage which he had bound upon her brow. He removed the kerchief, and received back from her the kiss which she said she had but borrowed when last they met. Leosthenes was happy for the moment, and his natural generosity was shown in his instant demand for the name of the man who had preserved her. He would load him with gold, if his station permitted such reward, or labour to win him honours, if of higher rank.

Then Cleora, all truth, told him the whole story, and that she had been saved by one who hated him and loved her, and she dwelt on all his reverent tenderness. "But you withhold his name," impatiently cried Leosthenes.

"Marullo, my father's bondman."

Leosthenes broke into angry laughter, which yielded to fiercer utterance as Cleora, with generous gratitude for her salvation, remonstrated with him for his scorn of one who had acted so nobly. Again she dwelt upon the chivalry of the slave (it was in days before chivalry was so called, but the quality was there), and bade Leosthenes consider how grandly Marullo, with all in his power, had borne himself. And she then asked, as of right, that whatever vengeance might be reserved for other rebels, Marullo, for what he had done for her, was to be unharmed. To the voice in the jealous eye of Leosthenes she answered that she could not be so greatly injured as by unjust suspicion, and that she loved the mind of Marullo, not his person. And Leosthenes remaining darkly moody, Cleora left him. But Marullo, who had instinctively remained in his mistress' house, was instantly seized, and after a fearless declaration that he loved Cleora, and even had deserved her, was loaded with chains and dragged away to a dungeon.

This was unknown to Cleora, who sought her father, and after telling him of her fears that the nature of Leosthenes, noble as he was, would bar their happiness, she obtained a promise that Archidamus would do all he could to serve Marullo. But when the maiden learned from her attendant that he had been hurried away to the jail, her spirit flashed up once more, and she followed him thither. Gold made way for her: a bribe to the jailer,

and Marullo's chains fell; and Cleora told him her sense of the wrong that was done him. She would do her utmost to serve him, and weep for that which she could not prevent. Marullo's nature was not to be subdued by chain and cell, and again kneeling to her, he besought her pardon for having dared to love her, and assured her that he should die in happiness if certain of her forgiveness. And then the power of an earnest love in a noble heart began to tell upon Cleora, fresh from a scene in which her long penance and her faithfulness had been forgotten and insulted, and she even gave Marullo some words of hope,—and they were overheard by Leosthenes and her brother.

Timoleon, for the third time a friend to Syracuse, had restrained the vengeful masters, and had reminded them that to work upon the slaves the cruel punishments which they meditated, was to destroy their own wealth. And it turned out that there had been no outrages that needed to be atoned for with blood. The slaves, male and female, had indeed made free with their masters' property, and had visited retributory justice on some cruel mistresses by making them wait as servants, starve for long hours, and linger till the late revel should be over,—but nought worse had been done. But for Marullo, who had dared to love the child of the prætor, and to declare his love—nay, to extract from her lips words of hope for a slave—there could be no mercy. Timoleon had forbidden that aught of violence should be done save under his rule, and all our personages met in a chamber of justice. There Leosthenes confronted Cleora, and there Marullo was brought; and in the presence of Timoleon the jealous and now savage lover broke out into reproaches to Cleora for the favour she had shown the slave, and he dared to call upon her to clear herself by solemn declaration of having given Marullo her love. At this, Cleora proudly silent, Marullo himself flamed up like fire, and declared that, though a slave and in all respects unworthy of Cleora, he was more worthy of her than Leosthenes, for he would never dare to suspect her of aught that was evil. There was a fierce cry among the lords for vengeance on the daring slave, but he, opposing them with an equal fierceness, tore away some disguises that he had worn, and discovered himself as

Pisander of Thebes!

Do you not guess all the rest? The gallant lover, banished by intrigue, had come back as a slave, to be near his mistress—had borne for her all the humiliations of slave-life, and had seized occasion to help those to justice whose sorrows he had thus discerned. He had watchfully guarded her amid all the dangers, and would have shown his loyalty by yielding her to another had that other been worthy. But now, Cleora insulted beyond pardon, Pisander claimed the love (already half-given) and the hand of the beautiful maiden. How Leosthenes, conscience-struck, confessed not only that he ought to surrender Cleora, but found the best reason for it in the form of another lady whom he had wedded and abandoned, and how the stern dictator blessed the nuptials of Pisander and Cleora, I need not tell.

I have not satisfied myself; but yet I think I will name my friend. He lies in a nameless grave by St. Saviour's, Southwark—ought it to be so?—but in the register is set down, "March 20. 1639-40—buried, Philip Massinger, a Stranger."

SONG OF THE VIRGINS OF ISRAEL.

[William Sotheby's principal poems are *Saul*, published in 1807 (London), and *Constance de Castile*, 1810. He translated Wieland's *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*. He died in 1833, and his works are now almost entirely forgotten, although they were numerous and attracted considerable attention during the poet's lifetime.]

Daughters of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts!
Break into song! with harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance;
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, measuring the giddy maze.
Shout ye! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage,
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates! The warder's watch
Ceased not. Tower answer'd tower: a warning voice
Was heard without; the cry of woe within!
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe, as now no more,
Shout ye! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. Spake not th' insulting foe?—
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil,
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones:
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side, their virgin daughters groan;
Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.
Shout ye! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

Thou heard'st, O God of battle! Thou whose look
Snappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, laid their champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil;
Wreathes round our necks these chains of gold, and robes
Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, hymning God, the Lord of Hosts!
Ye shout! and ye, make answer! Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.[1]

The love of Nature in and for herself, or as a mirror for the moods of the mind, is a modern thing. The fleeing to her as an escape from man was brought into fashion by Rousseau; for his prototype Petrarch, though he had a taste for pretty scenery, had a true antique horror for the grander aspects of nature. He got once to the top of Mount Ventoux, but it is very plain that he did not enjoy it. Indeed, it is only within a century or so that the search after the picturesque has been a safe employment. It is not so even now in Greece or Southern Italy. Where the Anglo-Saxon carves his cold fowl, and leaves the relics of his picnic, the ancient or medieval man might be pretty confident that some ruffian would try the edge of his knife on a chicken of the Platonic sort, and leave more precious bones as an offering to the genius of the place. The ancients were certainly more social than we, though that, perhaps, was natural enough, when a good part of the world was still covered with forest. They huddled together in cities as well for safety as to keep their minds warm. The Romans had a fondness for country life, but they had fine roads, and Rome was always within easy reach. The author of the book of Job is the earliest I know of who showed any profound sense of the moral meaning of the outward world; and I think none has approached him since, though Wordsworth comes nearest with the first two books of the *Prelude*. But their feeling is not precisely of the kind I speak of as modern, and which gave rise to what is called descriptive poetry. Chaucer opens his "Clerk's Tale" with a bit of landscape admirable for its large style, and as well composed as any Claude.

"There is right at the west end of Itaille,
Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain abundant of vitaille,
Where many a tower and town thou mayst behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many an other délectable sight;
And Saluces this noble country hight."

What an airy precision of touch there is here, and what a sure eye for the points of character in landscape! But the picture is altogether subsidiary. No doubt the works of Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin show that there must have been some amateur taste for the grand and terrible in scenery; but the British poet Thomson ("sweet-souled" is Wordsworth's apt word) was the first to do with words what they had done partially with colours. He was turgid, no good metrist, and his English is like a translation from one of those poets who wrote in Latin after it was dead; but he was a man of sincere genius, and not only English, but European literature is largely in his debt. He was the inventor of cheap amusement for the million, to be had of All-out-doors for the asking. It was his impulse which unconsciously gave direction to Rousseau, and it is to the school of Jean Jacques that we owe St. Pierre, Cowper, Châteaubriand, Wordsworth, Byron, Lamartine, George Sand, Ruskin—the great painters of ideal landscape.

So long as men had slender means, whether of keeping out cold or checkmating it with artificial heat, winter was an unwelcome guest, especially in the country. There he was the bearer of a *lettre-de-cachet*, which shut its victims in solitary confinement, with few resources but to boose round the fire and repeat ghost-stories, which had lost all their freshness and none of their terror. To go to bed was to lie awake of cold, with an added shudder of fright whenever a loose casement or a waving curtain chose to give you the goose-flesh. Bussy Rabutin, in one of his letters, gives us a notion how uncomfortable it was in the country, with green wood, smoky chimneys, and doors and windows that thought it was their duty to make the wind whistle, not to keep it out. With fuel so dear, it could not have been much better in the city, to judge by Ménage's warning against the danger of our dressing-gowns taking fire while we cuddle too closely over the sparing blaze. The poet of Winter himself is said to have written in bed, with his hand through a hole in the blanket; and we may suspect that it was the warmth quite as much as the company that first drew men together at the coffee-house. Coleridge, in January, 1800, writes to Wedgewood: "I am sitting by a fire in a rug greatcoat. . . . It is most barbarously cold, and you, I fear, can shield

[1] From *My Study Windows*. By J. Russell Lowell, A.M., Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College, U.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

yourself from it only by perpetual imprisonment." This thermometrical view of winter is, I grant, a depressing one: for I think there is nothing so demoralizing as cold. I know of a boy who, when his father, a bitter economist, was brought home dead, said only, "Now we can burn as much wood as we like." I would not offhand prophesy the gallows for that boy. I remember with a shudder a pinch I got from the cold once in a railroad-car. A born fanatic of fresh air, I found myself glad to see the windows hermetically sealed by the freezing vapour of our breath, and plotted the assassination of the conductor every time he opened the door. I felt myself sensibly barbarizing, and would have shared Colonel Jack's bed in the ash-hole of the glass-furnace with a grateful heart. Since then I have had more charity for the prevailing ill opinion of winter. It was natural enough that Ovid should measure the years of his exile in Pontus by the number of winters:

"Ut sumus in Ponto, ter frigore constitit Ister,
Facta est Euxini dura ter unda maris:"

Thrice hath the cold bound Ister fast, since I
In Pontus was, thrice Euxine's wave made hard.

Jubinal has printed an Anglo-Norman piece of doggerel in which Winter and Summer dispute which is the better man. It is not without a kind of rough and inchoate humour, and I like it because old Whitebeard gets tolerably fair play. The jolly old fellow boasts of his rate of living, with that contempt of poverty which is the weak spot in the burly English nature:

Jà Dieu ne place que me avyenge
Que ne face plus honour
Et plus despenz en un soul jour
Que vus en tote vostre vie:"

Now God forbid it hap to me
That I make not more great display,
And spend more in a single day
Than you can do in all your life.

The best touch, perhaps, is Winter's claim for credit as a mender of the highways, which was not without point when every road in Europe was a quagmire during a good part of the year unless it was bottomed on some remains of Roman engineering:

"Je su, fet-il, seignur et mestre
Et à bon droit le dey estre,
Quant de la bowe face caucé
Par un petit de geelé:"

Master and lord I am, says he,
And of good right so ought to be,
Since I make causeys, safely crost,
Of mud, with just a pinch of frost.

But there is no recognition of Winter as the best of out-door company.

Even Emerson, an open-air man, and a bringer of it, if ever any, confesses,

"The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ear, my hands are stones,
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,
And hems in life with narrowing fence."

Winter was literally "the inverted year," as Thomson called him; for such entertainments as could be had must be got within doors. What cheerfulness there was in brumal verse was that of Horace's *dissolve frigus ligna super foco large reponens*, so pleasantly associated with the cleverest scene in *Roderick Random*. This is the tone of that poem of Walton's friend Cotton, which won the praise of Wordsworth:—

"Let us home,
Our mortal enemy is come;
Winter and all his blustering train
Have made a voyage o'er the main.

"Fly, fly, the foe advances fast;
Into our fortress let us haste,
Where all the roarers of the north
Can neither storm nor starve us forth.

"There underground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in,
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

"Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam."

Thomson's view of Winter is also, on the whole, a hostile one, though he does justice to his grandeur.

"Thus winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign."

He finds his consolations, like Cotton, in the house, though more refined:—

"While without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit
And hold high converse with the mighty dead."

Doctor Akenside, a man to be spoken of with respect, follows Thomson. With him, too, "Winter desolates the year," and

"How pleasing wears the wintry night
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light
I seem those awful scenes to dread
Where chiefs or legislators lie," &c.

Akenside had evidently been reading Thomson. He had the conceptions of a great poet with less faculty than many a little one, and is one of those versifiers of whom it is enough to say that we are always willing to break him off in the middle with an &c., well knowing that what follows is but the coming-round again of what went before, marching in a circle with the cheap numerosity of a stage-army. In truth, it is no wonder that the short days of that cloudy northern climate should have added to winter a gloom borrowed of the mind. We hardly know, till we have experienced the contrast, how sensibly our winter is alleviated by the longer daylight and the pellucid atmosphere. I once spent a winter in Dresden, a southern climate compared with England, and really almost lost my respect for the sun when I saw him groping among the chimney-pots opposite my windows as he described his impoverished arc in the sky. The enforced seclusion of the season makes it the time for serious study and occupations that demand fixed incomes of unbroken time. This is why Milton said "that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal," though in his twentieth year he had written, on the return of spring—

> "Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires
> Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?"
>
> Err I? or do the powers of song return
> To me, and genius too, the gifts of Spring?

Goethe, so far as I remember, was the first to notice the cheerfulness of snow in sunshine. His *Harz-reise im Winter* gives no hint of it, for that is a diluted reminiscence of Greek tragic choruses and the book of Job in nearly equal parts. In one of the singularly interesting and characteristic letters to Frau von Stein, however, written during the journey, he says: "It is beautiful indeed; the mist heaps itself together in light snow-clouds, the sun looks through, and the snow over everything gives back a feeling of gaiety." But I find in Cowper the first recognition of a general amiability in Winter. The gentleness of his temper, and the wide charity of his sympathies, made it natural for him to find good in everything except the human heart. A dreadful creed distilled from the darkest moments of dyspeptic solitaries compelled him against his will to see in *that* the one evil thing made by a God whose goodness is over all his works. Cowper's two walks in the morning and noon of a winter's day are delightful, so long as he contrives to let himself be happy in the graciousness of the landscape. Your muscles grow springy, and your lungs dilate with the crisp air, as you walk along with him. You laugh with him at the grotesque shadow of your legs lengthened across the snow by the just-risen sun. I know nothing that gives a purer feeling of outdoor exhilaration than the easy verses of this escaped hypochondriac. But Cowper also preferred his sheltered garden-walk to those robuster joys, and bitterly acknowledged the depressing influence of the darkened year. In December, 1780, he writes: "At this season of the year, and in this gloomy uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine to divert it from sad subjects, and to fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement." Or was it because he was writing to the dreadful Newton? Perhaps his poetry bears truer witness to his habitual feeling, for it is only there that poets disenthral themselves of their reserve and become fully possessed of their greatest charm,—the power of being franker than other men. In the Third Book of *The Task* he boldly affirms his preference of the country to the city even in winter:—

> "But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
> By roses, and clear suns, though scarcely felt,
> And groves, if inharmonious, yet secure
> From clamour, and whose very silence charms,
> To be preferred to smoke? . . .
> They would be, were not madness in the head
> And folly in the heart; were England now
> What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
> And undebauched."

The conclusion shows, however, that he was thinking mainly of fireside delights, not of the blusterous companionship of nature. This appears even more clearly in the fourth book:

> "O Winter, ruler of the inverted year:"

but I cannot help interrupting him to say how pleasant it always is to track poets through the gardens of their predecessors and find out their likings by a flower snapped off here and there to garnish their own nosegays. Cowper had been reading Thomson, and "the inverted year" pleased his fancy with its suggestion of that starry wheel of the zodiac moving round through its spaces infinite. He could not help loving a handy Latinism (especially with elision beauty added), any more than Gray, any more than Wordsworth—on the sly. But the member for Olney has the floor:—

> "O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
> Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
> Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
> Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
> Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
> A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west, but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know."

I call this a good *human* bit of writing, imaginative, too—not so flushed, not so . . . highfaluting (let me dare the odious word!) as the modern style since poets have got hold of a theory that imagination is common-sense turned inside out, and not common-sense sublimed—but wholesome, masculine, and strong in the simplicity of a mind wholly occupied with its theme. To me Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for every-day wear. And what unobtrusive skill he has! How he heightens, for example, your sense of winter evening seclusion, by the twanging horn of the postman on the bridge! That horn has rung in my ears ever since I first heard it, during the consulate of the second Adams. Wordsworth strikes a deeper note; but does it not sometimes come over one (just the least in the world) that one would give anything for a bit of nature pure and simple, without quite so strong a flavour of W. W.? W. W. is, of course, sublime and all that—but! For my part, I will make a clean breast of it, and confess that I can't look at a mountain without fancying the late laureate's gigantic Roman nose thrust between me and it, and thinking of Dean Swift's profane version of *Romanos rerum dominos* into *Roman nose! a rare un! dom your nose!* But do I judge verses, then, by the impression made on me by the man who wrote them? Not so fast, my good friend, but, for good or evil, the character and its intellectual product are inextricably interfused.

If I remember aright, Wordsworth himself (except in his magnificent skating-scene in the *Prelude*) has not much to say for winter out of doors. I cannot recall any picture by him of a snow-storm. The reason may possibly be that in the Lake country even the winter storms bring rain rather than snow. He was thankful for the Christmas visits of Crabb Robinson, because they "helped him through the winter." His only hearty praise of winter is when, as Général Février, he defeats the French:—

"Humanity, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bow
Infirmly grasped within a withered hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn."

The Scottish poet Grahame, in his *Sabbath*, says manfully:—

"Now is the time
To visit Nature in her grand attire;"

and he has one little picture which no other poet has surpassed:—

"High-ridged the whirlëd drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch:
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried."

Even in our own climate, where the sun shows his winter face as long and as brightly as in Central Italy, the seduction of the chimney-corner is apt to predominate in the mind over the severer satisfactions of muffled fields and penitential woods. The very title of Whittier's delightful *Snow-Bound* shows what *he* was thinking of, though he does not vapour a little about digging out paths. The verses of Emerson, perfect as a Greek fragment (despite the archaism of a dissyllabic fire), which he has chosen for his epigraph, tell us too how the

"Housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

They are all in a tale. It is always the *tristis hiems* of Virgil. Catch one of them having a kind word for old Barbe Fleurie, unless he whines through some cranny, like a beggar, to heighten their enjoyment while they toast their slippered toes. I grant there is a keen relish of contrast about the bickering flame as it gives an emphasis beyond Gherardo della Notte to loved faces, or kindles the gloomy gold of volumes scarce less friendly, especially when a tempest is blundering round the house. Wordsworth has a fine touch that brings home to us the comfortable contrast of without and within, during a storm at night, and the passage is highly characteristic of a poet whose inspiration always has an undertone of *bourgeois*:—

"How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear,—and sink again to sleep."

J. H., one of those choice poets who will not tarnish their bright fancies by publication, always insists on a snow-storm as essential to the true atmosphere of whist. Mrs. Battles, in her famous rule for the game, implies winter, and would doubtless have added tempest, if it could be had for the asking. For a good solid read also, into the small hours, there is nothing like that sense of safety against having your evening laid waste, which Euroclydon brings, as he bellows down the chimney, making your fire gasp, or rustles snow-flakes against the pane with a sound more soothing than silence. Emerson, as he is apt to do, not only hit the nail on the head, but drove it home, in that last phrase of the "tumultuous privacy."

But I would exchange this, and give something to boot, for the privilege of walking out into the vast blur of a north-north-east snow-storm, and getting a strong draught on the furnace within, by drawing the first furrows through its sandy drifts. I love those

"Noontide twilights which snow makes
With tempest of the blinding flakes."

If the wind veer too much toward the east, you get the heavy snow that gives a true Alpine slope to the boughs of your evergreens, and traces a skeleton of your elms in white; but you must have plenty of north in your gale if you want those driving nettles of frost that sting the cheeks to a crimson manlier than that of fire. During the great storm of two winters ago, the most robustious periwig-pated fellow of late years, I waded and floundered a couple of miles through the whispering night, and brought home that feeling of expansion we have after being in good company. "Great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend; for He saith to the snow, 'Be thou on the earth.'"

There is admirable snow scenery in Judd's *Margaret*, but some one has confiscated my copy of that admirable book, and perhaps Homer's picture of a snow-storm is the best yet in its large simplicity:—

"And as in winter-time, when Jove his cold sharp javelins throws
Amongst us mortals, and is moved to white the earth with snows,
The winds asleep, he freely pours till highest promi-nents,
Hill-tops, low meadows, and the fields that crown with most contents
The toils of men, seaports and shores, are hid, and every place,
But floods, that fair snow's tender flakes, as their own brood, embrace."

Chapman, after all, though he makes very free with him, comes nearer Homer than anybody else. There is nothing in the original of that fair snow's tender flakes, but neither Pope nor Cowper could get out of their heads the psalmist's tender phrase, "He giveth his snow like wool," for which also Homer affords no hint. Pope talks of "dissolving fleeces," and Cowper of a "fleecy mantle." But David is nobly simple, while Pope is simply nonsensical, and Cowper pretty. If they must have prettiness, Martial would have supplied them with it in his

"Densum tacitarum vellus aquarum,"

which is too pretty, though I fear it would have pleased Dr. Donne. Eustathius of Thessalonica calls snow ὕδωρ ἐρίωδες, woolly water, which a poor old French poet, Godeau, has amplified into this:—

"Lorsque la froidure inhumaine
De leur verd ornement depouille les forêts
Sous une neige épaisse il couvre les guérets,
Et la neige a pour eux la chaleur de la laine."

In this, as in Pope's version of the passage in Homer, there is, at least, a sort of suggestion of snow-storm in the blinding drift of words. But, on the whole, if one would know what snow is, I should advise him not to hunt up what the poets have said about it, but to look at the sweet miracle itself.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half-shock'd, half-waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!

Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land:—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew),
"Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble-bee,
And bomb'd and bounced, and struggled to be free.
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But *here* was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
"Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE GREAT STORM OF 1703.

In Little Wild Street Chapel, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, a sermon is annually preached on the 27th of November, in commemoration of the "GREAT STORM" in 1703.

This fearful tempest was preceded by a strong west wind, which set in about the middle of the month; and every day, and almost every hour, increased in force until the 24th, when it blew furiously, occasioned much alarm, and some damage was sustained. On the 25th, and through the night following, it continued with unusual violence. On the morning of Friday, the 26th, it raged so fearfully that only few people had courage to venture abroad. Towards evening it rose still higher; the night setting in with excessive darkness added general horror to the scene, and prevented any from seeking security abroad from their homes, had that been possible. The extraordinary power of the wind created a noise, hoarse and dreadful, like thunder, which carried terror to every ear, and appalled every heart. There were also appearances in the heavens that resembled lightning. "The air," says a writer at the time, "was full of meteors and fiery vapours; yet," he adds, "I am of opinion that there was really no lightning, in the common acceptation of the term; for the clouds that flew with such violence through the air, were not to my observation such as are usually freighted with thunder and lightning; the hurries nature was then in do not consist with the system of thunder." Some imagined the tempest was accompanied with an earthquake. "Horror and confusion seized upon all, whether on shore or at sea; no pen can describe it, no tongue can express it, no thought can conceive it, unless theirs who were in the extremity of it; and who, being touched with a due sense of the sparing mercy of their Maker, retain the deep impressions of his goodness upon their minds though the danger be past. To venture abroad was to rush into instant death, and to stay within afforded no other prospect than that of being buried under the ruins of a falling habitation. Some in their distraction did the former, and met death in the streets; others, the latter, and in their own houses received their final doom." One hundred and twenty-three persons were killed by the falling of dwellings; amongst these were the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Richard Kidder) and his lady, by the fall of part of the episcopal palace of Wells; and Lady Penelope Nicholas, sister to the Bishop of

London, at Horsley, in Sussex. Those who perished in the waters, in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown away and never heard of afterwards, are computed to have amounted to eight thousand.

All ranks and degrees were affected by this amazing tempest, for every family that had anything to lose lost something: land, houses, churches, corn, trees, rivers, all were disturbed or damaged by its fury; small buildings were for the most part wholly swept away, "as chaff before the wind." Above eight hundred dwelling-houses were laid in ruins. Few of those that resisted escaped from being unroofed, which is clear from the prodigious increase in the price of tiles, which rose from twenty-one shillings to six pounds the thousand. About two thousand stacks of chimneys were blown down in and about London. When the day broke, the houses were mostly stripped, and appeared like so many skeletons. The consternation was so great that trade and business were suspended, for the first occupation of the mind was so to repair the houses that families might be preserved from the inclemency of the weather in the rigorous season. The streets were covered with brickbats, broken tiles, signs, bulks, and pent-houses.

The lead which covered one hundred churches, and many public buildings, was rolled up, and hurled in prodigious quantities to distances almost incredible; spires and turrets of many others were thrown down. Innumerable stacks of corn and hay were blown away, or so torn and scattered as to receive great damage.

Multitudes of cattle were lost. In one level in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Severn, fifteen thousand sheep were drowned. Innumerable trees were torn up by the roots; one writer says, that he himself numbered seventeen thousand in part of the county of Kent alone, and that, tired with counting, he left off reckoning.

The damage in the city of London only was computed at near two millions sterling. At Bristol it was about two hundred thousand pounds. In the whole, it was supposed that the loss was greater than that produced by the great fire of London, 1666, which was estimated at four millions.

The greater part of the navy was at sea, and if the storm had not been at its height at full flood, and in a spring-tide, the loss might have been nearly fatal to the nation. It was so considerable, that fifteen or sixteen men-of-war were cast away, and more than two thousand seamen perished. Few merchantmen were lost; for most of those that were driven to sea were safe. Rear-admiral Beaumont, with a squadron then lying in the Downs, perished with his own and several other ships on the Goodwin Sands.

The ships lost by the storm were estimated at three hundred. In the river Thames only four ships remained between London Bridge and Limehouse, the rest being driven below, and lying there miserably beating against one another. Five hundred wherries, three hundred ship-boats, and one hundred lighters and barges were entirely lost; and a much greater number received considerable damage. The wind blew from the western seas, which preventing many ships from putting to sea, and driving others into harbour, occasioned great numbers to escape destruction.

The Eddystone Lighthouse near Plymouth was precipitated in the surrounding ocean, and with it Mr. Winstanley, the ingenious architect by whom it was contrived, and the people who were with him.—"Having been frequently told that the edifice was too slight to withstand the fury of the winds and waves, he was accustomed to reply contemptuously, that he only wished to be in it when a storm should happen. Unfortunately his desire was gratified. Signals of distress were made, but in so tremendous a sea no vessel could live, or would venture to put off for their relief."[1]

The amazing strength and rapidity of the wind are evidenced by the following well-authenticated circumstances. Near Shaftesbury a stone of near four hundred pounds weight, which had lain for some years fixed in the ground, fenced by a bank with a low stone wall upon it, was lifted up by the wind, and carried into a hollow way, distant at least seven yards from the place. This is mentioned in a sermon preached by Dr. Samuel Stennett in 1788. Dr. Andrew Gifford, in a sermon preached at Little Wild Street, on the 27th of November, 1734, says that "in a country town a large stable was at once removed off its foundation and instantly carried quite across the highway, over the heads of five horses and the man that was then feeding them, without hurting any one of them, or removing the rack and manger, both of which remained for a considerable time, to the admiration of every beholder." Dr. Gifford, in the same sermon, gives an account of "several remarkable deliverances." One of the most remarkable instances of this kind occurred at a house in the Strand, in which were no less than fourteen persons: "Four of them fell with

[1] Belsham's *History of Great Britain.*

a great part of the house, &c., three stories, and several two: and though buried in the ruins, were taken out unhurt: of these, three were children; one that lay by itself, in a little bed near its nurse; another in a cradle; and the third was found hanging (as it were wrapped up) in some curtains that hitched by the way; neither of whom received the least damage. In another place, as a minister was crossing a court near his house, a stone from the top of a chimney upwards of one hundred and forty pounds weight fell close to his heels, and cut between his footsteps four inches deep into the ground. Soon after, upon drawing in his arm, which he had held out on some occasion, another stone of near the same weight and size brushed by his elbow, and fell close to his foot, which must necessarily, in the eye of reason, have killed him, had it fallen while it was extended." In the Poultry, where two boys were lying in a garret, a huge stack of chimneys fell in, which making its way through that and all the other floors to the cellar, it was followed by the bed with the boys asleep in it, who first awaked in that gloomy place of confusion without the least hurt.

So awful a visitation produced serious impressions on the government, and a day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by authority. The introductory part of the proclamation, issued by Queen Anne for that purpose, claims attention from its solemn import:—

"Whereas, by the late most terrible and dreadful storms of wind, with which it hath pleased Almighty God to afflict the greatest part of this our kingdom, on Friday and Saturday, the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of November last, some of our ships of war, and many ships of our loving subjects have been destroyed and lost at sea, and great numbers of our subjects, serving on board the same, have perished, and many houses and other buildings of our good subjects have been either wholly thrown down and demolished, or very much damnified and defaced, and thereby several persons have been killed, and many stacks of corn and hay thrown down and scattered abroad, to the great damage and impoverishment of many others, especially the poorer sort, and great numbers of timber and other trees have by the said storm been torn up by the roots in many parts of this our kingdom: a calamity of this sort so dreadful and astonishing, that the like hath not been seen or felt in the memory of any person living in this our kingdom, and which loudly calls for the deepest and most solemn humiliation of us and our people: therefore out of a deep and pious sense of what we and all our people have suffered by the said dreadful wind and storms (which we most humbly acknowledge to be a token of the divine displeasure, and that it was the infinite mercy of God that we and our people were not thereby wholly destroyed), we have resolved, and do hereby command, that a General Public Fast be observed," &c.

This public fast was accordingly observed throughout England on the nineteenth of January following, with great seriousness and devotion by all orders and denominations. The Protestant Dissenters, notwithstanding their objections to the interference of the civil magistrate in matters of religion, deeming this to be an occasion wherein they might unite with their countrymen in openly bewailing the general calamity, rendered the supplication universal, by opening their places of worship, and every church and meeting-house was crowded.

Hone's *Everyday Book.*

END OF VOLUME FIRST.